SUNNY FRANCE.

A Gloomy Story from the Land of Arts and Sun and Song.

Paris on the Eve of Capitulation.

The Army of the Loire Defeated and Driven Back.

Rumor that Prussia will Put Napoleon Upon the Throne.

Bismarck Solves the Problem of the Prussian Difficulty.

[Special Telegraphic Correspondence of the Courier-Journal.]

No Collision now Probable.

LONDON, Nov. 28.—The Times contains a St. Petersburg dispatch of a more pacific tone, and notes a partial return of commercial activity. No collision between Russia and England is now probable. It has been definitely settled that a meeting of the powers interested in the treaty of 1856, shall take place in England in January.

VERSAILLES, Nov. 27, VIA BERLIN AND LONDON, Nov. 28.—A settlement of the Black Sea question may be hoped for, on the basis of the conference and withdrawal of the Russian note. After Constantinople and St. Petersburg had been rejected as the seat of the proposed conference, London was agreed upon, Russia being entirely placable.

LONDON, Nov. 28.—A Cabinet meeting was held here to-day, at which it was agreed that Prince Gortschakoff's last dispatch should not be considered as removing the question of Russia's demand from the sphere of diplomacy.

The Vienna Cabinet is not unfavorable to a conference of the powers on principle, but presses a settlement of preliminary questions.

The Germans Win a Strong Position.

LONDON, Nov. 28.—In reconnoitering near Orleans yesterday, the Tenth Prussian corps encountered the Twentieth French corps of General De Palladine's army. An engagement occurred, in which the French were driven from a strong position at Ladon Mezieres. Subsequently several French companies attacked the Prussian Tenth corps, but were repulsed with a loss of forty. A French General is said to have been taken prisoner by the Prussians. German loss trifling.

LONDON, Nov. 28.—The Times' dispatches announce a severe and general engagement in progress. French victories along the Loire are claimed, and it is reported that the Germans have been routed and are retiring.

Details of Garibaldi's Battle.

LONDON, Nov. 28, P. M.—The following details of the engagement between the Prussians, under General Werder, and the French, under General Garibaldi, near Pasques, in the department of the Vosges, are just received, dated Dijon, yesterday evening: The Garibaldians, while on their march from Pasques, on Saturday evening, suddenly came upon the outposts of the Prussian rifles, which they immediately attacked with great impetuosity. The Prussians were first compelled to fall back, but reinforcements coming up, the Garibaldians were in turn repulsed with great disorder, the soldiers throwing away their arms and knapsacks. Their flight was general. Werder, on the next day, Sunday, took a circuit around Plombieres, and in this way overtook the French rear guard. Another engagement ensued, in which the French lost 350 killed and wounded, and the Prussians only 50. It is said Menotti Garibaldi had 2,000 men under his command in the engagement.

Great French Victory in the North.

LONDON, Nov. 28.—The French claim to have won a great victory at Moreuil, twelve miles south of Amiens, yesterday. The battle lasted until darkness interfered. The German first army corps is alleged to have been beaten and driven back to the entrenchments before Amiens. The French army of the north was greater in numbers and better armed. The losses are obscurely given in thousands. The Prussian huzzars rode down and cut to pieces a regiment of Marine infantry. The German loss was severe.

An Extraordinary Grant for War Purposes Voted by the Parliament.

BERLIN, Nov. 28.—The North German Parliament has granted the extraordinary war credit demanded by the government, by a vote of 178 yeas to 9 nays. The only opposition to the grant came from the Socialist and Democratic members.

Minister Delbruck announced to the House to-day the ratification by the Federal Council of the treaty for uniting the Kingdom of Wurtemburg with the Confederation.

He stated that the adhesion of Bavaria would be considered on Wednesday. By the provisions of the treaty for that purpose, Bavaria retains an independent military jurisdiction under the command of her King.

[World's Special.]

LONDON, Nov. 29.—The Duke of Mecklenburg has failed in his attempt to occupy Le Mans, which was covered by a corps of 50,000 men, composed of Tierck's and Keratry's troops, commanded by Tierck. The main body of D'Aurelle's army still occupies an intrenched position between Orleans and Artenay. The Germans attempted to encircle him by pushing forward one force commanded by Frederick Charles to Glen, another to Blois, commanded by the Duke of Mecklenburg, while the center, directly in front of Artenay, was commanded by Von Der Tann.

The government here has every assurance that D'Aurille's strategy is admirable, and that at the proper moment he will assume the offensive, pierce Von Der Tann's line, and push toward Versailles, leaving a sufficient force on both wings to occupy the attention of Frederick Charles and the Duke of Mecklenburg.

LONDON, Nov. 29.—The following dispatch has just been received here from Evereux, dated yesterday: The Prussians now occupy this town, and are in the valley of Eure in great force. This evening they were driven toward the village of Villars by the Gardes Mobile, who retreated in turn when the enemy's reinforcements came up.

Seventy thousand Prussians now occupy Amiens.

A French Attack Repulsed.

VERSAILLES, Nov. 29.—The French yesterday attacked the German forces at Beaume, between Montargis and Pithiviers, and were repulsed. Prince Frederick Charles was present and directed the operations. A thousand prisoners fell into our hands.

French Successes.

A special dispatch from Tours, 29th, says the right wing of the French army made six simultaneous attacks on the German left yesterday, and were successful in five of these actions.

A Dispatch from the King.

BERLIN, Nov. 29.—King William forwarded the following to Augusta:

VERSAILLES, Nov. 29.—Yesterday Manteuffel, with a portion of the first army, defeated the French a few miles south of Amiens. The French lost one thousand killed and wounded, and seven hundred prisoners. Prussian loss comparatively unimportant. The Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin is near Le Mans, where Keratry has a French force of 27,000. WILLIAM.

Meeting of the British Cabinet.

[World's Special.]

LONDON, Nov. 29.—At the Cabinet council yesterday a dispatch was read from Odo Russell containing Bismarck's proposal for a conference to be held at London to settle the question of Russia's claims.

Also a note from Count Bernstorff to Granville stating that Prussia had recommended that Russia withdraw Gortschakoff's note on condition that a conference be held.

Gortschakoff's second note was read the third time. The Cabinet agreed to Granville's reply expressing the willingness of England to agree to a conference, provided that Russia withdraw Gortchakhoff's first note. Messengers were immediately sent to St. Petersburg and Versailles to convey this reply.

Private advices from St. Petersburg represent the anti-England feeling so strong that even old English residents find it necessary to absent themselves from public places.

A Conference Certain.

Prussia's action, so much suspected at first, promises to be the key to the situation. There is scarcely any doubt at the Foreign Office that a conference will assemble. The English government considers Prussia's intervention exceedingly useful. Prussia heard with regret and surprise of the Russian circular, and she concurs in the English view that if the powers enter into a conference its action shall be unfettered. It is settled that the conference, if held, will meet in London, and it will surely be held, if no unforeseen obstacle prevents.

There is no doubt of Russia's assent to the principle of a conference.

The question of withdrawing Gortschakoff's first note will probably be avoided or evaded rather than forced to a direct issue. England is disposed to be content with the practical results, and, if Russia agrees frankly to enter a conference opening all the questions, there will neither be difficulty about phrases nor unwillingness to meet her views as now understood on the essential points of the treaty.

Von Bismarck's energetic co-operation elicits warm expressions from English statesmen who a fortnight since distrusted him most.

Garibaldi's Defeat.

LONDON, Nov. 29.—Official dispatches from Gen. Von Werder confirm the reports of the defeat of the Garibaldians at Pasques on Saturday last, and their disorderly flight. Gen. Von Werder followed up his successes on the next day by turning a position to which the French had retreated, falling on their rear and inflicting a loss of about 4,000 killed. The French retreated in two directions. The Prussian loss will not exceed fifty killed.

LONDON, Nov. 29.—The Prussians have reopened the Paris and Strasbourg road to Chilles, ten miles east of Paris. They have completed a new road around the tunnel near Chilles, which had been destroyed by the French, and now the facilities for transporting re-enforcements and supplies to the army besieging Paris are vastly increased.

The corporation of Trinity College, Dublin, have petitioned the British Government to interpose to save the literary, art, and scientific collections in Paris from destruction.

The latest Paris journals bear witness to the pacific disposition of the people, who, they say, denounce the obstinacy of the Tours government.

What He Thinks of Paris and the French Prospects.

[World's Special.]

BERLIN, Nov. 29.—Odo Russell did not come to "talk over" the Oriental question, but to treat for a new armistice. Yesterday he interviewed Bismarck two hours. Bismarck said the unconditional surrender of Paris would not be accepted. The capitulation of the city would only be permitted when conditions for a complete cessation of hostilities had been agreed to; that those who threaten that the war will not end with the fall of the capital must be circumvented. The Provisional Government must bear the odium of making peace. Hunger and rebellion will speedily constrain them to complete submission. With the dismantling of Paris, to arm which so many strong places were made defenseless, France will be so completely weaponless as to be innocuous for a decade, even should she turn to refitting her arsenals and replacing her artillery.

A Heavy Sortie Repulsed.

LONDON, Nov. 30, Noon.—The following, dated Versailles, early this morning, has just been received by way of Berlin: "On Monday and Tuesday the forts around Paris, particularly those to the south, maintained a furious cannonade to cover a sortie in force. On Tuesday, the 29th, the Parisians came out toward L'Huy, supported by the gunboats in the Seine. At this point they attacked fiercely. Simultaneously other sorties were made in other directions. In all cases, however the French were repulsed and driven back behind their fortifications. The entire Prussian loss in these actions was only seven officers and a few hundred men, while the French lost 1,600 in prisoners alone."

VERSAILLES, Nov. 30.—A sortie from Paris, made in the direction of St. Cloud on Monday, was easily repulsed by the Prussians, who suffered only slight loss. The people of Versailles were terribly excited during the battle. Immense quantities of provisions of all kinds have been collected here by the Germans for the use of the Parisians when they surrender.

LONDON, Nov. 30.—The special correspondent of the New York Tribune, at Versailles on the 26th, writes that yesterday urgent orders were telegraphed to all army food contractors to be prepared, in anticipation of an early surrender, to furnish extraordinary supplies.

The French Defeat at Beaune.

VERSAILLES, Nov. 30.—On the 27th the main body of the French army attempted to force a passage toward Fontainbleau by a heavy and general attack. They encountered the Tenth Prussian corps at Beaune, twenty-six miles north of Orleans. The Prussian were quickly reinforced with the Fifth infantry and First cavalry divisions. The French onslaught was repulsed with a heavy loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners, especially the latter. Failing in their attempt, the army of the Loire was withdrawn.

VERSAILLES, Nov. 30.—It now appears that the greater part of the French army of the Loire was engaged against the Prussian Ninth corps at Beaune on Monday. From additional particulars, which have just come to hand, in reports of commanders, there is no question but that the defeat of the French was most complete. At least 1,000 killed were left on the field by the fleeing French. Seven hundred unwounded prisoners had been captured by the Germans at last accounts, and the number was constantly increasing, as the Prussians were in close pursuit.

King William's Report.

BERLIN, Nov. 30.—The Queen has received the following dispatch from King William: Frederick Charles reports the complete defeat of the army of the Loire in the battle of Monday, in which the French had the Twentieth corps, probably the Eighteenth, and portions of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth corps engaged. A thousand French were found dead on the field, four thousand were wounded, and one thousand six hundred taken prisoners. General d'Aurelles is reported wounded. The German loss is one thousand, among them a few officers.

London Peacefully Inclined.

LONDON, November 30.—The talk in the clubs favors the idea of a Tory administration to succeed the present Ministry. The Euxine question approaches a peaceful solution. It is confidently expected that a conference for its settlement will be held at London. London is in a pacific mood, and all parties feel sure of a peaceful result.

Napoleon and Prussia.

The Times to-day revives the story telegraphed to the World a month ago that terms of peace have been settled between King William and Emperor Napoleon, by which the latter cedes Strasbourg and Metz and returns to France at the head of the Imperial army. The Times editorially declares the story highly probable.

Something Significant from Wilhelmshohe.

LONDON, Nov. 30.—A Herald's special from Wilhelmshohe says the rumor is current that as soon as Paris capitulates all the French Generals and prisoners will be convened at Cassel under King William.

Bismarck's Strategy.

LONDON, Nov. 30.—M. About had a leading editorial in the Soir which was a cry for peace. It has been reprinted by order of Bismarck and distributed among the soldiers, with the statement added that M. About has a villa under the guns of Mt. Valerien.

Gloomy Condition of the French.

[World's Special.]

LONDON, Nov. 30.—Letters by balloon, from Paris, private letters from Versailles, and dispatches from Berlin, all concur in representing the prospects of the French as extremely gloomy. The Germans, in the late engagements with the army of the Loire, lost enormously, but still their position has been maintained.

The efforts of General D'Aurelles to advance to the relief of Paris have been foiled.

The provisions of Paris have been almost exhausted and scarcely a fortnight's supply remains.

Bismarck's Exclusion.

Dr. Russell, writing to the Times under date of the 26th, gives the same account of Count Bismarck's exclusion from the councils of Von Moltke and the King as furnished by the World's correspondent, and describing an interview with Bismarck on the 21st.

All the cavalry to day were ordered to lay in ten days' forage, though the usual marching provender is here.

VERSAILLES, Nov. 30.—The French have been badly beaten near Amiens. Their army was totally routed, and fled toward Arras, and four French guns captured.

England in a Critical Position.

[Herald Special.]

LONDON, Nov. 30.—The dead lock in the Cabinet continues, and nothing was done to-day. Gortschakoff's circular is still withheld from the public. Prussia's conduct keeps England in a tremor. Lowe, Bright and Cardwell are ready to keep peace on any terms, however humiliating. A break-up in the Cabinet is imminent. Discredit all reports of Russia's withdrawal from her present position. They are unfounded. England will be compelled to back down from Granville's letter or fight.

LONDON, Nov. 30.—The Times urges William, as an ally of England, to urge on the Czar the folly of his pretensions, which the civilized world refuses to tolerate.

☞ The proprietors of tenement houses in Paris have been compelled to establish safety-baskets in front of their property. The baskets go up and down to the different stories of the house by means of an endless chain, attached to a pulley in the roof. As soon as the houses catch fire, the tenants need but step from the window into such a basket and lower themselves by pulling at the chain.

The Courier-Journal.

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WEEKLY EDITION.

STORMS.

Observations on Their Rise and Progress.

AN INTERESTING STATEMENT.

[From the Nashville Banner.]

The Meteorological Committee, appointed at the request of the chief signal officer of the army of the United States, by the Nashville Board of Trade, composed of Judge James Whitworth, R. T. Kirkpatrick, Dr. W. W. Berry, M. S. Cockrill and E. D. Hicks, held a meeting a few days since and heard the remarks of Mr. W. D. Gentry, Manager of the Pacific and Atlantic Telegraph Company, and also Secretary of the Nashville Board of Trade, on the subject of meteorological observations. As the remarks of Mr. Gentry developed some useful information, and contain some hints which may prove valuable to science, we present them below:

Mr. Gentry said: While in Cincinnati, at the office of the Western Union Telegraph, I had at my command all the circuits of the Western Union Telegraph Company connecting in Cincinnati, from every direction. Cincinnati is a central point in the telegraph system of the country, and I could communicate directly with many points in the South, also with Washington, Baltimore, New York, Buffalo, Cleveland, Chicago and all points west to St. Louis. While so situated, my attention was called to the fact that the approach of a storm in the direction of Cincinnati could be accurately traced, and the hour indicated with great certainty when it would pass a given point. All storms come from the west during the greater portion of the year; there being only about four months in the year that storms do not originate and come from that direction.

In the summer months, storms are not general in their character. They originate anywhere, and only extend over a small portion of country, sometimes twenty-five miles, and some times fifty and one hundred miles. As the distances over which storms pass during the summer months, I noticed that a storm coming up during the months from October to May at St. Louis, at 8 o'clock in the evening, would reach Cincinnati at 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning, and that there is no difference in the rapidity of snow and rain storms. After long seasons of rain or cloudy weather I noticed that clear weather would come in the same way. Commencing at St. Louis, the clouds would gradually disappear, and the wave of light spread toward the east. I found that not only storms during eight months of the year come from the west, but that the general course and extent of territory from north to south, indicated that there does exist meteorological divisions, and over which these storms passed, of which there are three—one north of a line running from the northwest through Chicago, Cleveland, Reading, Pennsylvania, Trenton, New Jersey, and converging at a point in the ocean southeast of Philadelphia. This we will call the Northern Meteorological Division. Another division, extending north as far as the line indicated, and south along a line running from the west through a point between Cairo and Memphis to Bowling Green, Kentucky, Petersburg, Virginia, Cape Charles or Fortress Monroe, to a point in the ocean east of Albemarle Sound. This division is fan-shaped. We will call it the Middle Meteorological Division. The third, or Southern Division, makes the line just described its northern boundary. I have never had an opportunity of observing the working of southern wires to any great extent, and do not know how far south this division extends, but I presume that it is about the shape of the Middle Division, and extends as far south, in this longitude, as Decatur, Alabama.

I have observed the difference many times between the weather in the different meteorological divisions. I observed to-day that in the middle division the weather is cold and cloudy. It has been snowing nearly all day (now 3 o'clock). The cars coming from Louisville had snow on them this morning, and we learn that the cold rain and snow extend as far south as Bowling Green. Here, and as far north as Franklin, Ky., we have beautiful bright weather, the sun is shining, and is not cold. While in New York, working the wires to Washington, I have repeatedly noticed like occurrences. The snow or rain storm at New York would extend no farther south than about Trenton, N. J., and while clear in New York and as far south as Trenton, the weather would be wet and stormy at Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington. The observations have clearly proven to me the existence of the meteorological divisions described to you; while I believe that if competent persons are placed at central points to observe, the exact boundary lines will be located more accurately than I have been able to do with my limited time and opportunity.

I have observed that the most disastrous tornadoes or wind-storms occur on either side, within seventy-five miles of the line separating the Middle from the Southern Meteorological Division. These tornadoes are generally local, in width from one-half to two and a half miles, and passing frequently over not more than twelve miles of country. They frequently occur in the neighborhood of the line, and sweep down houses, barns, fences, trees, and everything else in the way, often killing or crippling every living thing in the way. You remember the great disaster at Cave City, Kentucky, caused by one of these storms last season. In traveling through Southern Kentucky you frequently see the pathway of these dangerous wind-storms through the forests, with the trees torn up by the roots and laid as flat as the ax of the woodman could lay them. I have also observed that directly after a general storm of rain, snow or wind, in either the Middle or Southern Division, that the reports from steamers passing east of our coast, published in New York, Charleston or Savannah papers, would contain accounts of storms off Cape Hatteras, and as the storms in all the divisions seem to converge at a point east of Cape Hatteras, I have concluded that the great and continual commotion of the wind and water of Cape Hatteras is caused by the currents of air from each meteorological division converging there. A telegraph operator, with ordinary perceptive faculties, can, by working a wire, detect the presence or absence of atmospheric electricity, and with proper instruments can measure the amount of that electricity in the air. During great electric storms, called the Aurora Borealis, of which we have had many this season, telegraph wires can be worked without battery. My opinion is that the weather has a great deal to do with the amount of atmospheric electricity, and that a little attention in that direction will discover to us information of great importance to science. The telegraph can afford the means. It is the most reliable barometer ever used.

The United States Government has a desire, and a very laudable one, too, to develop undiscovered facts in regard to these matters. We are called upon to co-operate with the agent sent here by the Government to take observations, and to communicate any facts known to us. This should be done.

With a view to this end I desire to make two suggestions. One of the objects of the Government is to aid commerce on the northern lakes. In my judgment this can be done by establishing a signal station in the northern meteorological division as far in the northwest as possible. A station at St. Paul now would be able to inform points east of an approaching storm in that division, but a station farther to the northwest would be of more advantage in giving more time to vessels to reach harbor. The other suggestion I have to offer is the employment of the telegraph and thoroughly practical telegraphers to make observations. Place a telegrapher in the telegraph center of the United States, where he can instantly reach every point, test wires for atmospheric changes. He would be able to note and report changes sooner than such knowledge could be obtained in any other way. Besides being able to report the approach of storms, or any change in the weather, long before it would take place, the telegrapher would be able to make other observations valuable to science, and perhaps discover facts that would revolutionize meteorology.

☞ Frequent appeals to Providence are a habit with the King of Prussia. He declared, when crowned at Koenigsberg on the 18th of October, 1861, that he would rule only "by the grace of God." When setting out for the campaign in Bohemia, he "intrusted" his "cause to God;" and when, "by the visible assistance of God," he returned victorious to Berlin, he expressed "thanks for God's gracious goodness, who had assisted Prussia." He concluded a speech on that occasion by crying with uplifted hand, "May Providence bless Prussia as graciously in the future as it has visibly blessed the immediate past! May God grant it!" When France declared war, last July, the King said, "God knows I did not seek this war. * * * * I call upon God to bless our arms." The dispatch that refers to the battle of Woerth ran thus: "Wonderful luck! This new great victory was won by Fritz. Thank God for His mercy!" The dispatch dated "Before Sedan, Sept. 2," exclaims "What a course events have assumed by God's guidance!" The capitulation of Bezaine's army is announced with, "Providence be praised!"

☞ The "Besieged Resident," who sends such interesting letters from Paris to the London Daily News, says in a recent communication: "I dine habitually at a bouillon. There horseflesh is eaten in the place of beef, and cat is called rabbit. Both, however, are excellent, and the former is a little sweeter than beef, but in other respects much like it; the latter something between rabbit and squirrel, with a flavor of all its own. It is delicious. I recommend those who have cats with philoprogenitive proclivities, instead of drowning the kittens, to eat them. Either smothered in onions or in a ragout. They are capital eating. When I return to London I shall frequently treat myself to one of these domestic animals, and ever feel grateful to Bismarck for having taught me that cat served up for dinner is the right animal in the right place."

☞ An inquisitively inclined gentleman of Chester, Conn., was the other day walking over the Valley Railroad at Haddem, and observed a singular-looking flask lying under a tree. To satisfy his curiosity he picked it up and looked at it; held it up and smelled it; finally shook it, and asked a boy, who seemed to have charge, "What is it?" The boy coolly replied, "Nitro-glycerine!" The flask was noticed to be very gently laid down, and a man was also noticed vanishing in the distance.

MARK TWAIN.

His Report of the Farmer's Club.

[From the Buffalo Express.]

Ex-Constable Quinn desired the club to inform him how to make hogs root

Dr. Slow had been a practical farmer for the last six weeks, and in all the varied agricultural experience no such article as hog's-root had ever come under his notice. What was it? Was it edible? Was it useful in any way, or was it, as he more than suspected, another worthless humbug, devised by the sharpers to defraud us practical farmers? He knew not whether it was propagated by seeds or by cuttings, but he would advise Mr. Quinn to be shy of hog's-root, especially if it was a new fangled or high-priced tuber.

Mr. Moker, the agricultural writer, explained the anatomy of the hog's proboscis. It is designed for subterranean foraging, by a process vulgarly called rooting, to which Mr. Quinn's inquiry probably referred. Being a delicate organ, it is liable to injury. He would recommend that Mr. Quinn wipe his hog's nose. If he finds it red, he may be sure it is tender and needs protection by a metallic shield. Some resort to the strategic device of inserting a wire ring in the hog's nose, in his efforts to remove which he would naturally thrust his snout into the soil, and and thus root unwittingly. That was playing it rather low on the hog, and the metallic shield was preferable on the score of fair dealing and philanthropy.

Mr. Greeley exhibited a pumpkin of his own raising. As it embodied his solitary and crowning success, after several years of discouraging failure in pumpkin culture, the club surrounded it with uncovered heads and mingled emotions of surprise, admiration and envy. It was a superb fruit; and when Mr. G.'s hat was placed on it, to illustrate its size and symmetry, the hat and pumpkin seemed so perfectly adapted to each other, and together produced an effect so startling, that several enthusiastic members swore they would have known who raised that pumpkin if they had seen it anywhere. It is to be photographed by Gurney, and next year's Tribune subscribers will receive copies. The pumpkin was the flattering product of one bushel of seed planted on the farm in Chappaqua. Soon after blossoming, the vine manifested an inclination to wither. It was thereupon transplanted to a large flower-pot, and removed to the town residence of its founder. For some time it pined and drooped, and they sat up nights with it, expecting that every moment would be its last, but every moment turned out not to be its last, and with careful nursing it finally rallied and came up to maturity, as cherished and tough a pumpkin as ever grew.

Dr. Sixhammers suggested that the result of Mr. G.'s indomitable struggle with this pumpkin showed how every city family could provide itself with pumpkin-pie. He hoped to see the day when every window-sill, in every city, would be adorned with fructifying pumpkin-pots, and every workman's cottage embowered in pumpkin-vines.

Thomas Dodd, of New Hampshire, writes to the club that he is fifty years old, infirm with consumption, has a large family, ten dollars in money, and wants to know what to do.

Mr. Moker—Go out to Greeley Colony and invest in our irrigating ditch.

Mr Layman—Buy a Texas ranche or a Florida orange grove.

Dr. Slimble—His health requires light farming in a bracing climate. Let him start an indigo plantation in Alaska.

Mr. Greeley—He mustn't come to New York. His $10 wouldn't last a year; but out West he can invest it and grow up with the country. If I had gone West with $10 at his age, I should be a happy man now, with two suits of respectable garments, an office and a conscience guiltless of distracting tariff and farming essays.

Mr. Hastings invited the club to visit his farm, thirty miles up the river, next Wednesday, and inspect a horse-radish that he had persuaded to vegetate. The ground was tilled, sub-soiled, and top-dressed. He had expended upon that plant only half a ton of bone-dust, one cart load of ashes, and a barrel of guano; yet, in spite of his neglect, it had within a year grown to the size of his little finger. His foreman would explain to the clerk the peculiar difficulty of raising this rare exotic. He would treat the club to a regular farmer's dinner, the materials for which he had already engaged at the city markets.

The club accepted and adjourned.

PROVERBS ABOUT WOMEN.

What the Old Bachelors of Ancient Days Said.

[From the Revolution.]

It is said that the proverbs of the world furnish an epitome of the wit and wisdom of all nations and ages. The most salient and universal traits of human nature are caught and preserved in them, as flies are preserved in amber. The same is true of the deeply ingrained prejudices which have come down to us from a semi-barbarous time. If proverbs are in many cases neat and portable packages in which self-evident truths are handed about, they also furnish conveyance for many ideas which do not fit the period in which we live. Old, baleful, unjust notions, about women especially, are thus kept in circulation, and show how deep was the brand of her servitude in the ages when they were coined by male ingenuity. Much of this small change of thought is spurious, but it is curious and instructive as measuring the thorough contempt men often expressed for women at the time of their most servile submission to male rule. In these brief editions of would be-wisdom the intellect of woman is almost universally derided:

A Hebrew proverb says:

When an ass climbs a ladder we may find wisdom in women.

As another has it:

Three women and a goose make a market.

And another still:

Where there are women and geese there wants no noise.

Here is a batch of proverbs illustrative of the utter worthlessness of women:

A man of straw is better than a woman of gold.

A dead wife, it is also said, is the best goods in a man's house.

The badness of man is better than the goodness of woman, declares a Jewish proverb.

The death of wives and the loss of sheep make men rich.

If a woman were as little as she is good,
A pea's pod would make her a gown and a hood.

Deeds are males; words are females.

The deceit, inconstancy and untrustworthy characteristics of women have called into existence a score of proverbs, from which we select a few:

No relying on women, wine and fortune.

Women and wine, game and deceit,
Make the wealth small and the wants great.

Women, wind and fortune are ever changing.

The necessity of the personal castigation of wives is insisted on by some of these old saws. Here is one that says:

A spaniel, a woman and a walnut tree,
The more they are beaten the better still they be.

Another has it:

You may beat the devil into your wife, but you will never bring him out again.

The childish notion that women ought habitually to keep silence is expressed by a number of sayings:

Silence is the best ornament of a woman.

Silence is a fine jewel for a woman, but 'tis seldom worn.

Let women spin, and not preach.

Maidens should be mild and meek,
Swift to hear and slow to speak.

Maidens should be mim till they're married, and then they may burn kirks.

No greater degree of contempt could possibly be expressed than by the comparisons to which women are subjected:

It's as great a pity to see a woman weep as to see a goose go barefoot.

A woman's tongue wags like a lamb's tail.

Women and dogs set men by the ears.

Women and hens, through too much gadding, are lost.

Here is one of the articles of the old marriage-creed:

Go down the ladder when thou marriest a wife; go up when thou choosest a friend.

Here is encouragement for constant home-keeping and drudgery:

The wife that expects to have a good name is always at home, as if she were lame; and the maid that is honest, her chiefest delight is still to be doing from morning till night.

His Satanic Majesty, it would appear by these saws, is on intimate terms with the sex:

Tell a woman she's a beauty, and the Devil will tell her so ten times.

Man is fire; woman is tow; the Devil comes and sets them in a blaze.

Here is the terse expression of a very pernicious belief:

Women commend a modest man, but like him not.

Woman's capacity for intrigue and deceit is thus expressed:

Women, in mischief, are wiser than men.

Women conceal all they know not.

Who hath a fair wife needs more than two eyes.

For whom does the blind man's wife paint herself?

The shrewish qualities of women are drawn in no alluring colors:

If you can abide a curst wife you need not fear any company.

Every man can tame a shrew but he that hath her.

Here is compliment to womanly intuitions:

Take your wife's first advice, not her second.

Proverbs complimentary to women are seldom met, but these that follow express homely truths:

One hair of a woman draws more than a team of oxen.

She that gazes much spins not much.

Silks and satins put out the kitchen fire.

Observe the face of the wife and know the husband's character.

The penury of women is here acknowledged:

Women must have their wills while they live, because they make none when they die.

Old maids are subjected to a horrible fate by proverb-mongers:

Old maids lead apes in hell.

Young maids without matrimonial prospects are of course depicted as a drug:

The worst store is a maid unbestowed.

Maids want nothing but husbands, and when they have them they want everything.

I have failed to find any considerable number of proverbs containing sarcasms and strictures upon men in their relations with women. I, therefore, conclude that these churlish saws were made wholly by soured and disappointed bachelors and old curmudgeons among benedicts. As women are now learning to use the well-nibbed pen of sarcasm, perhaps in a century or two a proverbial literature may come into existence which will tell some plain and certain truths of men in the briefest and pithiest manner.

A ROYAL SCANDAL.

Excitement in Montreal—Disappearance of Two Fashionable Young Ladies.

OFF WITH PRINCE ARTHUR.

[Montreal Cor. N. Y. Sun.]

This remarkably righteous city is in a tremor of excitement just now, owing to some circumstances which have transpired in fashionable life, but which have, in the usual manner, got abroad, and are talked of by the whole community. The city, as a rule, is so very staid and quiet that it requires but little to set tongues agoing, but on the present occasion the said tongues are wagging with more than ordinary activity.

The last winter was a remarkably lively one. Owing to the presence of Prince Arthur and the swell officers of the Prince Consort's Own Rifle Brigade, balls, masquerades, Germans, and dinner parties were given on all sides, and every man who could muster up a sufficient supply of the needful, or

WHOSE WIFE AND DAUGHTER COULD CAJOLE HIM

into the thing, gave an entertainment of some kind, and, as a matter of course, the Prince was invited, to act as lion, and the officers of the garrison were asked at the same time. In this manner the young gentleman was made acquainted with all or nearly all of the first families of the city, or they were dragged or cragged themselves under his notice. And it is here to be remarked that, outside of a certain set of American citizens, you cannot on the face of the earth find a more servile title-worshipper than the average Canadian.

The attractive powers of the officers of the army are always great, and so, also, are their flirting proclivities. There is hardly a lady in this city of Montreal who has not been twirled around the finger of some of these worthies at some time or other, and many bitter remembrances thereof doubtless come up when

THE VISION OF THE SWORDED MAN

rises before the grate. Prince Arthur was noted as a conversationalist, and his soft, well-turned sentences went a long way with the ladies. At one mansion in particular, on the slope of the mountain, he was accustomed to slide into a bay window with two damsels, and conversation would go on for hours between the trio. To one of the ladies, in particular, he devoted himself, driving her out, sitting with her for photographs, dancing, talking, and in general acting as a most devoted lover. While the Prince thus amused himself, Lieut. Picard, his equerry, made himself agreeable with the cousin. This little amusement could not go on long without being noticed, first with delight by the parents and relations of the ladies, and afterward with unlimited disgust by Lord Elphinstone.

A SLIGHT CHANGE WAS THEN MADE.

His Royal Highness discontinued his periodical visits to the house in University street, and appeared to devote a great portion of his time to his military duties, while Lieutenant Picard was never to be seen outside the precincts of the officers' quarters or Quebec Gate barracks.

Things were going on swimmingly. Society was delighted at the honor that had been done it. To be invited to dine with the Prince at Rosemount, his temporary residence, to drink his wine, and shake a leg to the music of his band was an honor which we colonists had never dreamed of; consequently the glory was getting far too much for us. Rosemount is a very nicely situated place on St. Catharine road, quiet, stately and retired. The guard which for some time had preserved the sanctity of the gate was, in December last, withdrawn, and visitors entered without challenge. It became whispered abroad that two ladies were in the habit of taking long walks on the St. Catharine's road, and that the western limit of their peregrination was Rosemount. It is certain, from the evidence of servants, that, by way of a little diversion, a number of the ladies got up, for the benefit of an orphan asylum last winter, a series of entertainments known as tableaux. Various gentlemen were requested to assist, and it was announced that Prince Arthur would preside at two of the entertainments and assist at one, whereupon Montreal was head over ears with delight. The tableaux were patronized to a tremendous extent, the debt on the asylum cleared off, and every body satisfied.

During the performance of the second of the series his Royal Highness disappeared,

AS ALSO DID A YOUNG LADY

whom we have spoken of before, and neither was seen until the close of the evening, when the lady was escorted to a carriage by an officer of the Rifle Brigade and driven home. The Prince walked home with Lieut. Picard and Capt. Lindsay. This latter gentleman was heard to observe that the game was a remarkably good one if it could be properly worked. To which Mr. Picard replied that he was getting heartily tired of it.

LADIES VISITED THE PLACE.

very frequently, and at very strange hours, too.

To make a long story short, it may be said that this sort of thing went on for a long time. In July last the ladies went down to Cacoanna, while his Royal Highness went cruising about the country, and rusticated a while with Mr. Hugh Allan at his country seat at Lake Memphremagog. He afterward went to Cacoanna also, and there the intimacy between himself and those young ladies was renewed with greater zeal, if possible, than before. His Royal Highness afterward came up to Quebec, and presented the new colors to the Sixty-ninth regiment of foot, the same regiment which mutinied on board the Orontes the other day, and at the ball which was given afterward he danced with this young lady once or twice. Shortly after this the ladies returned to Cacoanna.

His Royal Highness left the country a few days afterward for England.

A SURPRISE.

When the mother of one of the ladies (they were cousins) went down to Cacoanna, after an absence of two weeks in Montreal, where she had been attending a sick husband, she found that

HER DAUGHTER WAS NON EST INVENTUS,

having made a second trip to Quebec, accompanied by her cousin, on the last trip of the Napoleon III. Full of terror, she telegraphed to Montreal and to Quebec, but no tidings of the stray-aways could be gotten. The police were communicated with, but to no effect. They had gone, and had not left tale or tidings behind them. The mother came back to Montreal, where she found a note from her daughter, dated Quebec, which stated that she and her cousin had gone off for a tour to the States; that circumstances rendered such a tour necessary, and that she would hear from them shortly. This is all she has heard from either of them personally; but a gentleman who arrived from England in the latter part of last month says that

HE SAW THEM WHILE IN THE OLD COUNTRY,

and that they were promenading with two officers of the Rifle Brigade, one of whom he described as a tall, flaxen-haired, handsome man, with a slight "strawberry" mark on the throat. This answers the description of Capt. Lindsay exactly.

Meanwhile the father of one and the brother and uncle of the other lady have gone to England. There is constant talk over the matter, and it is now publicly known that they have gone to search for the daughter and the sister who were enticed from the path of virtue by a royal name, and by the plausible tongues of officers of a rifle brigade. The names of the ladies have not been given. They are respectively Brinkworth and Longmuir.

THE ALABAMA CLAIMANTS.

A semi-official statement having been made that the Alabama claimants were prevented by a law which would be enforced on them by this Government from adjudicating their claims with Great Britain, a search in the U. S. Statutes has resulted in finding an act in full force, dated January 30, 1799, the proviso of which is as follows:

Nothing in this act shall be construed to abridge the right of individual citizens of the United States to apply by themselves or through their agents to any foreign government, or the agents thereof, for the redress of any injuries, in relation to person or property, which such individual may have sustained from such government, or any of its agents, citizens or subjects.

The private claimants say that as England stands ready to treat with some of them and thereby admit these claims, the United States Government cannot, in the face of this law, step in and prevent such settlement.

☞ Dr. Jules Guerin recently laid before the Academy of Sciences, at Paris, two schemes for maintaining telegraphic communication between Paris and the provinces, by means of balloons. The first consists in sending up a captive balloon, and paying out telegraph wire from it by means of a free balloon, until the latter reaches the ground. The intermediate portion of the wire would be kept in the air, at the desired hight, by a series of small balloons, attached to it at a distance from each other. The second plan is a wire inclosed in a tube. The latter, having a series of intersections filled with gas, would constitute a kind of tubular balloon, which would, as in the former case, be paid out by a captive balloon, and would follow the free balloon until the latter reached the desired destination.

☞ Waltzing is, no doubt, to those participating, a delicious excitement, but to the looker on, who sees the arm of a rival embracing the girl he adores, the sensation is not very comfortable. Henry Englefield has thus expressed the latter's feelings:

'What! the girl I adore by another embraced!
What! the balm of her breath shall another man taste!
What! pressed in the whirl by another's bold knee!
What! panting reclined on another than me!
Sir! she's yours. You have brushed from the grape its soft blue;
From the rosebud you've shaken the tremulous dew;
What you've touched you may take. Pretty waltzer, adieu!'

☞ Mr. Hope had 265 cows on his experimental farm in Essex, England, attacked by pleuro-pneumonia in 1867. He injected carbolic acid, either through the mouth or rectum, and 111 recovered. The remainder either died or were slaughtered. He believes carbolic acid the best remedy yet known for the rinderpest, as well as for scarlet-fever.

DIO LEWIS' DIET.

How to Live on Half a Dollar a Week.

It seems, according to the recent work of Dio Lewis, that he once subsisted himself upon 54¼ cents for a week, a sum so small that the particulars of the diet will be interesting, both physiologically and financially. The following extract tells how he lived and what work he did:

Sunday breakfast, hulled Southern corn, with a little milk. My breakfast cost three cents. I took exactly the same thing for dinner. Food for the day, six cents. I never take any supper.

Monday breakfast, two cents' worth of oatmeal, in the form of porridge, with one cent's worth of milk. For dinner, two cents' worth of whole wheat boiled, with one cent's worth of milk. Food for Monday, six cents.

Tuesday breakfast, two cents' worth of beans, with half a cent's worth of vinegar. For dinner, one quart of rich bean porridge worth one cent, with four slices of coarse bread, worth two cents. Food for Tuesday, five and a half cents.

Wednesday breakfast, hominy made of Southern corn (perhaps the best of all food for laboring men in hot weather) two cents' worth, with one cent's worth of syrup. For dinner a splendid beef stew, the meat in which cost two cents. Perhaps you don't believe that the meat was purchased for two cents. But it was though. The fact is that from an ox weighing 800 pounds net you can purchase certain parts weighing about 100 pounds, even in this dearest of American markets, for three cents per pound. Two-thirds of a pound made more stew than I could eat. There was really enough for two of us.

But, then, you know how careless and reckless we Americans are in regard to our table expenditures, always getting twice as much as we need. The very genius of waste seems to have taken possession of me on that fatal day. I poured into my stew all at once, slap-dab, a quarter of a cent's worth of Leicestershire sauce, and, as if to show that it never rains but it pours, I closed that gluttonous scene by devouring a cent's worth of hominy. Food for Wednesday, 8¼ cents.

The gross excess of Wednesday led to a very moderate Thursday breakfast, which consisted of oatmeal porridge and milk, costing about two and a half cents. For dinner, cracked wheat and baked beans, two cents' worth of each. Food for Thursday cost 7½ cents.

Friday breakfast, Southern hulled corn and milk, costing three cents. For dinner, another of those gormandic surfeits which so disgraced the history of Wednesday. Expense for the day, eight and a quarter cents.

This morning when I went to the table I said to myself, "What's the use of this economy?" and I made up my mind that for this day, at least, I would sink all moral restraints, and give up the reins to appetite. I have no apology or defense to make for what followed.

Saturday breakfast, I began with one cent's worth of oatmeal porridge, with a teaspoonful of sugar worth a quarter of a cent. Then followed a cents' worth of cracked wheat, with a half cents' worth of milk. Then the breakfast closed with two cent's worth of milk and one cent's worth of rye and Indian bread. For dinner I ate a small lobster, which costs three cents, with one cent's worth of coarse bread, and one cents' worth of hominy salad, and closed with two cent's worth of cracked wheat and milk. Cost of the day's food twelve and three-quarter cents.

In all of these statements only the cost of material is given. The cost of cooking is not given.

Cost for the week, fifty-four and a quarter cents.

Of course I don't pretend that everybody can live in this luxurious way. It isn't everybody that can afford it. I could have lived just as well, so far as health and strength are concerned, on half the money. Besides, on three days I ate too much altogether, and suffered from thirst and dullness. But then I may plead that my habits are very active. Not only have I written forty odd pages of this book during the week, but I have done a large amount of hard muscular labor.

By the way, I weighed myself at the beginning of the week, and found it was just two hundred and twelve pounds. Since dinner to-day I weighed again, and found that I balanced two hundred and twelve and a half pounds, although it has been a week of intensely warm weather, and I have had unusual demands for exertion of various kinds.

But let me feed a family of ten instead of one person, and I will give them the highest health and strength upon a diet which will cost here in Boston not more than two dollars for the ten persons for a week. Let me transfer my experiment to Iowa, where wheat, corn, oats and beef are so cheap, and the cost of feeding my family of ten would be so ridiculous that I dare not mention it lest you laugh at me.

Helmbold on a Tour.

The Philadelphia Chronicle, of a recent date, gives the following account of a three weeks' tour of Dr. H. T. Helmbold, the greatest advertiser living, during which he created even a greater sensation than at Saratoga and Long Branch last summer:

A GREAT MAN.

Dr. Helmbold is a great man. His Buchu is known to all the board fences and broken constitutions the country through. He has recently taken a tour. His six blooded horses are said to be of the Patchen stock and quite equal to those owned by the great Chief Magistrate of our nation. His recent tour, according to that connoisseur of such affairs, the Home Journal, was similar to a royal *progress* such as were once made by the kings and queens of England. From the virtuous village of New York, with that matchless six-in-hand establishment, he came like a conqueror to his native city of Philadelphia. Here, overwhelmed with ovations, he remained a whole week at the La Pierre. Not a few of the most distinguished citizens begged the honor of taking him by the hand—that hand that has so often driven the six Patchens and first compounded the immortal Buchu in immortal perfection. The High School, which needs no other praise than that it numbers such a man among its alumni, gave him a most affecting welcome. It was a touching sight. Nothing overcomes even a High School like distinguished greatness. Nor was the press of the city invulnerable to his absolute merits. Perhaps it is not generally known that the Sunday Dispatch, the Sunday Mercury, the Evening Bulletin, the Telegraph and the Press have each the honor and the lasting renown of having daily at work upon their columns men who were classmates of Dr. Helmbold. What higher commendation could be awarded the journalistic ability of the city of the world-renowned Wm. Penn? There is a little difference in the style of Philadelphia's three great men—! New York will allow us to claim the last of the triad—Penn, Franklin and Helmbold. Of how much are these three names significant! Peace, lightning and Buchu!

From Philadelphia the feted Doctor went with his magnificent stud, splendidly caparisoned, to Baltimore, at the urgent request of his Excellency the Governor of Maryland. The blooded steeds were universally admired. Ovation followed ovation. The monumental city was overpowered by the distinguished honor thus enterprisingly thrust upon it. The entire turn-out of this great American filled it with a superb sense of the sublimity of the stars and stripes amid which we dwell.

From Baltimore to Washington the costly equipage moved. Here greatness met greatness. The peers of the land looked up, and took off their hats. Here, too, the representatives of the press ate of the bounty provided by Dr. Helmbold. Such a galaxy of talent, such a flow of soul and other things, such a scintilla of wit, as was seen around that jovial board, no pen in this age will venture to portray. Posterity alone can do justice to the theme.

After an absence of three weeks this great man is—we write it with pathetic pen—home again. A distinguished contemporary assures us that "President Grant seems to have known Dr. Hembold by instinct." That he received the Doctor in the presence of not less than five hundred people, was a special compliment. Great men, it is said, easily read each other.

It is with more than ordinary emotions that we close this unworthy tribute. We cannot do it in our own words. We quote, lest we break down: "With the names of George Law, Commodore Vanderbilt, A. T. Stewart and Wm. B. Astor, the name of Dr. Helmbold is indissolubly cemented. In many respects he is greater than them all." Let America recognize her great man! Let his life be studied in all our Sunday-schools.

☞ Miss Flora McFlimsey, a few days ago, left her pannier in her papa's room. Now, her papa is a conservative old gentleman, decidedly opposed to this new-fangled arrangement, and she was mortally afraid to venture into his room to get it. So she made one of some old newspapers, and, donning it, went forth into the street in fancied security. But she had not proceeded far when her newspaper pannier broke loose and dangled out in a provokingly obtrusive manner. She was compelled to take refuge in a neighboring house. Here she met a young gentleman, who smiled maliciously at her sad plight. She blushingly requested him to retire from the room, rearranged her pannier, and sallied forth again in all the pomp and circumstance of fashion.—[Mobile Register.

☞ A somnambulist in New Haven jumped down, the other night, sixteen feet upon a tin roof, and, still asleep, deliberately walked off on to another roof six feet lower, then walked through a skylight and lodged on a table ten feet below, and then in some way crawled back through the dismantled skylight, cutting his feet badly in his struggles. The noise awakened a man in the house, who found the somnambulist standing upon the tin roof, with nothing on but his shirt, and entirely unconscious as to how he came there. He was wounded and nearly frozen, and was taken back into the house and properly cared for.

☞ The porter of one of the Chicago hotels, an industrious and very saving man, has amassed a snug little fortune of twenty thousand dollars from his salary and perquisites during the last fifteen years.

The new Masonic Temple, at Allegheny City, Pennsylvania, was dedicated, yesterday, by the officers of the Grand Lodge. The building, when complete, will cost $40,000.

Two hundred workmen were discharged from the navy-yard, at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, yesterday. About four hundred workmen remain.

IN A MADHOUSE.

Idiots, Dreamers, and Maniacs—A Visit to the Insane Department of Blockley Almshouse.

A CRAZY BALL.

[From the Philadelphia Age.]

Upon entering the female ward we were introduced by Dr. A. H. Witmer, the physician accompanying us, to a demented female, known among her associates as "the Queen," who firmly believes herself to be in possession of immense wealth, such as gold, silver, diamonds, etc. She also persists in marrying (in her imagination) every male visitor who comes into the ward. She admitted that she loved all the men and she informed us confidentially that she was already married to Dr. Witmer. Fearing that she would assert the leap-year prerogative of woman and "pop the question," we hurried away.

WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS, ETC.

Our next introduction was to an elderly woman who, upon being asked her name, replied Rosanna Leffengar. Notwithstanding the fact that this poor creature has been an inmate of the Asylum for a number of years, she still labors under the hallucination that she is residing upon her estate, which singular enough she calls Blockley. She indignantly denies that she is in the Almshouse, and upon an assertion being made that such is the fact she flies into a passion. Taking us by the arm and leading us to the window she pointed at an old outbuilding which she whispered was the old mansion formerly occupied by her ancestors. The name of Leffengar is merely one assumed by her, and when called by her rightful name she refuses to answer.

OUR HONESTY QUESTIONED.

We were next shown into the infirmary, where we made the acquaintance of an old, bed-ridden lunatic, who labors under the delusion that she was long since robbed of an inheritance by designing relatives. Dr. W. told her that we had heard of her losses, and had called upon her to get the particulars in order to recover her property, whereupon she abused us in unmeasured terms, accusing us of participating in the act, whereby she was defrauded of her rights. In vain were all our protestations of innocence, the continuing firm in her assertion that we were accessory to the wrong perpetrated upon her.

THE REFRACTORY PATIENTS.

Turning from the wrath of this old lady, we followed the doctor into the ward in which are confined the violent female patients. Upon either side of the ward were several small rooms furnished with a bed covered with the whitest of counterpanes. The doors are furnished with a heavy lock, and, in the event of any of the women becoming too violent, they are locked up in one of these rooms until the excitement passes away. On entering the ward, we were greeted by some of the inmates with smiles, and others glared angrily at us. One young girl, of prepossessing appearance, threw her arms around our neck and essayed to salute us with a kiss. Black eyes and bruises were to be seen in abundance. This, however, cannot be avoided, as they are so quick in their movements that many a blow is given before the nurses can separate them. While in the ward a row was started, and, the nurses coming in, we deemed it advisable to leave.

THE MALE DEPARTMENT.

Leaving the female quarters we were next shown into the large ward on the male side of the house. Here also as in the female department was observed a thorough attention to the sanitary condition of the patients and their surroundings, everything being in good order and the patients clad in clean and warm clothing. The following are some of the characters we met and conversed with:

DR. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN HUGHES.

About half way down the hall stood a group of three of the harmless inmates of the ward. Upon approaching them, two of the number tapped their forehead with their forefinger and pointed at the third, indicating that something was wanting in his upper story. "What is your name?" asked the Doctor. The third man replied, "Dr. Benjamin Franklin Hughes; I am the star of West Virginia and am a member of the Sixty ninth regiment, Blockley window smashers!"

JIMMY BURKE.

A little further down the hall we encountered a man apparently of herculean strength, whose wrists were encased in handcuffs, which were attached to a chain passing around his waist. His name is James Burke, commonly known as "Jimmy," and he is possessed with the idea that he is continually fighting with an army of phantoms. About thirteen years ago he killed two cooks in the institution. Since then he has been pronounced dangerous, and it was found necessary to secure his hands in the manner above stated. In speaking of the number of days in a year, he commenced by stating that there was only a fraction over two hundred, but after wading through a labyrinth of unintelligible statistics, he ended with the assertion that the dead men in their graves reckoned over two thousand to a year. Upon telling him that we came from Philadelphia, he shook his head, and solemnly told us that there was no Philadelphia any more, but, on the contrary, it was a city of the dead, being filled with graves and bones. He again commenced on statistics, and we left to encounter the most novel sight we saw during our visit. This was no less than

"MUSH."

This is the name given to a young man in the institution, who was born an idiot. Insanity is more strongly marked in his countenance than in any we have yet seen. His companions take a great pride in looking after his wants, and dress him up in all sorts of odd clothing. The peculiarity of this individual consists in the delight he takes in going through the movements of a locomotive. His imitations of the whistle, the starting and stopping of the engine, are really wonderful.

THE UNFORTUNATE HERRIGUES.

We were next shown the unfortunate Herrigues, whose imprisonment by his family in a filthy dungeon for eighteen long years excited so much indignation. He is a man apparently about twenty-four years of age, and, were it not for the vacant stare of lunacy, he would not be unprepossessing in appearance. In order to show the utter imbecility of the man, no doubt brought about by his cruel confinement, the doctor bade him raise and lower his arms and walk forward and return. While he can mutter, he cannot speak intelligibly. This, too, no doubt, is the effect of his exclusion from the companionship of human beings for so many years of his early life.

SALLY BINNS AND THE POPE.

We also met Robert Binns, better known to the regular visitors to the Almshouse as "Sally" Binns. This individual firmly believes himself a female. He shuns all male company, and affects the manners, ways and a portion of the dress of a woman. "The Pope," another celebrated character, positively asserts that he has been deputized by the Pope at Rome to establish a Catholic dynasty in this country. He also claims that he has immense treasures stored in one of the outhouses attached to the institution.

THE CRAZY BALL.

After leaving the male ward, we ascended to the large dining hall, on the third floor, where, at half-past 2 o'clock every Wednesday afternoon, the inmates are given an opportunity to dance to the music of a piano and a violin. The room was cleared of the tables, and the benches were arranged around the walls for the accommodation of the patients, who were remarkably neat in their dress. On this occasion they take a pride in donning any little odd finery they may possess. A few minutes before the music struck up, "the Pope" appeared at the doorway, decked out in an almost indescribable fashion. Upon his head he wore a lady's hat adorned with a variety of faded artificial flowers of every hue and color. In his hands he carried two more hats, a basket of apples decked with boxwood and a lobster's claw, a small covered hoop, a large reticule, and, lastly, his scepter. The latter consisted of a stick about a foot long, covered with various colored rags. Marching to the head of the room, and, after bowing with a courtier-like grace to the lady visitors, he deposited his bundles on the piano. "Sally Binns," attired in a pair of white sailor pantaloons, here appeared, and "Moon" soon made his appearance decked out in a worn-out stage costume and with painted nose and cheeks, closely resembling an ancient Roman soldier under the influence of the rosy god. The music struck up, and instantly a score of the demented creatures were heeling and toeing it in a lively style, Dr. Witmer, who seems to be unremitting in his attentions to the unfortunates under his charge, leading off. Messrs. Russell and Hamilton, two of the visitors, favored those present with some pleasing vocal selections. Master Willie Martin, of Simmons & Slocum's Minstrels, who was present, volunteered to dance a break-down, which elicited the admiration of the patients, they applauding loudly. The ball was kept up until after 4 o'clock, and not a single instance of unruly conduct occurred to mar the pleasure of the occasion.

The Free Masons and King William.

A mail telegram from Paris says: "A few days ago the newspapers published a citation issued by the Masonic Lodge of the Orient of Paris against the Reverend Brother William, King of Prussia, as a traitor to Freemasonry. The King took no notice of this citation, so he was tried as contumacious and condemned to excommunication. In connection with this M. Victor Hugo's newspaper, the Rappel, publishes the following: 'Brother William is now out of the pale of the law. All Free Masons are authorized to assault him, and to inflict upon him capital punishment.' It remains to be seen how the sentence will be carried out. A Free Mason, in whose presence a doubt was expressed as to the seriousness of such a condemnation, replied: 'Do not laugh. The sentence of the Masonic Tribunal is of such a dreadful nature that Bonaparte undertook the Italian war solely to retrieve himself from the excommunication pronounced against him by the lodges of Naples and Milan. Pianori and Orsini were Free Masons.'"

☞ In the Mexican State of Sonora the price of Indian scalps has gone up from $200 to $300.

JERRY BLACK AT BREAKFAST.

He Relates to Donn Piatt Some Reminiscences of Stanton and Lincoln.

[From the Cincinnati Commercial.]

For several mornings we have breakfasted together, and the intellectual treat afforded me makes an epoch in my life. I violate no confidence in giving some of this to the public, for the brave old man has few opinions he cares to conceal. I said to him one morning:

"It is a shame, Mr. Black, that, with your knowledge of events, and clear, forcible style, you do not devote a portion of your time to writing up the history of the late troubled period."

"Thank you," he responded, "and when done it would be Jerry Black's opinion, and so pass as history, eh? But I have a little paper now prepared that I want to show you, touching this controversy over Stanton."

"A most unfortunate controversy, Mr. Black. The late War Secretary suffers at the hands of his friends."

"Not more than I suffer to see facts brought out that I never dreamed of."

"Are you certain of the facts?"

"I have had a legal training, and can not shut my eyes to evidence, however unpleasant it may be."

"But is it evidence? Now you knew Edwin M. Stanton through a life-time, almost, and you were warm, cherished, confiding friends. Can you not say that you knew him as well as Senator Wilson or Chief Justice Chase?"

"Can not say that. To know a man one must listen to his enemies as well as friends. To a wife and children, for example, many a convict is a saint and a martyr. It is always unsafe to fun on one's prejudices, be they for or against a man. Now, when it is proved that a man has been double-sided, held with the hounds when running with the hare, I am forced to accept the proof, however painful it may be. For example, when Sumner tells me of Stanton's consorting with Abolitionists at Dr. Bailey's house in Washington, at the very time he was expressing an utter abhorrence of them, I am amazed and pained, but I accept the fact."

"Which is not the fact, I don't care who asserts it. I knew Mr. Stanton and Dr. Bailey, intimately. Stanton had a great admiration for Dr. Bailey, personally, regarding him as a pure, high-toned man, of remarkable intellect, but he did not sympathize with his party, and I'll venture to say was never in his house but once, and that was when that great and good man was carried out to be buried. He and I rode in the same carriage to the cemetery, and in that ride he expressed himself freely in eulogy of the Doctor, and his condemnation of the party."

"That is one instance—these fellows give me many."

"Yes, precisely such as are embodied in the Chief Justice's letter, in which he says Mr. Stanton was an anti-slavery man when he knew him in Columbus—so were you, so were the entire Democratic party at that time. But Stanton did not sympathize with the men who proposed to cut down the tree to get clear of the caterpillars."

Mr. Black shook his head—then said after a pause:

"I think his course towards Lincoln was the most remarkable. He was cognizant of all that. I remember well Stanton telling on his return from the trial of an important railroad case, in Cincinnati, of the attempt made to force in a buffoon of a man named Lincoln, from Illinois, and how he shouldered him out. Stanton called him a baboon. It was his favorite term before he became Secretary of War. Gentlemen told me afterwards that Lincoln, on his return to Springfield, complained of the treatment, and said that he had never before been treated with such brutality."

"Yes, the late Colonel Key, of Cincinnati, witnessed the scene. He said that Lincoln appeared in a light summer coat, through which the perspiration had run, and his long, lank, queer appearance was really startling."

"I was present when Lincoln and Stanton met for the first time after that event. Stanton was cool and quiet, while Lincoln was excited, and, I could see, a little flurried. He seized Stanton by the arm, and shaking it nervously, said: 'Yes, yes, here's a man I know—I know Stanton.' But I could see underneath a flutter that came of a keen remembrance of the insult."

"Do you think so? I doubt whether anything ever reached him. He lacked sensibility. While Stanton, Thomas, Lee, and now Chase, suffered through the dreadful wear and tear of those days, Lincoln remained unmoved, and, had he escaped assassination, would have lived to an old age."

"He was a wonderful man. He is underrated because not understood. To control men and influence events he has no equal in history."

"He had a cunning that amounted to genius, and no sensitiveness to interfere with his designs. What other man would have received Stanton kindly, and made him Secretary of War, after the insults that Edwin M. had heaped upon him?"

"I could not, for one. But his dismissal of Cameron was of the same sort. The cool, quiet way in which he kicked Cameron out of the Cabinet was an event unsurpassed up to that time."

"You were right, too, in your history of that event. The idea that Cameron selected and designated Stanton as his successor is preposterous. I never heard Stanton speak of Cameron that he did not denounce him, and Cameron must have known of it."

"If he had not, it was not Stanton's fault. I heard an officer once complaining to Stanton that he could not get in to see Cameron while Secretary of War, although he had been kicking his heels in the ante-chamber for a week. 'That is because,' said Stanton, 'you are an honest man and a gentleman.'"

"About Cameron's successor, Cameron was never consulted. The appointment hung between Holt and Stanton for some time, and the scales were turned in favor of Stanton by Chase and McClellan. Stanton had been McClellan's adviser, though after Little Mac's extraordinary elevation he was above taking advice. I asked Stanton a few days before he went in what he proposed doing, and he said he intended dropping Thomas—subsequently ad interim—out of the nearest window, with a pair of tongs, and then make Lincoln President, and McClellan fight."

"Just like him; and that correspondence between Lincoln and Cameron was gotten up to plaster the wounds that come of the kicking."

These are but specimens of the talk of the inner events of the past that are considered beneath the dignity of history. The paper prepared by Judge Black, I trust, will be speedily published, for how much soever we may differ in opinion, the view from his side is as necessary to a clear knowledge of events as the one from ours, and both may be true.

COULDN'T WAIT.

Three Persons and a Span of Horses Cut to Pieces by a Locomotive.

[From the Detroit Free Press, 27th.]

Friday morning, shortly after the express train over the Great Western road, bound West, left the station of Bothwell, Ontario, and just before reaching a crossing, the engineer discovered a farmer's team making haste to cross ahead of the locomotive. The train had just got fully under way, and the engineer at once saw that an accident was quite probable. He blew "down brakes," rang the bell, and sought by all means to prevent a collision. Beside the farmer, there were seated in the wagon his wife, about fifty years old, and his daughter, a young lady, and two very fine and spirited horses were drawing the vehicle. Either because he thought there was plenty of time to cross, or because he could not govern the horses, the farmer kept right on, and the rushing locomotive struck the wagon fair and square. Both of the women made an attempt to leap from the wagon, as they saw the danger of their situation, but the jolting of the wheels threw them down, and the farmer himself seemed only intent on pushing his team over the track in advance of the train. The train ran some ways before being brought up, but the engineer knew that he would find a sad spectacle on returning, as the wild shouts of the down-ridden family, and the shrill neighing of the horses had told him that the collision had been serious. Returning, they found the horses both dead already, legs and pieces of flesh strewing the ground, and blood everywhere. The wheels of the engine and several of the coaches had run over the animals, and their bodies were unsightly things to see. But, far worse, it was seen that not one of the family had escaped the collision. One leg of the farmer was picked up on one side of the track, the other was cut to pieces on the rail, and the lifeless trunk laid in the ditch, an awful sight to see. The wife was thrown against an embankment, and, as they picked her up, it was seen that the cruel wheels had crushed off an arm, and that she had received many serious bruises. The daughter fared worse than the mother. Their wagon was struck by the cow-catcher, she was thrown high into the air, fell down again on the track, and the cow-catcher just brushed her to one side so that the wheels sheared off an arm and a leg. She lay beside the track, senseless, but groaning with her agonies, and some of the lady passengers fainted quite away on beholding her mangled body. It all occurred in a second's time, but the greedy iron monster never did its work of destruction more thoroughly. Legs, arms, dead horses, blood, the wretched wagon, the groans of the injured—it all made a picture that even the strongest of the men could not look at without a shudder.

Of course, the train officials immediately took all possible steps in the matter. Taking the dead body and the injured ones aboard the train, it was run back to Bothwell where the best medical counsel the town afforded was secured, and the road officials instructed to render all possible assistance. Mother and daughter were both alive when the train came on, but both were senseless, and the physicians did not hold out any hope that either would survive above a few hours. The passengers on the train were unanimous in exculpating the engineer from any blame. They heard his several attempts to prevent the farmer from crossing, and some of them witnessed the farmer's seeming obstinacy from the coach windows. There was a fine chance for him to have turned his horses into the fence, if running away, and he had a sight of the locomotive, and knew the danger, long before his team struck the crossing.

THE MODE.

December Fashions as Seen from a New York Standpoint, with Something About the Academy of Design and the French Fair.

CHRISTMAS PREPARATIONS.

[Correspondence of the Courier-Journal.]

NEW YORK, Nov. 28.

There has been little of fashionable interest to chronicle since my last letter. The theaters and the concert rooms have echoed to nothing of importance since the departure of Nilsson and Seebach, and only the annual fairs, the opening of the Academy of Design and the family festivities incident to Thanksgiving have occurred to break up the monotony which characterizes even city life, when its activities cease to be events and become part of the ordinary routine.

THE OPENING OF THE ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

This is an incident which is always looked forward to with a certain amount of expectation, less from the importance which attaches to the pictures than the people which the "opening" brings together. It is less an exhibition than a reunion of Art, Literature and Journalism, with the fashionable elements thrown in, in sufficient quantities to give it light and color. Formerly the first night was brilliant as a grand opera night, with rustle of silk, the soft shimmer of lace and flash of jewels. Now the toilettes are much quieter, and more convenient, as well as better adapted to the crowded, exposed rooms. What is called "full" dress is hardly seen, bonnets are rarely dispensed with, and handsome walking costumes have taken the place of trailing satins and lace shawls. Among the pretty toilettes worn on the occasion was one of chocolate brown silk, cashmere and velvet. The skirt was of gros grain, with a wide plaited flounce; the upper skirt of cashmere, very long, and trimmed with a broad band of velvet and wide, knotted fringe. The jacket was of velvet, and was trimmed with a band of gros grain bordered with fringe. The Charlotte Corday bonnet was of velvet to match, and the only relief in color was obtained from the lining of the small irregular brim, which was of pale, salmon-colored satin. The gloves and a single ostrich plume, all of the salmon tint, to match. The plume formed an aigrette at the side, and sprung from a cluster of brown ostrich tips, which, together with a twist of gros grain ribbon round the crown and long loops and ends at the back, constituted the sole trimming of a very stylish bonnet.

Another costume worthy of mention was of black velvet, trimmed with heavy feathered out ruchings of thick black silk. A vest and cuffs of blue gros grain were trimmed on the basque and outlined by the ruchings, and a blue ostrich tip of the same shade relieved the otherwise somber character of the black velvet toque. A diamond cross, conspicuous as the sole ornament of the wearer, was said to have cost $10,000.

THE FRENCH FAIR.

The fairs of the season have been larger and much more important than usual, but none of them have possessed the universal interest or drawn the fashionable crowds that have rendered the French fair such a pronounced success. The armory of the 71st regiment was obtained for the purpose, and beautifully decorated with flowers, evergreens, transparencies, and French and American flags. The stalls were most of them presided over by French ladies, and the costumes, the exclamations, and the chatter of voluble saleswomen might easily have made one believe oneself in Paris.

There were exceptions, however, to the French rule, and one of them was a central stall arranged as a floral grotto, and presided over by Mrs. Dr. Doremus, of Sanitary Fair fame, assisted on two nights by Mrs. Scott Siddons, and on one occasion by Nilsson, the attraction of whose presence added largely to the receipts.

Mrs. Scott Siddons is a rather handsome brunette, but not at all the beautiful woman the newspapers have given her the credit of being. She was dressed in black silk, with high white muslin tunic, and wide pink sash. Two little boys queried the identity of Mrs. Scott Siddons, on account of her dark hair, as they had seen her as a blonde upon the stage. To satisfy their doubts, they expressed them while buying a bouquet, to the subject of them. "Oh! yes," said she, "I am Mrs. Scott Siddons. Ask Mrs. Doremus; she can tell you." "Well, I don't know," replied Young America, dubiously scratching its head, "perhaps she's in the sell!"

There were more than the usual number of cushions, pen wipers, fancy baskets and card-receivers, besides some very rich and valuable articles of costume and furniture, at this fair, but, after the grotto, the next most attractive object was a most lovely doll-bride and her complete trousseau. This was the work of a young married lady, who copied it from her own, and added to it a French maid in cap and muslin apron, and a toilet bureau, elegantly draped and furnished with all toilet appurtenances, including hair-pins in miniature, tiny puff-box and rouge casket.

The bride was dressed in white satin trimmed with lace, vail and wreath of orange blossoms. Her wardrobe included complete sets of exquisitely-made underclothing, a dozen pairs of fine hose, six pairs of walking-boots, six pairs of satin boots and slippers, a riding-habit of myrtle-green cloth, whip, gauntlets and hat, a white opera cloak, an India shawl, a traveling shawl folded and strapped, eight elegant dresses and costumes, including a rich black silk, a gray poplin street-dress, trimmed with velvet and fringe, a blue silk, trimmed with black and white lace, a pink with a black lace overdress, a mauve with a white lace overdress, and a maize color, ornamented with tulle puffings and black velvet. There were hats or bonnets to match every costume, lace handkerchiefs and handkerchiefs trimmed with lace, a minute watch with opera chain, a locket, cross, bracelet, eye glass and operaglass, and three complete sets of jewelry. Add to this a carriage with coachman, footman, and a very handsome pair of horses, a Saratoga trunk of very imposing dimensions for so diminutive an owner, and you will confess that the bride's establishment was very complete. The value of the entire concern, of which I have failed to enumerate velvet cloak and many other articles, was laid at $400, and the shares at $1 were all sold within the first three days.

HOLIDAY GIFTS.

The importations for the holiday season have been very large this year, and the articles are—many of them—very luxurious and very costly. One of the largest importing houses has arranged its new building, which was formerly a church, upon the plan of the Paris Exposition—that is to say, the entire establishment is upon the ground floor, and is divided into departments, each containing a special class of goods, which are open in their magnificent cases for inspection. The experiment is considered a great success, and certainly nothing could be better devised to tempt purchasers.

One of the largest and most important departments is that devoted to bridal gifts, which are principally of silver, and are put up in cases of morocco, satin lined, or velvet (which largely increases their cost), ready for presentation. Nothing could impress one more deeply with the absurdity of the custom, as it at present exists, than the display of those Grundonian testimonials.

Of course, they all belong to the same class, for few persons wish to purchase a whole set of anything, so they buy enlarged pap-spoons, and sugar-spoons, and butter-ladles, and fish-knives, and nameless objects which no one knows the use of, and which are not available for any ordinary purpose, and the young couple smile, and are delighted, but discover, upon inspection, that they have everything to purchase which they will require for daily use.

The diamond department is very attractive. There are persons, the clerks say, so infatuated with the sight that they stay all day, fascinated, and come again the next; and, strange to say, they are not women, but men. Diamonds, it is said, have a peculiar fascination for the successful American. He buys them for himself; he loads down his wife with them; he likes them as an investment. The demand for diamonds is constantly so great that recent discoveries of diamond fields do not prevent the price from constantly advancing. There is always a greater demand for large, high-priced diamonds than can be met.

Among the articles on exhibition was a complete set of diamonds, including necklace, breastpin, earrings and tiara, worth $40,000. A single locket was valued at $11,000, and a bow-knot of diamonds, with an immense pearl in the center, $13,000. There were solitaire diamond rings from $150 to $10,000 each; and solitaire diamond earrings from $350 to $5,000 the pair. One large, perfect sapphire, of intense color, was set with diamonds as a breastpin, and is said to be the most perfect stone of its kind in this country, and perhaps in Europe. It is valued at $45,000.

There is a lack of what are called *articles de Paris*, but they are hardly missed at present in the beautiful Vienna work and English wood work, the latter of which owes nearly all its beauty to its fine graining and high finish. There are perfectly plain dressing cases of English wood, fitted with all necessary toilet appliances, which bring $350 in gold. Their value lies in the thorough excellence of every article contained in them, and the entire absence of decoration is, to the refined taste of those who purchase them, one of their chief recommendations.

There are simple boxes containing sets of ivory brushes and combs, which cost $80, and toilet "crystals" for gentlemen, fitted up with small cut decanters and wine-glasses, for $350. Larger cases of the same kind are double the price. There was an English escritoire for a gentleman, the fitting up of which was wholly of malachite, and another with gold fittings richly jewelled with turquoise and garnets.

A feature of the Vienna work, which mainly consists of fancy articles, in gilt, for desk and toilet use, is the mounting, which is of onyx or other stones, as fine as those which are put into a lady's ring.

Fine bronzes and clocks, which are principally of Parisian workmanship, are advancing in price, and will do so much more if peace is not soon declared. The finest clocks are ancient in form, but exquisitely enameled, with all the delicacy and perfection bestowed upon a set of jewels or a lady's watch. Bronze clocks are quite out of date. The price of these clocks is from $250 to $500, in gold. In houses of this description paper money has never been acknowledged. All the goods are bought and sold "in gold."

CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENTS.

A pleasant bustle and bright activity reign now throughout New York city, and will until after the advent of the new year. Almost every one is preparing something for the holidays. The toy and confectionery stores are beginning to display their choicest wares; figures of Santa Claus, covered with snow, appear in the windows; loads of evergreens mingle with the truck carts and find their way to the underground receptacles of the great market, to blossom out shortly in wreaths and gorgeous Christmas trees. Thank heaven for Christmas! The divinely human influence that comes every year to teach us how much better it is to give than to receive, to love than to hate, to forgive than to resent, to work than to pray.

Even the fashionable entertainments at this season are more enjoyable than any other time, because they have a purpose, a significance, which redeems them from emptiness, and imparts to them what fashionable entertainments always lack, a human interest. It is a disgrace to women that society has not yet got beyond the senseless jam called a "party." The crowding of two or three hundred people together in the space adapted to fifty, without object, except to stare at and trample upon each other, is a social enormity which American women ought to have sense and taste enough to discard at once and forever, substituting some other social assembly which will allow of individual intercourse and real social enjoyment.

Some very beautiful dresses have just been completed for Christmas gatherings, which I will mention:

One was of rich Nile green *poult de soie*, trimmed with narrow black silk flounces, picked out above a wide green plaiting. Black silk round pannier, green sash, low bodice, with black silk bretelles. A second was of striped velvet, and gros grain, pink and white, with an apron of pink velvet, covered with a charming design in white silk embroidery. Across the bottom of the apron and round the edge of the pannier was a flounce of lovely point de Venice, and the same costly lace, supported by a velvet band, outlined the neck and ornamented the loose but not flowing sleeves.

A light-blue silk dress was almost covered with white silk embroidery. The trimming otherwise was of white knotted silk fringe.

A very striking dress was of pale salmon-colored silk, very thick and rich, with a trimming of chocolate-brown velvet and white point lace.

A white *poult de soie* was trimmed with flame-colored velvet, and narrow white satin folds stitched under the edge of the velvet.

Irish poplins are very fashionable this season, and a handsome blue one made recently attracted a great deal of attention, from its rich trimming of white Irish lace and black velvet.

THE PLAID OF THE MARQUIS OF LORN.

The most fashionable thing in poplins, however, at the present moment, is the clan tartan of the Marquis of Lorn, the prospective husband of the fourth daughter of Queen Victoria. To the *trousseau* of the Princess will be added six magnificent costumes of the Argyle-Campbell clan pattern, and all the young ladies in England and America are anxious to share her good fortune, at least so far as possessing a dress of the same tartan. The plaid is very handsome. It consists of white twilled silk bars upon a blue, green, and black ground, and will be becoming to both blondes and brunettes. It should be trimmed with broad black velvet.

WHERE THE FUTURE FASHIONS ARE TO COME FROM.

This is at present a problem. I think really that New York, with its activity, enterprise and boldness in originating ideas, will exercise a very considerable influence upon the future of dress and fashions; but at present it has not the organized art and taste necessary to render it a leader like Paris.

This may be said, however, of almost any of the great European cities. Berlin probably came the nearest to rivalry with Paris, but the genius of the people is less in accordance with our own than that of the French, and the slow, phlegmatic German movement would soon find itself outstripped by the inspirations of its own children informed by the energy and quick intelligence of a new world. As yet we have hardly begun to feel the loss of Parisian resources. Most of the fall and some of the winter supplies had been received before the doors were closed against foreign invasion. There is hope in many quarters that peace will be proclaimed in time to prevent further crippling of French resources, but if it should not, then we shall see what we shall see. The retail trade of the city, especially the luxurious portion of it, which usually finds its supplies abroad, has been greatly benefited by the war. Millinery and dress-making houses are flourishing, and a stimulus has been given to high class business which will encourage increased activity for the coming season.

WHAT-NOTS.

The long opera chain, with tasseled pendant, is the most fashionable watch chain for ladies. Onyx rings are the latest style for gentlemen. The "dog collar" is the newest thing in necklaces. It is composed of gold links, is broad, and costs $250. The heavy chain necklaces, which also form bracelets, can be obtained for $150. Necklaces composed of several strands of pearls are considered very *recherche*. Cameos are coming into vogue again. White lace fans for brides, with pearl sticks, cost $200 each. French kid gloves are becoming so scarce and high that ladies are wearing them "cleaned" who never would do so before. The consequence is the glove-cleaners are driving a flourishing trade.

JENNIE JUNE.

AN UNGRATEFUL REPUBLIC.

The Story Commodore Vanderbilt Tells on the Government.

PROFITLESS PATRIOTISM.

[Washington Correspondence N. Y. Sun.]

Commodore Vanderbilt, Horace F. Clark, and Augustus Schell put in an appearance to-day in the internal revenue office, to persuade the Government to remit taxes to the amount of $1,150,000, due as the five per cent. tax upon the dividends of the New York Central railroad. The Commodore was the brightest and quickest of the party, and, though the talking was mainly done by Mr. Clark, the Commodore did not hesitate to thunder out his opinion, whenever he could get a word in edgeways, in a manner indicating that he was used to driving everything before him. The case is briefly this:

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made more money than they saw fit to distribute as an annual dividend, and desiring to expand their operations, took the money that should have gone to the stockholders and put it into permanent improvements, and subsequently gave the stockholders extra stock to represent the increased capital. This extra issue amounts to twenty-three millions of dollars, and it is on this that they first declined to pay any tax, their theory being that the dividend was made in such a way as to be outside the law, the Government consequently being entitled to nothing. Their point failing, they then argued that this surplus was accumulated after 1862, and was consequently wholly outlawed, or did not come within the scope of the law. To this Mr. Douglass replied: "You must then be able to prove when and how it was made, and show what comes within the law and what does not." They ask time, and are given until January 1, 1871, to go over their books, and see what can be demonstrated by

SHREWD BOOKKEEPING.

They are again to appear, and be ready to submit upon argument the whole case to a final decision of the Commissioner. The Collector of the Fourteenth New York district has accordingly been instructed to withhold the collection on this dividend until January 1, 1871. As the distinguished party were about leaving Mr. Douglass and Mr. Smith, and as the Commodore rose to go, he replied in a sharp, shrill voice, "We'll make war if I don't get justice," and as the rest were making their adieus he continued: "I am not very good at this kind of business; the last time I was here it was on business that I could do better." Mr. Douglass asked what that was, and he replied, "It was about

MY SHIP VANDERBILT,"

and he continued, "I was served meanly about that, meaner than any Government ever served a man before or since."

"How was that, Commodore?" asked Mr. Douglass.

The Commodore answered. "Why, they never gave me my vessel back, and it is the finest ship ever built, rotting at the wharves at San Francisco."

Mr. Douglass said he always supposed that the Commodore gave the steamship to the Government.

"Well," the Commodore replied, "I did, but it was in this way: One day I received a telegram from E. M. Stanton, asking what I would contract to run down with one of my vessels and sink the rebel iron-clad, Merrimack, which was now about ready to come out of Norfolk.

"To this I responded that it was an affair of too much importance to be negotiated by telegraph, and I would be at the War Department next day. I accordingly came over, was shown in to the Secretary, and closed the door, and I asked him if there was anyone else he wanted to talk to about this. He replied, 'Yes, Mr. Lincoln.' I said, 'Well, suppose we go

OVER TO THE WHI[illegible]

as I do not want to talk [illegible] once.' He consented, and [illegible] gether. I at once informe[illegible] I was determined that I [illegible] self to do anything by [illegible] ranked with the herd of th[illegible] who were fattening off t[illegible] means of army contract[illegible] sels to sell or bargains [illegible] I was told to name it, [illegible] dertake to sink the rebel [illegible] she comes out. I will p[illegible] to the Government on [illegible] mains under my control, [illegible] independent of any contr[illegible] They assented, and asked [illegible] her to Fortress Monroe. [illegible] They asked what my pla[illegible] keep steam up, and prot[illegible] much as possible by variou[illegible]

RUN RIGHT INTO T[illegible]

and drown her; that no [illegible] could be made by the rebel[illegible] vive the concussion, or [illegible] weight of the Vanderbilt, [illegible] was liable to fail only in o[illegible] namely, that of getting an [illegible] where it would sink her. [illegible] hours she was at Fortress M[illegible] once commenced to prepare [illegible] shot of the enemy; in ten days' [illegible] itor came out and sunk the Mer[illegible] never put my vessel into [illegible] there all the same, and ready[illegible]

WHAT OUGHT THE GOVERNM[illegible]

Why, returned me my ve[illegible] were too mean, and thoug[illegible] 200,000, and I was willin[illegible] necessary, to aid the Gov[illegible] meanly kept her and are [illegible] of no use to the Gov[illegible] else. But I won't ask [illegible] her into the service I [illegible] ment a bill of sale for he[illegible]

Mr. Douglass replied tha[illegible] of secret history which he [illegible] before.

Mr. Schell and the Comm[illegible] Mr. Clarke bade the Comm[illegible] Smith a parting adieu.

☞ Gen. Moltke, accord[illegible] correspondent of the Colo[illegible] sent directions for his h[illegible] readiness, as he expects to [illegible] weeks at the latest. Other [illegible] ficials have sent similar mess[illegible]

The Macon and Augusta rail[illegible] completed, and trains a[illegible] through on schedule time.

Manning, Democrat, beat [illegible] for the unexpired term in th[illegible] gress, from North Carolina[illegible]

Courier-Journal.

LOUISVILLE, WEDNESDAY, DEC. 7, 1870.

Time Out.

During the next few weeks the subscriptions of a large number of our patrons expire. We believe the disposition is general to renew, but occasionally it is neglected because of the failure of some one to make an effort to raise a club. We would be most happy to have the names of all our old patrons for the coming year, and if our friends knew how easy a matter it was to raise a club of ten or twenty in every village, we are confident we would receive a perfect avalanche of Christmas and New Year's presents. We trust those who wish us well will make the experiment after reading this paragraph.

Notice to Subscribers.

In making remittances for subscriptions or advertising, always, when practicable, send drafts or checks or postoffice orders. When these cannot be procured, send the money, but always in a *registered letter*. We wish it distinctly understood we will not be responsible for money lost in its transmission to us by mail, unless it is in a duly registered letter.

☞ We are unable to supply any more back numbers with the first portions of "Valerie Aylmer," our editions having been entirely exhausted.

The Alabama Imbroglio.

The telegraph, several days ago, informed us of the attempt made by Governor SMITH, of Alabama, to prevent the official declaration of the vote of that State in the presence of both houses; also of the indignation meeting afterwards held in Montgomery, where speeches denunciatory of his course were made by members of his own party. In view of the strong stomachs Republicans have uniformly displayed in the matter of expedients for obtaining power in Southern States, regardless of the will of the people, the presumption is that there must have been something peculiarly flagrant in Gov. SMITH's attempt to keep his successor out of office, or his own partisans would not have gone back on him in this way. Such unwonted squeamishness indicates a sudden and prodigious improvement in them, or a remarkably revolutionary mania in him.

Gov. SMITH, in his message, evolves from a good deal of profound talk about the "essence of civil liberty" the reasons of state that actuated him in the premises. Disappointed candidates are generally prone to accept suggestions of illegal voting and fraudulent counting as the only rational way of accounting for their defeat; but Gov. SMITH has peculiar reasons for believing that he has been cheated of a re-election. He cannot see how any Democrat can be legally and fairly elected in a reconstructed State when the whole power of Government, and all the ingenuity of Congress, have been employed for years in framing laws and locating armies especially to prevent any such result. He states his position as follows:

> Honestly believing that my right to the office of Governor of Alabama is not destroyed or impaired by the late election, and that the Hon. R. B. LINDSAY has no right to the office, I have filed a bill in the Chancery Court of Montgomery county, the object of which is to prevent myself from being deprived of the office upon mere returns to the presiding officer of the Senate, which, however valid on their face, will (as I believe) be rendered wholly invalid by the evidence which will be produced whenever the conflicting claims of him and myself to the office are properly presented for trial and decision in any proper tribunal. * * * * * The course I have thus taken is clearly lawful and peaceable. It is not intended, and cannot operate, [illegible] real will and purpose of the voting people of the State. It insures an inquiry and decision, in a proper tribunal, as to what was the will and the preference of the voting people of the State between Mr. LINDSAY and myself.

Governor SMITH then goes on to protest his willingness to submit to the choice of the people as soon as it can be authoritatively ascertained. He also alludes, affectingly, to "a stormy South American liberty, supported by arms to-day, crushed by arms to-morrow"—which is all very fair talk and absolutely necessary to prevent people from judging harshly of a Governor who surrounds his office with troops and resorts to irregular expedients of questionable validity to prevent the declaration of his successor's election. The Constitution of Alabama requires the presiding officer of the Senate to open the returns and declare the result of the election, in joint session of the two houses, and upon a particular day. This is an essential formality in elections, ministerial in its character and prescribed by the fundamental law. While its performance could not prejudice any right of Governor SMITH as a contestant, his attempt to prevent its performance shows a disposition to invalidate the election by defeating a requisite formality. Why else should he adopt so unusual and questionable a means of testing the legality of the vote and the fairness of the count, when the usual and regular remedies were in his reach, and could not be affected by the Lieut. Governor's official declaration of the result?

This election was held under laws passed by Governor SMITH and his partisans. They had that perfect control of the polls and all those advantages in the contest which reconstruction has secured in Southern States to Republicans as loyal men over Democrats as disloyal men. They had the Federal patronage, the State and Federal administrations and the army to back them. To support a cry of fraud when defeated under such circumstances, there should be a regular investigation in the mode prescribed by the constitution of the State. When the Governor went behind the returns canvassed by his own officers, avoided the regular and lawful method of rectifying the count, set aside all the precedents and usages in such cases, and sought to invalidate the election by a revolutionary proceeding, it is not strange he complains in his message that even his political friends desert him; for there is nothing in the facts to bear him out in his theatrical declaration that he "appeals to law and stands for it," when he is only trying [illegible] in office by a species of pettifogging [illegible]nicious and very disreputa[illegible]or.

[illegible] Mixed.

[illegible] Sentinel, which is ortho-
[illegible]o "plant" the COURIER-
[illegible]" on the Resolutions of
[illegible] for the Philistines hip
[illegible]ad to go for the Philis-
[illegible]ny years ago we got an
[illegible]he Philistines were a bad
[illegible]ys we entertained a pur-
[illegible]led at the earliest practica-
[illegible]ich purpose referred to the
[illegible] of the Philistines. Un-
[illegible] the proper time rolled
[illegible]vered that the Philistines
[illegible]—that they had died, in fact,
[illegible]red years ago, and, as they
[illegible]been ignorant of the Resolu-
[illegible]798, it is not unlikely that they
[illegible]rove rather a poor specific.
[illegible]we fear the counsel of our mon-
[illegible] vague and illusory; and we
[illegible]ubt whether he is as deeply
[illegible]ilosophy of THOMAS JEF-
[illegible]ould have us consider him.
[illegible]author of the Declaration
[illegible]nd the author of the Res-
[illegible]und and about in a man-
[illegible]liar and confused that
[illegible], somehow, that he thinks
[illegible] the one to have been the
[illegible]ther, whereas we have a dim
[illegible]hat Mr. JEFFERSON did not
[illegible]olutions of 1798, though on
[illegible]are willing to be corrected.
[illegible] may be, whether the Res-
[illegible]98 were written by Mr.
[illegible] or by Mr. ARISTOTLE, they
[illegible]ty good reading, and we subscribe
[illegible]word of them and adopt them in
[illegible]tract and in the concrete. We
[illegible]we cannot go for the Philis-
[illegible]opinion is clear that some one
[illegible] for those persons. Suppose
[illegible]he Warren Sentinel goes for
[illegible]n't come back any more?

Reconstructed Germany.

The reconstruction of Germany has at length become an accomplished fact. Bavaria, which heretofore showed the greatest reluctance to sacrifice its separate existence to the general welfare, has at last consented to add to the sacrifice of so many of its sons for the unification of Germany, that of its prized independence. This resolution has been brought about mainly by the firm attitude of the National party of Bavaria, which forced the Conservatives and the Catholic party into the background. Bavaria will occupy in future the same position in reconstructed Germany which Saxony did in the North German Confederation. This is an immense advance toward the unification of the common country, and every friend of liberty will have cause to rejoice at it if the victories of the German arms be not converted by King WILLIAM into mere triumphs of monarchism.

In his devotion to a policy of dynastic aggrandizement and in the unscrupulous adroitness of his great Minister, we see much reason to dread such a result. On the other hand, in all the mutilated nationalities of Europe we find the spirit of liberty in close alliance with those longings of national pride that lead to reunion. It has been so in Italy, and appears to be so even to a higher degree in Germany. Before the general uprising of the people against NAPOLEON I. in 1813, all Germany was governed by petty despots who sold their nationality at all times to foreign conquerors whenever they could draw any advantages from such an act, and so they fell an easy prey to the great French conqueror, who, taking advantage of their interior dissensions, enslaved them one by one. But when, after the Russian campaign, the people, driven to desperation by the excesses of the conquerors, accomplished what its monarchs had not been able to do, it learned its power, and so we see this grand national movement followed in 1818, 1830 and 1848 by great inward struggles for liberty, which, although only partly successful and often followed by a strong reaction, kept pushing the nation forward to that great goal of all lovers of liberty, the rational self-government of the people. What gave, on those occasions, only partial success to those movements, was the fact that they were managed by spirits who were far ahead of the general masses that were, as yet, unfit for self-government. But, strange to say, a measure which seemed calculated to stifle every sentiment of liberty in a people, the transformation of the entire male population of Prussia into an army, has spread a feeling of conscious power among the people, however little their rulers may have intended it. The general conscription and the Landwehr system have taught the masses their strength, which they can use in case of need, not only against outward foes, but also against their own tyrants. We will not say that the present advancement of the lower classes in Germany is solely due to her military organization; for another great promoter of the same was the compulsory education. But the popular military system, which, as it were, abolishes regular armies and creates an armed people, must necessarily have been promotive of a feeling of individual independence, while it was the cause of great national strength. The same wave which throws it sands on the shore builds with them an insurmountable bulwark against which it will beat in vain.

In this respect the military system of Prussia has created a feeling of independence in that country which the Government may be taught to respect. The soldier knows what he has accomplished, and although he grants all the credit he deserves to the able leader, he nevertheless can sternly ask for his share of the fruits of the victory. And the German army is the German people. This war will put an end to all anti-national legislation, and the same national feeling which the princes stimulated among the people during the war may compel them to give up a great deal of their power.

In future, it is to be hoped, they will be only so many Governors. Unity in postal matters and customs, representation at foreign courts, army, press laws, money, weights and measures, complete mercantile and religious liberty, are already conceded by the different Governments.

The German Parliament, uttering the voice of an armed people, will probably become a power with whose watch over the interests of liberty monarchs will not dare to trifle.

Thus the cause of freedom may be advanced by the unification of Germany although we must not suppose that it will not meet with great difficulties in that country. For we must first take the character of the people itself into consideration before we indulge in any extravagant hope for the speedy establishment of a German Republic. German politicians are prone to go to extremes, and while some few fire-eaters are fanatic radicals and socialists, the great mass of them is highly conservative. The former do more injury to the cause of liberty by their injudicious zeal than good, and the latter are so obstinate that they shrink from the slightest improvement if it disturbs them in their old-established routine. And the people, mistrusting the wild schemes of the radicals, are, in a great measure, in favor of the conservatives. It is not yet sufficiently ripe for a republican form of government. But it advances step by step, and we may be sure that a people that could furnish more than a million soldiers from its ranks against a foreign foe, can furnish as many against its own Princes when the time has come.

The Mobile amusement season has begun. OTHELLO, Mr. FORSYTH; DESDEMONA, a gentleman from Demopolis (his first appearance on any stage). Between the acts Col. MANN, who has kindly volunteered his services, will sing, in costume, the amusing comic ballad, "Come to mee boosom, mee own stricken SAMBO." The whole to conclude with the laughable extravaganza "Now you see it and now you don't." Music by BAYLOR.

☞ A little girl in Mississippi writes: "Every day I read to mama all the witty things in the COURIER-JOURNAL. Sometimes she doesn't laugh. Then I get up and tickle her, and *make* her laugh." We fear that "mama" is sometimes a rather inattentive listener, and deserves to be tickled.

☞ The last monthly report of the Bureau of Statistics shows that if YATES and CHANDLER had confined themselves to Cincinnati whisky instead of Kentucky Bourbon the liquor they have consumed within the last ten years would have been sufficient to destroy the entire Prussian army around Paris.

☞ The warlike editor of the Cincinnati Commercial evidently doesn't like the King of Prussia. As a general thing the leading journals of Europe do not tell us whether the King of Prussia likes the warlike editor of the Cincinnati Commercial or not.

☞ Now that the Mobile Register has gone glimmering into the shades of Ethiopia, who may not be suspected? Why, there is no knowing but it will be the Memphis Appeal next. In times like these the purest may be soiled with "negro fly sirup."

☞ 'Tis a melancholy thing for the pious poker-players of the White Man's party to look in the hand of the Hon. JOHN FORSYTH and behold only a black suit.

☞ It turns out that Senator YATES is not dead. At latest dates he was merely dead drunk. He has died such deaths a thousand times.

☞ "Protection," says a Pennsylvania paper, "is now the life of the nation." But this "life of the nation" will very soon be the death of the Radical party.

The Mask is Removed.

Let us, if we can, take a serious view of the apostasy of the Mobile Register to the White Man's party, whereof it was the founder and the organ.

Not more than three months ago the Register held up the repeal of the Fifteenth amendment as the fundamental test of all orthodoxy and declared that the bare conception of its validity embodied the essence of all treason. It not only refused to recognize the negro as a legal voter, but it refused him the poor boon of being permitted to vote the Democratic ticket It set its face everlastingly, and on principle, against what it elegantly described as the negroizing of the Democratic party. The Democratic party, it vociferated, was a white man's party and only a white man's party. It was not to be "veneered with negroism." It was not to soil its whiteness with "negro fly sirup." It was to be kept forever pure and spotless, so that, when the evil day passed over, it could appear immaculate and disfranchise the negro, repealing the Fifteenth amendment and restoring the integrity of the ballot.

We suggested, in our habitually modest and unobtrusive way, that this scheme was not only impracticable but both dangerous and needless. We did not counsel anybody to seek the negro vote. We distinctly said over and over again that the negro vote had best be left out of our platforms and consigned to candidates and localities that could do with it as they pleased. In States like South Carolina, where it amounted to something, it would, doubtless, become an object to each party. In States like Kentucky, where it amounted to little, it would not be an object or even a hindrance to the Democracy, and therefore, we thought the Democratic party had better leave it alone. As we did not need it in Kentucky, there was no cause to seek it. But, as it was not likely to do us any harm, and as it was upon us anyhow, it was absurd to make an idle war on it. Such a war could do us no good and it might get up disturbances that would do us much harm. In any event it would supply capital to our enemies and produce stumbling blocks to our friends, who were, as in Georgia and Louisiana, making an effort to secure, or at least to modify, the negro vote. Further, we expressed the belief that the Fifteenth amendment was conclusive; that it could not be repealed short of a revolution for which the Democratic party was unprepared; and we counseled against the display of a factious spirit at variance with recognized events and sound common sense. At no time, however, did we confess judgment as to universal suffrage, which we accepted as a fact, but which we had opposed up to its adoption into a constitutional law. At no time did we advise the Democratic party to incorporate any element, as an element, within itself or to make, as an organization, any formal effort to secure the negroes. We proposed to leave the entire question free to settle itself, removing from it all prejudice and party feeling, and, in order to enforce and illustrate this the better, we spoke then, as we speak now and have always spoken, kindly of the black people. We feel kindly for them. We want to help them and see them prosper. We occupy the same country, we were born and bred together, and there is no reason why we should fight and quarrel. They are poor and ignorant. We have the means of educating them. On their elevation their usefulness as citizens depends, and that in turn furnishes a problem on which much of our own future prosperity depends. So we opposed any war of extermination urged by a White Man's party against the blacks, for that was the meaning of the White Man's party. We opposed it because it was wicked and impolitic. We opposed it at the instance of order and peace. We opposed it in the interest of reason and religion. We opposed it for the sake not only of that great society which might be able to protect itself in an extremity, but for the sake of those widows and orphans whom a war waged on account of the negro had already left protectionless in every nook and corner of the South. We opposed it as the project of a huddle of selfish and miscalculating marplots who never did any fighting and never will, but who might, by their reckless, ignorant and vindictive teachings, set a gang of bloody-minded desperadoes, black and white, roaming over the South killing and plundering, the whole muddle to end with Federal troops and fresh acts of Congressional outrage. We did not consider the negro vote. We knew then, as we know now, that the negro was and is a voter beyond any power of ours to prevent or to reverse, and we fought the stupid and childish mockery of *pretending* a revolution which no sane man meditated. We did not care how the negro voted. We do not care now. He will vote as he thinks best, and we wan't to educate him so that he may know what *is* best.

All this we made as plain as sunshine. But to the Mobile Register, which would have a White Man's party or nothing, it was rank treason. At first we thought there must be some misconception on its part and we tried to explain. Our explanations, the Register declared, were "unworthy expedients." We were, in its estimation, a "time server." We were destitute of "principle." Our pleas for soberness and peace were "base overtures to the negro." We had abandoned the Democratic party. We had gone back on the "framers of the Constitution." We were smeared over with "negro fly sirup' and meant to "negroize the Democratic party." Then the Mobile Register got off a deal of lordly gabble about its own superior virtue, its unalterable fidelity, its elevated sense of the immaculate and constitutional. Finally it sublimely read us out of the fold of the faithful as a mongrel, a mountebank, a fraud, a sham, a cheat, a gilded delusion; in short, "a yelping traitor and hireling." The Montgomery Mail and the Memphis Appeal joined in the cry, and one would have fancied we were going to be wiped off the face of the earth!

Heaven bless the mark! We knew the cattle too well to be scared by the horns or the tails that leaped so frantically i' the air. We mildly suggested that too much zeal is questionable. We doubted whether the Bourbons could keep up so white a temperature very long. They did protest too much; and this necessarily proved them hypocrites, because it was impossible for human beings to be as ardent as they seemed to be. We warned the public to look out and crossed our arms and waited the denouement with the calm consciousness of the Christian who holds four aces.

The denouement has come at last. Here is this Mobile Register—the unflinching white man's organ—this scorner of expedients—this elevator of principles—this undying hater of mongrelism—this everlasting enemy of time servers—this heroic, statesmanlike Mobile Register, calling on SAMBO to vote the Democratic ticket, giving him reasons for it and patting him gently on the back as a man who has more to expect from the white people than from the Radicals. And, after all its rant and fustian of last summer, the Mobile Register expects the negroes to listen to it now!

If the Register was sincere last summer and is sincere now it must be the most fickle and impracticable newspaper in the world. If it was not sincere, what shall we say of its assumption of virtue and its denunciation of us?

We leave the reader to decide which is the time server.

☞ A country paper in Alabama wants to know whether SUSAN B. ANTHONY is the wife of MARK ANTHONY. If our contemporary will turn to his history of Rome he will find that MARK died at least ten years before SUSAN was born.

☞ A "loil" correspondent in Alabama, after abusing us like a pickpocket, declares that if we undertake to write his obituary when he dies he will "burst his coffin with rage." He forgets that in h—ll they do not wear coffins.

German Success.

The strong German sympathies of Queen VICTORIA, which have molded the policy of England during the present war and are likely now to produce a rupture in her Cabinet, are traceable to her own lineage and the nuptial alliances of herself and her eldest daughter. But the aristocratic party of England have something besides Court influence to make them pray for German success. They deem it a heavy blow and a great discouragement inflicted on the democratic party in Europe. This is instinctively felt by the democrats themselves; and the representative men of the democracies of Italy and Spain—GARIBALDI and CASTELAR—join with the democrats of England in crying for the retrieval of the fortunes of France. "For the first time since the establishment of the United States," says the Saturday Review, "the advancing tide of democracy has been turned and the ebb has begun. The rise in the world of so great a power as Germany will produce an instructive imitation of her system and methods. Governments, against their will, will be compelled to strengthen themselves; and the great body of thinkers who, like Mr. CARLYLE, have carried their admiration of strong government and their hatred of anarchy perhaps even to excess, will no longer be found to be hopelessly out of the current of the age." In other words, it will become fashionable to admire the strong paternal system under which judges were caned for their decisions by FREDERICK the Great, and no one will be found so poor as to praise the plebeian institutions of the United States. For this "anti-democratic revolution" the Saturday Review thanks Germany, and adds that "her example will introduce a new element into our political theories—an element which has long been deficient and much needed." Germany is now regarded in England as a bulwark against the democratic idea which, emanating from America, had spread over Europe like a spark among the ready prepared tinder "But now," says the Review, thanking Germany and congratulating the crowns and coronets of the old world, "there is felt a need of strong government; men cannot forever be led by their momentary instincts; they demand that these should be comprehended and dominated by a central power, which alone can give to all the greatest measure of satisfaction." The battle against Republican France is not won yet, and, with this interpretation of its significance ringing in the ears of Americans, they will hope that France may yet prove strong enough to crush a German despotism, as Germany has crushed a French despotism. If this war should, after all, not only free France from Bonapartism, but emancipate Germany from the paternal cane of the FREDERICKS, it will prove a costly blessing, but a blessing, indeed, to both peoples.

The Balance of Power.

French politicians seem to be eminently right when they say that the decrease of the French influence would destroy the balance of power in Europe and throw the whole system of European diplomacy out of gear. Who would have imagined but a few months ago that the annexation of territories containing over twelve millions of inhabitants to one of the five great powers of Europe could be effected without the protest and the military interference of the other powers? And yet such is the case; for the admission of Bavaria, Wurtemberg, Baden and Hesse into the North German Confederation is simply nothing but an annexation of those countries to Prussia. Their sovereigns are stripped of every power in their respective countries, and nothing remains to them but an empty title. And still everything is quiet on this subject in European diplomatic circles. Not a protest is raised, not a single note dispatched. France is not quite conquered yet, and still all the rest of Europe trembles before her haughty invader.

Much has been said and written of the craft and astuteness of European diplomatists. But just now, BISMARCK seems to have monopolized those diplomatic qualities. France humbled and crushed, nothing can stay the power of Germany on the Continent. Austria, who bears France a grudge for the manner in which she abandoned her to her fate in 1866, will regret her present inaction. For the German part of Austria, and this is composed of her best and most intelligent provinces, will yearn to become united with the rest of Germany, just as Venitia did with Italy. Let but a few years pass by, let Prussia but recover from her present losses, and the German legions will pour into the Empire of the HAPSBURGS and give the finishing stroke to that venerable but rotten structure. Austria, which could have rendered eminent assistance as the ally of France, will then be almost helpless in the hands of a powerful enemy, who will reduce her to a third-rate power.

This destruction of the balance of power becomes evident also in the present action of Russia. She would not have dared to abrogate the treaty of Paris a year ago, for it would have brought an array of power on her heels that would have frightened even the Russian Bear. But, France down, what has Russia to fear? England has no army, and Austria and Turkey are bankrupt. Besides, Austria has Prussia in her rear, which has enough soldiers to spare to threaten her flanks if she should move against Russia. The events of 1870 have brought about a wonderful change. The whole face of Europe is changed, the balance of power annihilated, and there are but two powers now in Europe, Russia and Germany.

A Legal Hardship.

A case was recently decided by the High Court of Errors and Appeals of New York which forcibly illustrates the hardships that result from the application of the maxim that "ignorance of law excuses no one." The plaintiff in error, while a minor, had served a term in the State prison, had never been pardoned, and afterwards voted. This was in violation of a law passed in 1847 disfranchising persons convicted of a felony. He was indicted in the court below, found guilty and appealed. The High Court held that it is unnecessary to charge in the indictment that the prisoner "knowingly, etc.," voted. It is enough to charge that he "unlawfully" voted. The young man (HAMILTON by name) offered to prove that he had applied to the Governor for pardon, and received a letter from him stating that, as he was a minor at the time the offense was committed, there was no need of a pardon to enable him to vote. He also proved that he had consulted two respectable attorneys of the Supreme Court who gave him the same opinion. This, of course, showed no guilty *intent* on the part of the accused, but, nevertheless, this evidence was excluded, and he was adjudged guilty. It really seems that when a man goes to the very ministers and executors of the law themselves for light, and is misled, and shows no guilty intent, he ought to be excused. But so it is. "Ignorance of facts excuses, ignorance of law does not." And yet in this case it seems the law was harder to learn than the facts.

☞ The New York World calls our attention to a copy of the New York Sun that doesn't contain a single sensation. The publisher lost heavily on *that* edition of his paper, you may be sure.

☞ Col. SUSAN B. ANTHONY is of the opinion that women should never marry. It would seem that all men concur in this opinion of the Colonel—so far, at least, as she himself is concerned.

☞ The Camden Democrat says "the Radical party smells to heaven." Yes, and the worst of it is the smell is about all of the party that will ever reach heaven.

☞ The Radical party may say with pride that during the late war it furnished an imperiled Union more Quartermasters than all other parties combined.

A Voice from Germany.

Although the German people seem to be blinded at present by passion and the thirst of conquest to such a degree that they do not comprehend that they are now doing to France the same injustice for which they execrate NAPOLEON I, nevertheless there are in Germany some clear-headed spirits who can look further into the future than the common rank and file. Such a one is the patriot JOHAN JACOBY, the man who dared to face the present King's brother in the times of the fiercest reaction, when he hurled into the teeth of the tyrant the words of truth which it was the misfortune of kings that they could not bear to hear. But it is not of him that we mean to speak to-day, although the fearless manner in which he stood up in times when such a course endangered his life and his whole political reputation, and uttered words of truth and solemn warning, not to enemies but to his own people, ought to enshrine him forever in the heart of every friend of freedom. What he advocated, the non-dismemberment of France, the right of every people to choose for themselves whom they will be ruled by, has found in Germany another advocate, who is, perhaps, still better known and more prominent than the gray-headed tribune of the people, JOHAN JACOBY. We mean the great philosopher and naturalist, KARL VOGT, who is at present engaged in a controversy with the Prussian government organ, the Berlin Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung, which has fiercely attacked him, and all his adherents, stigmatizing them as traitors and renegades.

In a reply to that paper, after stating at some length his conviction that the principal object of Count BISMARCK in insisting on the annexation of Alsatia and Lorraine to Germany was to keep a constant cause for apprehension of a sudden attack from France on hand, which would serve him as a pretext to demand of the Chambers entire *carte blanche* in the reorganization of the army and an unlimited credit for military purposes, he goes on to say: "To-day Germany has no other will than that of BISMARCK. We can say of him what General FOY said of the Constitution: 'Who wants more or less or anything else than the Constitution is a traitor.' Insert the name of the Chancellor in place of the word constitution, and you will have a key to the present political situation in Germany. Whoever doubts it need but read the following lines which I take from one of our principal reviews, the Ausland: 'If Count BISMARCK deems it expedient to ask nothing but the payment of the war expenses we shall submit silently, and say by ourselves that grave and important reasons have induced him to make no other demands. But if he, on the contrary, believes it to be advantageous to ask the provinces of the Vosges, the Moselle, or even the Meuse, from France, and to insist on their surrender, we will, in fact, not understand his calculations at first, but we shall blindly subordinate our judgment to his own, for we know that he is the man to take only what he can keep. I do not think that any statement can be found in the entire French press, during the whole period of adoration and veneration which they entertained for the official merits of their emperor, which bears in so characteristic a manner the stamp of utter mental abdication and of the most narrow-minded spirit of subordination."

Speaking of the cry for the annexation of Alsatia and Lorraine as the natural borders of Germany, VOGT goes on:

"We utter furious tirades against the French because they ask the Rhine as the natural border of France, while we clamor with the same breath for the natural borders of Germany. We deem it outrageous and wicked that France has any intentions to seize the Rhine, while we wonder at the same time why the French *fanfarons* begrudge us the Vosges."

But, says he, the advocates of annexation refer him to the consideration of strategical reasons. The annexation of those provinces is claimed to be necessary to shield Germany from a renewed attack of France. He answers them by saying: "Let us now look a little closer at the strategical reasons. MOLTKE is put up as an oracle, which we must question. He will answer you with grand phrases about Strasbourg and Metz, the strongholds, 'open gates to Germany,' centers of attack, etc., etc., with their subordinate forts, and all other things appertaining to them. I am no strategician, but I have read some time ago so much similar stuff about the famous quadilateral, of the redoubtable fortress of Verona, and its subordinate forts, the 'key of Germany' (all stuff that has since been shown to be utter nonsense), that I begin to think that strategical reasons, like the wisdom of God, are beyond the comprehension of common mortals, and that we may be led to do anything through their means. I have stated already that this 'open gate to the Rhine' would cease to be a danger, if it were no longer fortified, and if Strasbourg, Metz, Phalsbourg and all similar places would be razed according to the stipulations of a treaty of peace. Then the French, in the face of a powerful and united neighboring country, would not think of rebuilding those fortresses, any more than they have rebuilt the fortresses razed according to the stipulations of the Treaty of Vienna, when only a rotten and disunited confederation was opposed to them. In my opinion this razing would be the best guarantee for a future peace. For France, even suppose it had the warlike intentions ascribed to it by some Germans, would consider twice before it would expose its richest but unarmed provinces to a military occupation."

He next reviews the question of dismemberment from a point of "historical justice" to which the Germans appeal constantly, because the present French provinces Alsace and Lorraine owed an uncertain allegiance several hundred years ago to that rotten old institution, which NAPOLEON shattered at a blow, the "Holy German," or more correctly "Holy Roman Empire." "The French," writes VOGT, "have taken some territory from us in the West; we have conquered countries in the East and hold the northern district of Schleswig in the North-German Confederation contrary to our pledged word, and contrary to the desire of the population of those districts, which protest, against our usurpation every year through the voice of its deputies. And then we speak of 'historical justice!'"

These bold words have not been without their results. We see that a number of German papers have already taken hold of this view of the matter, and some of the most rabid annexationists have been obliged to confess, even against their will, that the words of VOGT contained a good deal of truth.

☞ In reference to the President's treatment of ex-Secretary Cox, the friends of the latter now say that Gen. GRANT was "guilty of extreme duplicity in the whole business." This is no doubt true, as the President seems habitually to regard extreme duplicity as at least a part of his business in all things.

☞ The Baltimore Gazette points to "two pegs," in logic, and declares that the editors of the New York Tribune and of the Baltimore American "must hang their hats on the one or the other of them." We would much rather see them hang themselves on one or the other of them.

☞ "Protection!" "Protection!" "Protection!" is the daily cry of the Philadelphia Press. How much is the Press paid for this "damnable iteration?"

☞ If *ever* JOHN FORSYTH fooled a bee he fooled that bee. What bee did he fool? Why, the Semi-weekly BEE-dam-to-the Nigger.

☞ Motto for the editor of the Mobile Register—"Once I was pure as the beautiful snow."

☞ It is indeed a MANN and BOTHER—to the White Man's Party.

LITERARY.

I.
Our Prospects.

Robert Clarke & Co., of Cincinnati, publish a novel with the above title, from the pen of Moritz Loth, a practical business man, who has amused his leisure hours in writing short tales and sketches, with such success that he has been induced to undertake a more pretentious work, the result of which is before us. Mr. Loth is a man who thinks that there is a great amount of extravagance and vanity in our American society; that marriages are decreasing and divorces increasing; that there is an alarming mortality among infants, and, in short, that virtue is on the decline and vice increasing. To remedy these dreadful evils this book has been written, and we sincerely hope it may accomplish all that the author wishes It is for sale by Jno. P. Morton & Co.

II.
The Opium Appetite.

We have from John P. Morton & Co. a book upon opium and other stimulants, from the press of J. B. Lippincott & Co., written by Alonzo Calkins, M. D. It contains a large amount of notes flung together in a crude and ill digested mass, interspersed with frequent quotations, more or less pertinent, in a style sometimes intensely technical, sometimes bombastic and inflated, but always slipshod and slovenly. As a scientific treatise it is valueless, from the admission of much hearsay testimony; and, as a popular work, it is a failure, from its insufferable pedantry. As a literary effort it lacks coherency, originality and vigor; and we can only hope it will not deter any really capable man from giving us hereafter a valuable essay upon this subject, which is so vital to so large a portion of our people.

III
Holiday Catalogue of Books.

John P. Morton & Co. have sent us a catalogue of their goods from a splendid Dore Bible, valued at one hundred dollars, down to steel pens at two for a cent. They have over one hundred different styles of children's books in sets of from twelve to three, comprising all the new publications and many of the old standard favorites that never die out of the popular heart. For children who will be content with anything less than a small library, they have single volumes in great variety. Among these, one book of lasting merit that we distinguish with special notice, is a new, complete, unabridged, splendidly-illustrated edition of The Swiss Family Robinson. This book, next to Robinson Crusoe, was the delight of our boyhood; and we have read it again in its new form, now for the first time given us in all its pleasant diffuseness entire, in one thick volume of six hundred and ninety pages, with an ardor of which we are not ashamed. Their collection of articles and books for holiday presents is large and beautiful to see.

IV.
Nature's Aristocracy.

Lee & Shepard publish a book with the above title, written by Miss Jennie Collins, who is favorably known in New England as an earnest and devoted friend of the laboring classes. Once an operative herself, she is quick to sympathize with those who have to earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brows. This little book is filled with incidents coming within the circle of her own personal experience, and while many of them are painful and heart-rending, they all bear the imprint of truth. Neither are they all records of failure and sin; several most valuable examples are given of clear-headed, capable women who have applied themselves to business, and from shop-girls become proprietors of large establishments. Perhaps the early training of the author may have given an undue bias to her book, and have prevented her from holding an even balance when she is weighing the interests of the working classes; but all can read with profit what she has to say, for she is one who does all in her power to aid the industrious poor, and who feels keenly the wrongs inflicted upon them by the proud, the selfish and the unscrupulous capitalists who thrive on their knavery. The book is for sale by John P. Morton & Co.

V.
Double Play.

Of all the books published by Lee & Shepard for children this is the best. It is written by the son of Edward Everett, and is a model of a good style and pure English. Though the author is a Latin tutor he is in full sympathy with all that is good and hearty in boys, both in study and play; and while he hates a liar and a sneak, he understands base-ball, and knows how to pull a good oar It is a book that a boy would find particularly interesting, and would be sure to appreciate; for the author seems to understand that peculiar phase of human nature, called boy-nature, and doesn't obtrude a moral, nor stultify himself with lucid explanations of nothing, neither does he insult a boy's common sense by inventing improbable incidents for the sake of a good story. On the contrary, he tells a simple, natural tale of school life, with spirit, truth, and fun, in a way that reminds us of Thomas Hughes, and with a deep purpose that is as grand and powerful as Tom Brown's School Days at Rugby; by the side of which wonderful book we unhesitatingly place this. And we advise every boy who wishes a good book for the Christmas holidays to maneuver for this, for he will find it will fulfill his expectations. John P. Morton & Co. have it for sale.

VI.
Michael Rudolph.

This is the title of a novel by Eliza A. Dupuy, published by Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, that we have received from the author. It is said of some very brave soldiers that they could safely be trusted to handle effectively a few thousand men, but when great armies were to be marshaled into active warfare, their talents were inadequate to cope with such difficulties. Similarly, it requires a master mind to wield such an immense horde of murders, adulteries, intrigues, plots, legends, jealousies and villainies of every description as are gathered into this volume before us. It is not surprising then that the author has found herself involved in errors and anachronisms, that she might perhaps have escaped, had she been a little less ambitious. The titles, perhaps, of some of her chapters may give an idea of the book and lead to its perusal or the contrary, according to the taste of the reader: The Serpent on the Path, The Avenger on the Track, The Leopardess ditto, The Life Curse Reappears, &c., &c. Both continents furnish room for the display of her forces, but we are reminded of David in Saul's armor, and would deferentially suggest that she confine herself to slinging ink, for which she has an aptitude, in a more simple array.

VII.
A Book of Verse.

J. B. Lippincott & Co. publish, in exquisite style, library gilt, beveled boards, laid paper. The Ruined Statues, a volume of what the author, Mrs. Louise B. Spalding, calls poems. Among them are some weak imitations of Poe, some of Jean Ingelow, and some that are clearly original. A few are not without merit, but most of them are faulty in expression, in meter, and in fact, and some are utterly incomprehensible. For example, we read that "The dove sat cooing like a moon-drop pale" We never saw a moon-drop, and don't know what it is, but we will bet the price of the book that it can't coo. Elsewhere she writes of the sea as "hot-breathed and oriental in its swell." Now, we have often met a hot-breathed swell, and are willing to let that pass, if a comma be put after the word; but an oriental swell is altogether too poetical to be understood. Again, she says that she heard the thrushes and the blackbirds singing in the moonlight, but as we don't know that these are nocturnal birds, we shall have to place that to the credit of poetic license. We were not encouraged to read the entire book, and may have overlooked some beauties. If any one else wishes to hunt for them, the book may be had of John P. Morton & Co.

VIII.
"The Song of the Sower."

Of the poets, the most fortunate is William Cullen Bryant. He is now seventy-six years old. But he retains the graceful carriage, the rosy bloom and the ready but mellowed faculties of five and fifty; a most healthful, sweet and loveable old age. He is rich in worldly gear. In the city or on the sea-shore, his home is a paradise of luxury and culture; great pictures and grand trees; a tanglewood of art and an overflow of nature everywhere; orchards and libraries fairly running into one another, and books and fruit "blocking the way." That which Macbeth might not look to have, Bryant has—"honor, love, obedience, troops of friends;" and it might be added—as by no means an inconsiderable item to a poet—the service of the book-publishers and the artists, who seem to take delight in placing his poems before the public in the most attractive guise. Just now it is "The Song of the Sower," which the Appletons issue and Homer, Hennessy, Fenn, Bushing, Hows and Griswold illustrate. Everybody seems to have taken a personal interest in the get-up of the little volume. There is not a flaw in it. It satisfies the fancy; and this is saying a deal for the designers, the engravers, the printers and the binders; for the "Song" itself, like maples, reddens in the sun, as golden as the beeches. One has a mind to dwell upon it and brood over it. There is a perfection and completeness in it that tell us somehow of the life that gave it the place it holds in our literature. For the blessings which have come to this great old man—this journalist, statesman and poet—have been paid for in years of privation, of virtue and of work. Mr. Bryant is not a pet of Fortune's. What he has he created, beginning with nothing but sound body and mind, which have ripened and strengthened into the beauty and power of seventy-six. It is, in all respects, the finest, the most refreshing and conclusive proof in modern literary biography that genius need not be joined to oddities or vices, but is only mature, as it is most original and fertile, when it flourishes upon a fair and solid trunk of good principles and habits, becoming glorious as it grows old.

FRANCE.

Further Particulars of the Sorties from Paris.

The Prussians Worsted on the East.

Advance of the French on the Loire Discontinued.

Confirmation of the German Retreat in the North.

The Prussians Said to be Losing Confidence in Themselves.

Etc., Etc., Etc

(Special Telegraphic Correspondence of the Courier-Journal.)

French Army Retiring.

LONDON, Nov. 30.—The army of the Loire is retiring from its position. The number and position of forces are uncertain. One thousand seven hundred prisoners have been taken.

A Feint and a Serious Sortie.

LONDON, Nov. 30.—The Herald's special correspondent telegraphs that last night the cannonade against the Germans on the south and west of Paris was a feint to attract attention from a serious sortie on the Saxons and Wurtemburgers. A terrible battle has been going on since noon and was still raging at 6 o'clock.

LONDON, Dec. 1—It is said the Prussians have suddenly evacuated Amiens, retiring on Paris. This movement is regarded at Lille as very significant. In the latter city it is believed a great battle is proceeding around Paris to-day.

LONDON, December 1.—7 A. M.—A balloon, probably from Paris, was seen last evening over the English channel. It seemed trying to make a landing on one of the Scilly Islands. A violent east wind prevailed, and it was carried out to sea. It was unquestionably lost in the Atlantic.

Destruction at Thionville.

About one-third of the town of Thionville was destroyed by the fire during the bombardment by the Prussians.

Bismarck Aims Another Blow at France.

LONDON, Dec. 1.—The Herald's correspondent at Versailles sends the following singular rumor: Turkey not being disposed to resent the note of Russia, Bismarck is favorable to England's obtaining the protectorate over the Suez canal, in consideration of which England's own road to India being thus rendered secure, Russia may do what she wishes with Turkey. This is another blow aimed at France.

Trochu Cuts Through at the North.

LONDON, Dec. 2.—Private dispatches to the Stock Exchange and Lloyds assert that the forces under Gen. Trochu succeeded in cutting their way through the Prussian lines north of Paris in such force that the Germans were driven from all their positions with general rout. A great battle is now going on to the west of the city.

Dispatch from the King.

BERLIN, December 2—King William telegraphs the following to the Queen:

"*Versailles, Nov. 30.*—The Sixth corps yesterday repulsed a sortie near Shay, south of Paris. Over 100 French prisoners were taken, and several hundred dead and wounded left on the field. The French also made sorties on the positions of the Wurtembergers and Saxons at Ponnueil, Champigny and Villiers to the east and southeast of Paris. The positions were taken by the French, but subsequently retaken by the Prussians. At the same time sorties were made at the north and west, and at St. Denis against the Fourth corps and guard. The French were repulsed and driven back behind their works in all cases. I remained at Versailles, as it was a central point.

(Signed) WILHELM.

The Sorties.

LONDON, Dec. 2.—Dispatches from Paris, dated Nov. 30, say, there were operations by the French command yesterday at different points around the city. General Ducrat, with a large force, marched out of Paris, and occupied Montreilis, which, however, he was soon compelled to evacuate. The heaviest of the fighting was done at Champigny, Brie and Villiers sur Marne. The French are now renewing an attack in the south.

A dispatch from Tours, dated Thursday, the 1st, says the news of successful sorties around Paris had caused the most indescribable excitement.

French Successes on the Loire.

LAVAL, December 2—Gambetta has publicly announced that the army of the Loire has successfully resisted attack on the left and right wings, and is now moving forward. Gambetta continues that victory now favors the French.

Joy Over the News.

LAVAL, Dec. 2.—The city is overjoyed with dispatches from Gambetta announcing a great success at Paris, where sorties were made in force, defeating the Prussians along the entire line.

The line of battle was many miles in extent A great number of prisoners and cannon have been captured by the French. The corps were commanded by Trochu, Ducrat, and Vinnery.

Gambetta, in announcing the victory, says one of the results has been the evacuation of Amiens by the Prussians, who hastily started for Paris to reinforce the German army.

The battles at Paris began on Tuesday 29th, and at last accounts the garrison remained outside the positions they had captured from the Prussians.

One of the Sorties Yesterday.

BERLIN, Dec. 2—The following dispatch from General De Trimpling, commander of the Seventh Prussian corps, has just been received, dated Thursday:

"A great sortie occurred yesterday. The French moved out against the Prussians and Wurtembergers early in the morning, supported by a heavy cannonade from their forts. Generals Trochu and Ducrat commanded, leading 120,000 men. At 11 o'clock in the morning the French were repulsed by the sixth corps and retired. Subsequently, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, the Wurtembergers, who had been reinforced by cavalry and artillery, were attacked by the French. The latter were again defeated. The German losses were trifling."

The Germans are in excellent spirits at the prospect of active work. The troops are singing and bands playing.

Junction with the Army of the Loire.

LONDON, December 2.—A special dispatch to the London Times from Tours, dated the 1st, says the army of the Loire has effected a junction with Gen. Trochu's forces from Paris. The Germans under Prince Frederick Charles are retiring before the united armies. It is said Trochu has with him outside of the walls 300 cannon.

The Terms to be Offered Paris.

LONDON, Dec 2—The special correspondent of the Herald, at Versailles, writes on the 28th inst. that, if the army of Orleans should capitulate, Paris would be summoned to surrender within three days following. The terms of surrender to be offered are: The regulars and gardes Mobile become prisoners of war. The National guards and regulars be allowed to return to their occupations in private life. Forts, cannon and munitions of war to be given up to the Prussians and the regular garrison be permitted to march out with the honors of war. If these terms of surrender are refused a bombardment of the forts will immediately follow the refusal.

Successes of Von Der Tan Reported.

MUNICH, Dec. 2.—A dispatch has just been received announcing that General Von Der Tan defeated the French army of the Loire on the 1st, and in several successive battles west of Orleans and Tours.

Another Engagement Thursday.

TOURS, Dec. 1, Midnight —The army of the Loire has been engaged with the Prussians to-day. A portion of the latter extended from Chateau d'Un, where their right was posted, to Toury, and from there to Pithiviers and Beaune and Rolande. Their second line was extended from Fontainbleau, by way of Montearn and Villeneuve, to Troyes, where it joined the first Prussian line.

Another Hard-fought Battle on Friday.

[World's Special.]

LONDON, Dec. 3.—A special dispatch from Brussels on the 3d says that the Germans yesterday made a desperate effort to drive Ducrat's army, which held all the villages on the east bank of the Marne from Noissy le Grande to Ormssow, back across the river. For this purpose at daylight yesterday the Twenty-eighth army corps and the Twelfth, under the Duke of Saxony, and a division of the Wurtembergers, 60,000 in all, made a furious assault, four columns advancing on the French position at Brie and Champigny from the east, northeast, and southeast. Ducrat withdrew within the peninsula formed by the curve of the Marne directly opposite the Bois de Vincennes, thus covering his flanks by the stream. As the Germans advanced to attack they were met by a terrible fire from forts Nogent and Rosny, and the slaughter was fearful. The German troops wavered, but were soon rallied by the officers, who were themselves shot down in great numbers. The first brigade of the second division of Saxon troops lost all of its officers. At noon a large column of fresh troops from Paris crossed the bridges near Brie and drove the Germans some distance outward. At three o'clock the firing ceased, the French returning near to the east bank of the river, and not recrossing, but holding the bridge. The losses on both sides are very large. The German losses are the greatest, on account of their sustaining the fire of the forts and being the attacking party. The French hold their chosen position.

Successful Forward Movement of the French.

[World's Special.]

LONDON, Dec. 3.—A telegram dated Tours 2d, says: It was officially stated to-night that one or two days yet must elapse before the fruits of the movements in progress will be fully reaped. Up to this time the most complete success has attended the successive steps taken. Every movement brings nearer to each other the armies of the Loire and Paris.

TOURS, Dec 2.—The Prussians are concentrating at Etampe, thirty miles south of Paris, to dispute the advance of Gen D'Aurelles de Palladines.

Prince Frederick Charles has left Pithivers.

LILLE, Dec 2, P. M.—Gen. Ducrat is now seeking to effect a junction with Gen. De Palladines. The Franc-Tireurs have beaten the Prussians at Tremblay.

TOURS, Dec. 3.—The army of the Loire made a successful forward movement to-day.

All the railroads in this part of the country have ceased temporarily to take passengers, owing to the enormous movements of troops.

The Fighting on Friday.

LONDON, Dec 4—The fighting at Brie on Friday was very severe, the Germans being exposed to a steady fire from the French forts, but at 3 p. m. the French retired, leaving behind many prisoners. Brie although abandoned by the French has not been occupied by the Germans. The French wounded who have fallen into the hands of the besiegers refuse the offer to be sent back to Paris.

The Germans Losing Confidence.

The German leaders are losing much of their overweaning confidence in consequence of the recent military events.

Prince George's Version.

Prince George of Saxony, in a dispatch to the King of Saxony, states that Brie and Champigny have been recaptured, although the French brought heavy masses into action. He admits that the Saxons suffered grievously.

French Advantages in Friday's Sortie.

LONDON, Dec. 4—The Tribune's correspondent at Versailles on the 1st writes: "The sortie yesterday against the Wurtemburg division east of Paris, between the Seine and Marne, resulted in leaving the French in possession of the villages about Brie Sur Marne. The Germans say they must retake these places at any cost. The French at one time occupied a line right and left of Ormisson. They were, however, driven back with heavy loss from this their most advanced position. The Wurtemburgers were supported by brigades of the Second Pomeranian corps, the Crown Prince's old corps, and part of the Sixth corps. Both sides fought hard. The French were led by dismounted officers of high rank, and showed something of their traditional fire. Had not the Wurtemburgers been very steady while being driven back, and had not the Prussians arrived promptly to their support, the German line might have been broken. The French merely gained a better foothold for their future spring. Their great want is space to deploy their force.

Hard Fighting on the North.

A very hard fight took place the same day north of St. Dennis. The French sallied out against the Fourth Prussian corps. The attack was repulsed, and prisoners were taken by the Prussians. The loss to the French was heavy, including seventeen officers.

All Quiet on the 1st.

To-day all was quiet on the southern front of Paris.

An Accidental Shell Thrown Into the City.

The first shell was fired into the city yesterday, from the Bavarian batteries near Chatillon. It was accidental. The Crown Prince has ordered the use of no more guns for the present, at such range. If the French try more sorties there will probably be a sharp attack on the outlining defenses of the city.

Dispatch from the King.

LONDON, Dec. 4—The Correspondent of the Tribune telegraphs from Berlin on Sunday afternoon that the King telegraphs to the Queen that there was no fighting of any moment yesterday at Paris. The French are massing troops in front of Vincennes. During the fight of December 2d the French lost one thousand eight hundred prisoners, including one General and twenty superior officers, besides seven guns.

The Military Situation Critical.

Nothing new has been received from the army of the Loire. The military situation among the best informed circles is deemed critical. Manteuffel has been ordered to march to Paris.

Bismarck Mad.

It is stated on good authority that Bismarck insists that he must and will retire from office unless the convention with the South German States is adopted unaltered.

Condition of Prince Charles' Army.

LONDON, Dec. 4—A correspondent of the Tribune, writing from Versailles on the 1st says: Prince Frederick Charles' operations, though not unsuccessful, are much hindered by heavy roads. The army is fatigued by long marches.

The Duke of Mecklenburg Reports a Battle.

LONDON, Dec. 3.—The Duke of Mecklenburg makes the following reports: Yesterday morning a battle commenced near Baezreches-les-Hautes. After a hot fight, the Fifteenth French army corps was defeated and driven back to Artenay. The Sixteenth French army corps was driven beyond Loizny. Several hundred prisoners and eleven guns were taken. The enemy's loss is considerable. Our loss is unknown, but must be greater than that of the enemy.

Movements of the French.

TOURS, Dec. 2.—The movement of the army of the Loire continues, and there are frequent encounters all along the line of advance, without marked advantage to either side. In one of them Gen. Sourris was wounded and taken prisoner. This checked momentarily the advance of the Seventeenth corps, which, however, held its position. The morale of the troops is excellent, and the French are confident of success. A second attack was made on Autun by the Prussians, and was repulsed with considerable loss to the assailants.

The French Advance Discontinued.

TOURS, Dec. 4—The government makes the following announcement:

"The army of the Loire has discontinued its forward movement owing to the resistance of the enemy, who has concentrated large masses of troops between Pithiviers, Artenay, and Angerville. The army occupies strongly entrenched positions, in which it will remain for the present, postponing its advance till a better opportunity is offered. In the meanwhile General Ducrat, with the army which he led out of Paris is disengaged and will be able to act more freely, not finding before him the masses of the enemy which it was supposed were going to meet him, but which are really retained north of Orleans.

[Signed] GAMBETTA."

Troops for the Front.

The marching of troops through Tours on their way to the front is incessant.

The weather is intensely cold.

Gambetta.

TOURS, Dec. 4.—Minister Gambetta has gone to Orleans to consult with the officers of the army of the Loire.

Hard-Fought Battle Friday.

The battle on Friday, in which the 16th and 17th army corps were engaged, was protracted and sanguinary, and there were great losses on both sides, the Prussians using heavy artillery. The army of the Loire will receive large reinforcements.

Ducrat's Whereabouts.

It is rumored that Gen. Ducrat is still near Paris, has been reinforced, and will speedily take the offensive.

Cruelty of the Invaders.

The Moniteur publishes a circular to the Great Powers, setting forth cruelties committed during the war by the invaders of France.

Prussia Still Neutral.

LONDON, Dec. 4.—A correspondent of the Tribune, writing from Versailles on the 1st, says: Odo Russell continues to receive most emphatic assurances of the neutrality of Prussia on the Eastern question.

What Turkey Will Do.

The Tribune correspondent at Pesth on the 1st writes: Constantinople advices say that the Porte is likely to accept a conference under the conditions proposed by Austria and England.

Von Beust Peaceful.

Baron Von Beust was before the budget committee of the Austrian delegation to-day, and made a peaceful address. He hoped for the realization of a conference under necessary guarantees, and expected that the unanimity of the powers interested would secure the integrity and independence of Turkey. He said all uncalled-for meddling with questions concerning the reconstruction of the German Confederation are far from his thoughts. The general aspect of the affairs of the world required the country wishing to preserve its existence to observe caution and continue watchful, since the chances for peace were always in proportion to the readiness for resolute defense.

Granville's Reply to the Second Note.

A correspondent of the Tribune at St. Petersburg, on Sunday night, says: Granville's reply to Gortschakoff's second note was delivered yesterday. It insists that Gortschakoff admits by his answer that his position is wrong in law. It consents to a conference only on the understanding that Russia withdraw her original circular and pretensions to the right of separate action, and bring the proposition before the conference anew, to be decided without previous pledges. Otherwise the Embassy will be withdrawn. The English think it a diplomatic victory. The position is still delicate.

The Prussians Still Retreating.

TOURS, Dec. 2.—The enemy continue their retreat from the north.

Evacuation of Amiens Confirmed.

LILLE, Dec. 4.—The evacuation of Amiens by Germans is confirmed. The enemy, as they retired, blew up the bridge between Albert and Acheux to protect their retreat. Nothing has since been heard of Gen. Manteuffel, and there is little doubt that he has abandoned his march north, and is hastening with his forces to Paris.

Change in the Spanish Cabinet.

MADRID, Dec. 4—Senor Moret, Cabinet Minister, has been appointed Minister of Finance ad interim, in place of Figuerola, resigned. Senor Moret retains the Ministry of Colonies.

Italy—Reception of the Spanish Delegation.

FLORENCE, Dec. 3.—The deputation of the Spanish Government and Cortes to tender the crown of Spain to the Duke of Aosta, arrived here to-day, and was received with an unusual demonstrations of welcome.

Wallachian Matters.

BUCHORIST, Dec. 3—The report of the Minister of Finance states that the floating debt has been extinguished, and that the bill creating a tobacco monopoly will be submitted.

THE HOLY SEE.

A Strong Protest Against the Action of Victor Emanuel.

LONDON, Dec. 4—The following protest was read in Catholic churches to-day: "Henry Edward, by the grace of God and favor of the Apostolic See, Archbishop of Westminster, to the clergy, secular, regular and faithful, of the diocese, health and benediction in the Lord, reverend dear brethren, dear children in Jesus Christ.

We hold it to be our duty toward the head of the Church, against whom the Government at Florence lately perpetrated an act of sacrilegious violence, and toward the Church at large, which the same act assailed in the providential safeguards of its liberty, and toward the great principles of national justice and international law, which at the same time are more profoundly violated, in our own name and yours to make this public protest against the siege and military occupation of Rome by the army of King Victor Emanuel, who violates all rights in which the sovereignty of States is based, all laws by which the sacred possessions of the church are guarded. Dangerous as is this example to order and stability and all civil power, more dangerous still are the principles on which the act of violence is being justified, not only in Italy, but in this country. It is alleged that the national operations of Italy justify the seizure of Rome; that in temporal power the sovereign pontiff has been unlawfully assailed by a plebiscite; that this popular will transferred the sovereignty of Rome to King Victor Emanuel. We protest that these principles are a subversion of public morality, order, and law. To aspire for that which is not our own is a motive all injury and itself a wrong doctrine, which teaches the people that they may at any time cast off their rulers, and charge their government by plebiscites. A justification of such acts will not be found either in the laws of nature or the precepts of revelation. Nations, like individuals, are bound by moral laws to be subject to moral obligations, have the power to do wrong, but not the right. Nations have not the right to do many things for which they have the power, have no right to do that which they can't do justly—rise against a lawful sovereign without cause for rebellion, and depose him by treason. We hear daily that the people have at any time the power to revoke into its hands the sovereignty of those who rule and transfer that sovereignty to another. If they have such a right at any time, at no time have they such a right without just and sufficient cause.

It is not necessary here to discuss what are the causes to be considered not sufficient for such an act of extreme necessity. It is enough to affirm inviolate the deposition of a lawful sovereign when no such cause exists. He holds a right of sovereignty which was not derived from kings or people. His sovereignty was not at their disposal. It was not their possession, but held in behalf of all nations of the whole Christian world.

But even if this right of sovereignty were liable to forfeiture by reason of abuse or wrong, it is absolutely certain that no cause exists or has ever been alleged to exist for overthrowing the government of Pius IX. The only cause alleged is providential considerations, but his sovereignty is that of a priest so ordained by God. Who then without sin, can overthrow it?

This act therefore is both treason and rebellion. Both natural and revealed morality condemns capital crimes. Rebellion is an act, however, which has a deeper character of guilt in two ways—sin and sacrilegiousness. First, because violence is offered a sacred person, the most sacred person on earth, the head of the Christian church, Jesus Christ. It is sacrilegious, also, because it is breaking up Christian order in the world. It is the destruction of a Providential dispensation by which the Christian world has been both formed and sustained in the natural order of politics and temporal power.

The Holy See is a sovereignty confirmed by possession and prescription of more than one thousand years, but it has a higher character. The providence of God has so disposed of the christian world that the head is independent of any civil inferior, and therefore is himself sovereign. All christian sovereigns recognize him as chief pastor of the Christian world, equal to themselves in civil sovereignty, and superior to themselves in spiritual power.

Such has been and still is the disposition of the Christian world, by the will of God, and the purpose of that disposition is not doubtful or obscure. The history of Christianity manifestly proves that by this providential order two things have been secured—liberty of the Church in spiritual office and the formation of Christian states, and the conformity of civil legislation to morality and the precepts of the revealed law of God.

Therefore, the natural society of the world has been the chief gainer by this dispensation of Divine Providence, which was necessary only to the liberty of the Church. It was vital to the welfare of the States, their morals and religion, their peace and stability. It was not right for any nation to destroy that which was a joint inheritance of them all. Neither is right for any people, for the gratification of their political aspirations, to destroy the fundamental order of the Christian world. To do so is to apostatize from Christian order, and no one has a right to apostatize from the laws of civilization and Christianity. It is held, indeed, by certain modern politicians that a people has a right to choose their religion; but a right to choose carries with it also a right to reject, and so nation has a right to reject Christianity. A nation may indeed have the power to apostatize, but it never has a right to depose the head of the Church from Christian sovereignty, with which the providence of God has invested him. This act is a violation of Christian duties, obedience, loyalty, Christian principle, authority and unity, and the dictates of faith itself. They who say to the Vicar, "Christ will not have this man to reign over us," Reject not the servant but the master, whose judgment in the case has been already spoken. "They have not rejected thee, but rejected me, that I should not reign over them."

We have protested therefore even on the supposition that the people of Rome had by plebiscite pronounced on the dissolution of the Providential Christian Sovereignty of the Pontiff. Even if such were so the act would be rebellion, sacrilege and apostacy, and would therefore be an act null in itself and void, all moral effect of which no time nor prescription could give validity and force. But we further declare the belief, founded on evidence above suspicion, that the alleged plebiscite is illusory, and was carried through after a bombardment of Rome amidst an invading army. The number of Roman citizens who voted was more than the number of voters who had a right to vote, and the result expressed not the will of the people, but a momentary triumph of sedition.

The last forty years have upon record under the hand of the chief conspirator that his aim during the last forty years has been the unity of Italy, having Rome for its capital, and that to this end two things were necessary, the overthrow of Italy and the extinction of the Christian church. Means to this end, as declared by himself, were an ubiquitous conspiracy, covering the whole of the States of Italy, and the secret arming and simultaneous rising against all governments of States, and above all against the government of him who, by the providence of God, is king and priest, holds the highest place on the earth. The overthrow of that throne is a deadly blow to all christian kings, the deposition of the sovereign Pontiff being not so much the deposition of a person as of a principle.

It is a Christian sovereignty, Christian legislation, Christian government that is dethroned and dissolved in the person of Pius IX. For this cause we look with amazement and fear at the apathy and silence of the governments of Europe. If they are not stirred by faith or veneration or piety to ask redress for this sacrilege, if they are not moved by justice and indignation to repair the wrong, let the common danger, provident fear of the inevitable spread of principles fatal to all society and all morality among men, rouse them to action before it is too late.

The faithful subjects of the British Monarchy we are alarmed for the stability of our own society and order. We protest with indignation against the principles of sedition and anarchy and sacrilege embodied in the act of the Government at Florence against the rights of the Vicar of Christ.

As true lovers of our common country, we desire to separate ourselves altogether from the doctrine daily inculcated upon the people of this kingdom. Such principles of sedition would not be endured an hour if directed against the throne of our sovereign. They are applauded now because of the subversion of the throne of the Roman Pontiff; but men cannot control the perilous principles they have invoked. One day these maxims will work their own work against ourselves. Teachers who propagate them now will be powerless to resist them then.

We therefore address this protest, first, to the all faithful; next, we address it to our fellow-countrymen, in confidence that the principles of loyalty, order, political justice, and Christian obedience, which sustain our own domestic authority and public law will obtain for the cause of the sovereign Pontiff sympathy in the hearts of all good subjects.

Lastly, we address the protest to the Catholic nations, uniting our own voices with those already spoken so emphatically in many lands against the outrage and sacrilege lately perpetrated at Rome, the inheritance of christendom, and against the Sovereign Pontiff—the head pastor of the Christian world.

Therefore we hereby invite the faithful to prepare for the Emaculate Conception by special devotion for the three next days, and by confession and holy communion either on the festival or the Sunday following for the instructions of the Holy Father.

May he, who is head over all things, abundantly bless you.

A NEW ILL.

Discovery of a Strange Disease at Elgin, Illinois—A Lady's Body Full of Hexagonal, Headless Parasites—Horrible Death.

MEDICAL MEN BAFFLED.

CHICAGO, Dec. 4.—The city of Elgin, some forty miles west of Chicago, is greatly excited by the appearance in that vicinity of a strange disease, the first known case of which terminated fatally on Friday last. The facts are as follows: On Friday week Mrs. C. W. Daniels, a lady 22 years of age, who was married two years ago and gave birth to a child eleven months since, was prostrated by what seemed at first to be premonitory symptoms of typhoid fever. She had not been very well for some time previous, but nothing serious was anticipated until Sunday, when she was compelled to take to her bed and place herself under medical treatment. She complained of pains in her bones and soreness in her flesh. Nothing very unusual, however, was observed until Sunday morning, when the milk from her breast attracted attention by its dark color, it looking like the washings of an ink-bottle. Submitting the milk to a microscopic examination, it was found to contain immense numbers of animalculæ, different in size and shape from any human parasite of which the attending physician had ever seen or heard. They seemed to be somewhat hexagonal in form, and longer one way than the other. They did not seem to have any head, but were evidently alive, judging from the way in which they moved about. Their size was estimated by the doctor as varying from the one hundred thousandth to five hundred thousandth of an inch in diameter. The power of the microscope used varied from 150 to 800 diameters, the former power being required to make the insect visible. They were not trichina, as the doctor was well acquainted with that form of parasite, and this new kind was much smaller and of an entirely different shape.

The authorities were searched, but none of them gave any clew by which they could be identified, and the doctor and those with whom he consulted were compelled to believe that they had discovered a new species of human parasite. In the meantime the patient grew worse. She suffered terribly, and complained of soreness all over her body. Nothing could be done to relieve her. She could not bear a bath, and could hardly bear to be touched. She lingered in agony until the afternoon at 1 o'clock, when she died.

There was some reason at first to believe that the parasites were the product of some disease of the breast, and were confined to that locality. The doctor determined to test the matter, and, anticipating her death, he was prepared to do so. Five minutes after life was extinct, and while the body was still warm, he made an incision in the calf of the leg, and, drawing the lancet, examined the moisture which covered it. He found three of the parasites, only one of which was alive. They were similar in all respects to those found in the fluid taken from the breast. He then dissected the tibialis anticus muscle of the leg, including a small portion of the surrounding flesh. The muscle presented a granular appearance, as if covered with grains of sand. These grains the doctor presumes were parasites.

The investigations were conducted by Dr. Clark, assisted by Dr. Tyrrel, and neither of them, nor any of the faculty who have been asked their opinion, are able to explain the presence of what they term a parasitical phenomena. Further examination of the muscles will be made, and it is expected that some light will be shed upon what is now a mystery. The physicians think that the parasites occasioned death, if they were not the immediate cause; for while some of the symptoms of typhoid remained to the end, they were aggravated by the pains and soreness and throbbing especially, and death came sooner and more suddenly than in cases of unmistakable typhoid. The baby had been pining for some time before its mother took sick, but as soon as he was weaned he recovered his health and is now more robust than ever. He was not weaned until his mother was confined to her bed. The doctor reports that he examined the child's blood, which was perfectly healthy.

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.

An Immense Gathering of the Campbells.

The clanship of "Scotch cousins," as all know, says an English journal, is proverbial; and acting on that principle the leading members of the Clan Campbell have resolved to rally their cousins, to the twentieth degree and upwards, for the purpose of making a handsome present to her Royal Highness the Princess Louise on the day of her marriage. It is not decided at present what form this wedding gift shall take, but a committee has been formed to carry out this intention. The list of the committee includes Lord Breadalbane, Lord Cawdor, the Bishop of Bangor, Sir Donald Campbell, of Dunstaffnage Sir George Campbell, of Garscube, Major General Sir John Campbell, Mr. John Francis Campbell, of Islay, Mr. James Archibald Campbell, of Glendarnal, Mr. Richard Frederick Fotheringham Campbell, of Craigie, Mr. Duncan Campbell, of Lockneil, Sir Colin George Campbell, of Stonefield, and Mr. Alexander Campbell, of Auchindarroch. There are in all no less than four peers, eleven baronets and two knights who rejoice in the name of Campbell, and some five or six-and-twenty "lords," "ladies" and "honorables" among the titles of courtesy.

The list of Campbells occupies no less than five pages in Burke's "Landed Gentry," and as many as six pages, double columns, in the "County Families." In the "London Post-office Directory" the Campbells occupy more than a column in the "Commercial and Trading" department, and another column in the "Court" department; in the County Directory of Scotland they cover five columns, and even in Thom's Directory of Dublin they exceed half a column. In the Army List they exceed six score, and in the Navy List they are about twenty; in the Law List there are upward of twelve barristers and solicitors of the name; in Crockford's Clerical Directory there are twenty-six others; they take up half a page in the list of Oxford graduates and two-thirds of a page in the list of Cambridge graduates. There are at least fifty more Campbells in the Indian Army and Civil Service List, and about twenty more employed, according to the Post-office Directory, in the various departments of the civil service at home. From this it will appear that the secretaries to the committee of the Campbell Gift have no slight amount of work before them, assuming that they desire to enlist in the good cause all the Clan Campbell and its nominal adherents.

CINCINNATI'S ROAD.

Deeding Kentucky Soil to the State of Ohio.

[From the Newcastle Constitutionalist.]

The New York Herald would seem to explain how the milk got into the cocoanut in charge of Commodore Vanderbilt; and why it was made to administer to the comfort of the Radical party. One is to the effect that at the late election nearly all the districts in the State of New York, through which the Central railroad runs, went against the Democrats. Now, Democrats of Kentucky, will you deed to the Radical State of Ohio a strip of land two hundred feet wide, and across the entire State for their "great Southern railroad," and, when built, to be used to defeat the Democratic party along the entire line, as was the case along the New York Central railroad during the late election? The Legislature should strangle this infamous scheme of the Ohio Radicals in its infancy to meddle with the political affairs of the State. It has already been threatened by the Cincinnati railroad men that they will split the Democratic party in twain or carry the Ferguson railroad bill through next winter. Aside from its political feature the State of Ohio would not grant such a charter to this "Ferguson Trustee" railroad "big humbug" company, and why should Kentucky? Their engineers, with Mr. Green at their head, are running lines through almost every county in the region of the State through which there might possibly be a prospect of running the road. They are simply on an electioneering tour to "catch gulls." The agents of the Cincinnati road are all over the State and the various candidates for State office are threatened already that if they do not go for their road the whole power of the "trustees" would be thrown against them. It is high time that the people of Democratic Kentucky should rise in their dignity and put a stop to this infamous abolition intrigue of Ohio. Let meetings be held in every part of the State, and the people warned to instruct their public servants to throttle this Cincinnati Ferguson Railroad bill on the first day it is offered to the Legislature this winter.

☞ An apple-dealer of Port Huron, Michigan, has lately returned from Liverpool, where he contracted for the delivery of 10,000 barrels of the best Michigan apples. It is said he will clear $1 75 on each barrel. He contracted for the same number of barrels last year, and filled his contract, the apples arriving in Liverpool in good order. Many of the apples thus sent to Liverpool are thence sent to the Mediterranean in exchange for other fruits.

☞ Six members of the Illinois Legislature were elected by less than 25 majority.

Courier-Journal.

LOUISVILLE, WEDNESDAY, DEC. 7, 1870.

Time Out.

During the next few weeks the subscriptions of a large number of our patrons expire. We believe the disposition is general to renew, but occasionally it is neglected because of the failure of some one to make an effort to raise a club. We would be most happy to have the names of all our old patrons for the coming year, and if our friends knew how easy a matter it was to raise a club of ten or twenty in every village, we are confident we would receive a perfect avalanche of Christmas and New Year's presents. We trust those who wish us well will make the experiment after reading this paragraph.

Notice to Subscribers.

In making remittances for subscriptions or advertising, always, when practicable, send drafts or checks or postoffice orders. When these cannot be procured, send the money, but always in a *registered letter*. We wish it distinctly understood we will not be responsible for money lost in its transmission to us by mail, unless it is in a duly registered letter.

☞ We are unable to supply any more back numbers with the first portions of "Valerie Aylmer," our editions having been entirely exhausted.

The Alabama Imbroglio.

The telegraph, several days ago, informed us of the attempt made by Governor Smith, of Alabama, to prevent the official declaration of the vote of that State in the presence of both houses; also of the indignation meeting afterwards held in Montgomery, where speeches denunciatory of his course were made by members of his own party. In view of the strong stomachs Republicans have uniformly displayed in the matter of expedients for obtaining power in Southern States, regardless of the will of the people, the presumption is that there must have been something peculiarly flagrant in Gov. Smith's attempt to keep his successor out of office, or his own partisans would not have gone back on him in this way. Such unwonted squeamishness indicates a sudden and prodigious improvement in them, or a remarkably revolutionary mania in him.

Gov. Smith, in his message, evolves from a good deal of profound talk about the "essence of civil liberty" the reasons of state that actuated him in the premises. Disappointed candidates are generally prone to accept suggestions of illegal voting and fraudulent counting as the only rational way of accounting for their defeat; but Gov. Smith has peculiar reasons for believing that he has been cheated of a re-election. He cannot see how any Democrat can be legally and fairly elected in a reconstructed State when the whole power of Government, and all the ingenuity of Congress, have been employed for years in framing laws and locating armies especially to prevent any such result. He states his position as follows:

> Honestly believing that my right to the office of Governor of Alabama is not destroyed or impaired by the late election, and that the Hon. R. B. Lindsay has no right to the office, I have filed a bill in the Chancery Court of Montgomery county, the object of which is to prevent myself from being deprived of the office upon mere returns to the presiding officer of the Senate, which, however valid on their face, will (as I believe) be rendered wholly invalid by the evidence which will be produced whenever the conflicting claims of him and myself to the office are properly presented for trial and decision in any proper tribunal. * * * * The course I have thus taken is clearly lawful and peaceable. It is not intended, and cannot operate, to defeat the real will and purpose of the people of the State. It insures an inquiry and decision, in a proper tribunal, as to what was the will and the preference of the voting people of the State between Mr. Lindsay and myself.

Governor Smith then goes on to protest his willingness to submit to the choice of the people as soon as it can be authoritatively ascertained. He also alludes, affectingly, to "a stormy South American liberty, supported by arms to-day, crushed by arms to-morrow"—which is all very fair talk and absolutely necessary to prevent people from judging harshly of a Governor who surrounds his office with troops and resorts to irregular expedients of questionable validity to prevent the declaration of his successor's election. The Constitution of Alabama requires the presiding officer of the Senate to open the returns and declare the result of the election, in joint session of the two houses, and upon a particular day. This is an essential formality in elections, ministerial in its character and prescribed by the fundamental law. While its performance could not prejudice any right of Governor Smith as a contestant, his attempt to prevent its performance shows a disposition to invalidate the election by defeating a requisite formality. Why else should he adopt so unusual and questionable a means of testing the legality of the vote and the fairness of the count, when the usual and regular remedies were in his reach, and could not be affected by the Lieut. Governor's official declaration of the result?

This election was held under laws passed by Governor Smith and his partisans. They had that perfect control of the polls and all those advantages in the contest which reconstruction has secured in Southern States to Republicans as loyal men over Democrats as disloyal men. They had the Federal patronage, the State and Federal administrations and the army to back them. To support a cry of fraud when defeated under such circumstances, there should be a regular investigation in the mode prescribed by the constitution of the State. When the Governor went behind the returns canvassed by his own officers, avoided the regular and lawful method of rectifying the count, set aside all the precedents and usages in such cases, and sought to invalidate the election by a revolutionary proceeding, it is not strange he complains in his message that even his political friends desert him; for there is nothing in the facts to bear him out in his theatrical declaration that he "appeals to law and stands for it," when he is only trying [illegible] in office by a species of pettifogging [illegible]nicious and very disreputa[illegible]or.

Mixed.

[illegible] Sentinel, which is ortho[illegible] "plant" the Courier-[illegible] on the Resolutions of [illegible] for the Philistines hip [illegible]ad to go for the Philis[illegible]any years ago we got an [illegible]he Philistines were a bad [illegible]ys we entertained a pur[illegible]ed at the earliest practica[illegible]ich purpose referred to the [illegible]n of the Philistines. Un[illegible] the proper time rolled [illegible]vered that the Philistines [illegible]—that they had died, in fact, [illegible]red years ago, and, as they [illegible] been ignorant of the Resolu[illegible]798, it is not unlikely that they [illegible]rove rather a poor specific. [illegible] we fear the counsel of our mon[illegible] vague and illusory; and we [illegible]oubt whether he is as deeply [illegible]ilosophy of Thomas Jef[illegible]ould have us consider him. [illegible]author of the Declaration [illegible]nd the author of the Res[illegible]und and about in a man[illegible]liar and confused that [illegible], somehow, that he thinks [illegible] the one to have been the [illegible]ther, whereas we have a dim [illegible]hat Mr. Jefferson did not [illegible]olutions of 1798, though on [illegible]re willing to be corrected- [illegible] may be, whether the Res[illegible]98 were written by Mr. [illegible] or by Mr. Aristotle, they [illegible]ty good reading, and we subscribe [illegible] word of them and adopt them in [illegible]tract and in the concrete. We [illegible]t we cannot go for the Philis[illegible] opinion is clear that some one [illegible] for those persons. Suppose [illegible]he Warren Sentinel goes for [illegible]n't come back any more?

Reconstructed Germany.

The reconstruction of Germany has at length become an accomplished fact. Bavaria, which heretofore showed the greatest reluctance to sacrifice its separate existence to the general welfare, has at last consented to add to the sacrifice of so many of its sons for the unification of Germany, that of its prized independence. This resolution has been brought about mainly by the firm attitude of the National party of Bavaria, which forced the Conservatives and the Catholic party into the background. Bavaria will occupy in future the same position in reconstructed Germany which Saxony did in the North German Confederation. This is an immense advance toward the unification of the common country, and every friend of liberty will have cause to rejoice at it if the victories of the German arms be not converted by King William into mere triumphs of monarchism.

In his devotion to a policy of dynastic aggrandizement and in the unscrupulous adroitness of his great Minister, we see much reason to dread such a result. On the other hand, in all the mutilated nationalities of Europe we find the spirit of liberty in close alliance with those longings of national pride that lead to reunion. It has been so in Italy, and appears to be so even to a higher degree in Germany. Before the general uprising of the people against Napoleon I. in 1813, all Germany was governed by petty despots who sold their nationality at all times to foreign conquerors whenever they could draw any advantages from such an act, and so they fell an easy prey to the great French conqueror, who, taking advantage of their interior dissensions, enslaved them one by one. But when, after the Russian campaign, the people, driven to desperation by the excesses of the conquerors, accomplished what its monarchs had not been able to do, it learned its power, and so we see this grand national movement followed in 1818, 1830 and 1848 by great inward struggles for liberty, which, although only partly successful and often followed by a strong reaction, kept pushing the nation forward to that great goal of all lovers of liberty, the rational self-government of the people. What gave, on those occasions, only partial success to those movements, was the fact that they were managed by spirits who were far ahead of the general masses that were, as yet, unfit for self-government. But, strange to say, a measure which seemed calculated to stifle every sentiment of liberty in a people, the transformation of the entire male population of Prussia into an army, has spread a feeling of conscious power among the people, however little their rulers may have intended it. The general conscription and the Landwehr system have taught the masses their strength, which they can use in case of need, not only against outward foes, but also against their own tyrants. We will not say that the present advancement of the lower classes in Germany is solely due to her military organization; for another great promoter of the same was the compulsory education. But the popular military system, which, as it were, abolishes regular armies and creates an armed people, must necessarily have been promotive of a feeling of individual independence, while it was the cause of great national strength. The same wave which throws it sands on the shore builds with them an insurmountable bulwark against which it will beat in vain.

In this respect the military system of Prussia has created a feeling of independence in that country which the Government may be taught to respect. The soldier knows what he has accomplished, and although he grants all the credit he deserves to the able leader, he nevertheless can sternly ask for his share of the fruits of the victory. And the German army is the German people. This war will put an end to all anti-national legislation, and the same national feeling which the princes stimulated among the people during the war may compel them to give up a great deal of their power.

In future, it is to be hoped, they will be only so many Governors. Unity in postal matters and customs, representation at foreign courts, army, press laws, money, weights and measures, complete mercantile and religious liberty, are already conceded by the different Governments.

The German Parliament, uttering the voice of an armed people, will probably become a power with whose watch over the interests of liberty monarchs will not dare to trifle.

Thus the cause of freedom may be advanced by the unification of Germany although we must not suppose that it will not meet with great difficulties in that country. For we must first take the character of the people itself into consideration before we indulge in any extravagant hope for the speedy establishment of a German Republic. German politicians are prone to go to extremes, and while some few fire-eaters are fanatic radicals and socialists, the great mass of them is highly conservative. The former do more injury to the cause of liberty by their injudicious zeal than good, and the latter are so obstinate that they shrink from the slightest improvement if it disturbs them in their old-established routine. And the people, mistrusting the wild schemes of the radicals, are, in a great measure, in favor of the conservatives. It is not yet sufficiently ripe for a republican form of government. But it advances step by step, and we may be sure that a people that could furnish more than a million soldiers from its ranks against a foreign foe, can furnish as many against its own Princes when the time has come.

The Mobile amusement season has begun. Othello, Mr. Forsyth; Desdemona, a gentleman from Demopolis (his first appearance on any stage). Between the acts Col. Mann, who has kindly volunteered his services, will sing, in costume, the amusing comic ballad, "Come to mee boosom, mee own stricken Sambo." The whole to conclude with the laughable extravaganza "Now you see it and now you don't." Music by Baylor.

☞ A little girl in Mississippi writes: "Every day I read to mama all the witty things in the Courier-Journal. Sometimes she doesn't laugh. Then I get up and tickle her, and *make* her laugh." We fear that "mama" is sometimes a rather inattentive listener, and deserves to be tickled.

☞ The last monthly report of the Bureau of Statistics shows that if Yates and Chandler had confined themselves to Cincinnati whisky instead of Kentucky Bourbon the liquor they have consumed within the last ten years would have been sufficient to destroy the entire Prussian army around Paris.

☞ The warlike editor of the Cincinnati Commercial evidently doesn't like the King of Prussia. As a general thing the leading journals of Europe do not tell us whether the King of Prussia likes the warlike editor of the Cincinnati Commercial or not.

☞ Now that the Mobile Register has gone glimmering into the shades of Ethiopia, who may not be suspected? Why, there is no knowing but it will be the Memphis Appeal next. In times like these the purest may be soiled with "negro fly sirup."

☞ 'Tis a melancholy thing for the pious poker-players of the White Man's party to look in the hand of the Hon. John Forsyth and behold only a black suit.

☞ It turns out that Senator Yates is not dead. At latest dates he was merely dead drunk. He has died such deaths a thousand times.

☞ "Protection," says a Pennsylvania paper, "is now the life of the nation." But this "life of the nation" will very soon be the death of the Radical party.

The Mask is Removed.

Let us, if we can, take a serious view of the apostasy of the Mobile Register to the White Man's party, whereof it was the founder and the organ.

Not more than three months ago the Register held up the repeal of the Fifteenth amendment as the fundamental test of all orthodoxy and declared that the bare conception of its validity embodied the essence of all treason. It not only refused to recognize the negro as a legal voter, but it refused him the poor boon of being permitted to vote the Democratic ticket. It set its face everlastingly, and on principle, against what it elegantly described as the negroizing of the Democratic party. The Democratic party, it vociferated, was a white man's party and only a white man's party. It was not to be "veneered with negroism." It was not to soil its whiteness with "negro fly sirup." It was to be kept forever pure and spotless, so that, when the evil day passed over, it could appear immaculate and disfranchise the negro, repealing the Fifteenth amendment and restoring the integrity of the ballot.

We suggested, in our habitually modest and unobtrusive way, that this scheme was not only impracticable but both dangerous and needless. We did not counsel anybody to seek the negro vote. We distinctly said over and over again that the negro vote had best be left out of our platforms and consigned to candidates and localities that could do with it as they pleased. In States like South Carolina, where it amounted to something, it would, doubtless, become an object to each party. In States like Kentucky, where it amounted to little, it would not be an object or even a hindrance to the Democracy, and therefore, we thought the Democratic party had better leave it alone. As we did not need it in Kentucky, there was no cause to seek it. But, as it was not likely to do us any harm, and as it was upon us anyhow, it was absurd to make an idle war on it. Such a war could do us no good and it might get up disturbances that would do us much harm. In any event it would supply capital to our enemies and produce stumbling blocks to our friends, who were, as in Georgia and Louisiana, making an effort to secure, or at least to modify, the negro vote. Further, we expressed the belief that the Fifteenth amendment was conclusive; that it could not be repealed short of a revolution for which the Democratic party was unprepared; and we counseled against the display of a factious spirit at variance with recognized events and sound common sense. At no time, however, did we confess judgment as to universal suffrage, which we accepted as a fact, but which we had opposed up to its adoption into a constitutional law. At no time did we advise the Democratic party to incorporate any element, as an element, within itself or to make, as an organization, any formal effort to secure the negroes. We proposed to leave the entire question free to settle itself, removing from it all prejudice and party feeling, and, in order to enforce and illustrate this the better, we spoke then, as we speak now and have always spoken, kindly of the black people. We feel kindly for them. We want to help them and see them prosper. We occupy the same country, we were born and bred together, and there is no reason why we should fight and quarrel. They are poor and ignorant. We have the means of educating them. On their elevation their usefulness as citizens depends, and that in turn furnishes a problem on which much of our own future prosperity depends. So we opposed any war of extermination urged by a White Man's party against the blacks, for that was the meaning of the White Man's party. We opposed it because it was wicked and impolitic. We opposed it at the instance of order and peace. We opposed it in the interest of reason and religion. We opposed it for the sake not only of that great society which might be able to protect itself in an extremity, but for the sake of those widows and orphans whom a war waged on account of the negro had already left protectionless in every nook and corner of the South. We opposed it as the project of a huddle of selfish and miscalculating marplots who never did any fighting and never will, but who might, by their reckless, ignorant and vindictive teachings, set a gang of bloody-minded desperadoes, black and white, roaming over the South killing and plundering, the whole muddle to end with Federal troops and fresh acts of Congressional outrage. We did not consider the negro vote. We knew then, as we know now, that the negro was and is a voter beyond any power of ours to prevent or to reverse, and we fought the stupid and childish mockery of *pretending* a revolution which no sane man meditated. We did not care how the negro voted. We do not care now. He will vote as he thinks best, and we want to educate him so that he may know what *is* best.

All this we made as plain as sunshine. But to the Mobile Register, which would have a White Man's party or nothing, it was rank treason. At first we thought there must be some misconception on its part and we tried to explain. Our explanations, the Register declared, were "unworthy expedients." We were, in its estimation, a "time server." We were destitute of "principle." Our pleas for soberness and peace were "base overtures to the negro." We had abandoned the Democratic party. We had gone back on the "framers of the Constitution." We were smeared over with "negro fly sirup" and meant to "negroize the Democratic party." Then the Mobile Register got off a deal of lordly gabble about its own superior virtue, its unalterable fidelity, its elevated sense of the immaculate and constitutional. Finally it sublimely read us out of the fold of the faithful as a mongrel, a mountebank, a fraud, a sham, a cheat, a gilded delusion; in short, "a yelping traitor and hireling." The Montgomery Mail and the Memphis Appeal joined in the cry, and one would have fancied we were going to be wiped off the face of the earth!

Heaven bless the mark! We knew the cattle too well to be scared by the horns or the tails that leaped so frantically i' the air. We mildly suggested that too much zeal is questionable. We doubted whether the Bourbons could keep up so white a temperature very long. They did protest too much; and this necessarily proved them hypocrites, because it was impossible for human beings to be as ardent as they seemed to be. We warned the public to look out and crossed our arms and waited the denouement with the calm consciousness of the Christian who holds four aces.

The denouement has come at last. Here is this Mobile Register—the unflinching white man's organ—this scorner of expedients—this elevator of principles—this undying hater of mongrelism—this everlasting enemy of time servers—this heroic, statesmanlike Mobile Register, calling on Sambo to vote the Democratic ticket, giving him reasons for it and patting him gently on the back as a man who has more to expect from the white people than from the Radicals. And, after all its rant and fustian of last summer, the Mobile Register expects the negroes to listen to it now!

If the Register was sincere last summer and is sincere now it must be the most fickle and impracticable newspaper in the world. If it was not sincere, what shall we say of its assumption of virtue and its denunciation of us?

We leave the reader to decide which is the time server.

☞ A country paper in Alabama wants to know whether Susan B. Anthony is the wife of Mark Anthony. If our contemporary will turn to his history of Rome he will find that Mark died at least ten years before Susan was born.

☞ A "loil" correspondent in Alabama, after abusing us like a pickpocket, declares that if we undertake to write his obituary when he dies he will "burst his coffin with rage." He forgets that in h—ll they do not wear coffins.

German Success.

The strong German sympathies of Queen Victoria, which have molded the policy of England during the present war and are likely now to produce a rupture in her Cabinet, are traceable to her own lineage and the nuptial alliances of herself and her eldest daughter. But the aristocratic party of England have something besides Court influence to make them pray for German success. They deem it a heavy blow and a great discouragement inflicted on the democratic party in Europe. This is instinctively felt by the democrats themselves; and the representative men of the democracies of Italy and Spain—Garibaldi and Castelar—join with the democrats of England in crying for the retrieval of the fortunes of France. "For the first time since the establishment of the United States," says the Saturday Review, "the advancing tide of democracy has been turned and the ebb has begun. The rise in the world of so great a power as Germany will produce an instructive imitation of her system and methods. Governments, against their will, will be compelled to strengthen themselves; and the great body of thinkers who, like Mr. Carlyle, have carried their admiration of strong government and their hatred of anarchy perhaps even to excess, will no longer be found to be hopelessly out of the current of the age." In other words, it will become fashionable to admire the strong paternal system under which judges were caned for their decisions by Frederick the Great, and no one will be found so poor as to praise the plebeian institutions of the United States. For this "anti-democratic revolution" the Saturday Review thanks Germany, and adds that "her example will introduce a new element into our political theories—an element which has long been deficient and much needed." Germany is now regarded in England as a bulwark against the democratic idea which, emanating from America, had spread over Europe like a spark among the ready prepared tinder "But now," says the Review, thanking Germany and congratulating the crowns and coronets of the old world, "there is felt a need of strong government; men cannot forever be led by their momentary instincts; they demand that these should be comprehended and dominated by a central power, which alone can give to all the greatest measure of satisfaction." The battle against Republican France is not won yet, and, with this interpretation of its significance ringing in the ears of Americans, they will hope that France may yet prove strong enough to crush a German despotism, as Germany has crushed a French despotism. If this war should, after all, not only free France from Bonapartism, but emancipate Germany from the paternal cane of the Fredericks, it will prove a costly blessing, but a blessing, indeed, to both peoples.

The Balance of Power.

French politicians seem to be eminently right when they say that the decrease of the French influence would destroy the balance of power in Europe and throw the whole system of European diplomacy out of gear. Who would have imagined but a few months ago that the annexation of territories containing over twelve millions of inhabitants to one of the five great powers of Europe could be effected without the protest and the military interference of the other powers? And yet such is the case; for the admission of Bavaria, Wurtemberg, Baden and Hesse into the North German Confederation is simply nothing but an annexation of those countries to Prussia. Their sovereigns are stripped of every power in their respective countries, and nothing remains to them but an empty title. And still everything is quiet on this subject in European diplomatic circles. Not a protest is raised, not a single note dispatched. France is not quite conquered yet, and still all the rest of Europe trembles before her haughty invader.

Much has been said and written of the craft and astuteness of European diplomatists. But just now, Bismarck seems to have monopolized those diplomatic qualities. France humbled and crushed, nothing can stay the power of Germany on the Continent. Austria, who bears France a grudge for the manner in which she abandoned her to her fate in 1866, will regret her present inaction. For the German part of Austria, and this is composed of her best and most intelligent provinces, will yearn to become united with the rest of Germany, just as Venitia did with Italy. Let but a few years pass by, let Prussia but recover from her present losses, and the German legions will pour into the Empire of the Hapsburgs and give the finishing stroke to that venerable but rotten structure. Austria, which could have rendered eminent assistance as the ally of France, will then be almost helpless in the hands of a powerful enemy, who will reduce her to a third-rate power.

This destruction of the balance of power becomes evident also in the present action of Russia. She would not have dared to abrogate the treaty of Paris a year ago, for it would have brought an array of power on her heels that would have frightened even the Russian Bear. But, France down, what has Russia to fear? England has no army, and Austria and Turkey are bankrupt. Besides, Austria has Prussia in her rear, which has enough soldiers to spare to threaten her flanks if she should move against Russia. The events of 1870 have brought about a wonderful change. The whole face of Europe is changed, the balance of power annihilated, and there are but two powers now in Europe, Russia and Germany.

A Legal Hardship.

A case was recently decided by the High Court of Errors and Appeals of New York which forcibly illustrates the hardships that result from the application of the maxim that "ignorance of law excuses no one." The plaintiff in error, while a minor, had served a term in the State prison, had never been pardoned, and afterwards voted. This was in violation of a law passed in 1847 disfranchising persons convicted of a felony. He was indicted in the court below, found guilty and appealed. The High Court held that it is unnecessary to charge in the indictment that the prisoner "knowingly, etc.," voted. It is enough to charge that he "unlawfully" voted. The young man (Hamilton by name) offered to prove that he had applied to the Governor for pardon, and received a letter from him stating that, as he was a minor at the time the offense was committed, there was no need of a pardon to enable him to vote. He also proved that he had consulted two respectable attorneys of the Supreme Court who gave him the same opinion. This, of course, showed no guilty *intent* on the part of the accused, but, nevertheless, this evidence was excluded, and he was adjudged guilty. It really seems that when a man goes to the very ministers and executors of the law themselves for light, and is misled, and shows no guilty intent, he ought to be excused. But so it is. "Ignorance of facts excuses, ignorance of law does not." And yet in this case it seems the law was harder to learn than the facts.

☞ The New York World calls our attention to a copy of the New York Sun that doesn't contain a single sensation. The publisher lost heavily on *that* edition of his paper, you may be sure.

☞ Col. Susan B. Anthony is of the opinion that women should never marry. It would seem that all men concur in this opinion of the Colonel—so far, at least, as she herself is concerned.

☞ The Camden Democrat says "the Radical party smells to heaven." Yes, and the worst of it is the smell is about all of the party that will ever reach heaven.

☞ The Radical party may say with pride that during the late war it furnished an imperiled Union more Quartermasters than all other parties combined.

A Voice from Germany.

Although the German people seem to be blinded at present by passion and the thirst of conquest to such a degree that they do not comprehend that they are now doing to France the same injustice for which they execrate Napoleon I, nevertheless there are in Germany some clear-headed spirits who can look further into the future than the common rank and file. Such a one is the patriot Johan Jacoby, the man who dared to face the present King's brother in the times of the fiercest reaction, when he hurled into the teeth of the tyrant the words of truth which it was the misfortune of kings that they could not bear to hear. But it is not of him that we mean to speak to-day, although the fearless manner in which he stood up in times when such a course endangered his life and his whole political reputation, and uttered words of truth and solemn warning, not to enemies but to his own people, ought to enshrine him forever in the heart of every friend of freedom. What he advocated, the non-dismemberment of France, the right of every people to choose for themselves whom they will be ruled by, has found in Germany another advocate, who is, perhaps, still better known and more prominent than the gray-headed tribune of the people, Johan Jacoby. We mean the great philosopher and naturalist, Karl Vogt, who is at present engaged in a controversy with the Prussian government organ, the Berlin Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung, which has fiercely attacked him and all his adherents, stigmatizing them as traitors and renegades.

In a reply to that paper, after stating at some length his conviction that the principal object of Count Bismarck in insisting on the annexation of Alsatia and Lorraine to Germany was to keep a constant cause for apprehension of a sudden attack from France on hand, which would serve him as a pretext to demand of the Chambers entire *carte blanche* in the reorganization of the army and an unlimited credit for military purposes, he goes on to say: "To-day Germany has no other will than that of Bismarck. We can say of him what General Foy said of the Constitution: 'Who wants more or less or anything else than the Constitution is a traitor.' Insert the name of the Chancellor in place of the word constitution, and you will have a key to the present political situation in Germany. Whoever doubts it need but read the following lines which I take from one of our principal reviews, the Ausland: 'If Count Bismarck deems it expedient to ask nothing but the payment of the war expenses we shall submit silently, and say by ourselves that grave and important reasons have induced him to make no other demands. But if he, on the contrary, believes it to be advantageous to ask the provinces of the Vosges, the Moselle, or even the Meuse, from France, and to insist on their surrender, we will, in fact, not understand his calculations at first, but we shall blindly subordinate our judgment to his own, for we know that he is the man to take only what he can keep. I do not think that any statement can be found in the entire French press, during the whole period of adoration and veneration which they entertained for the official merits of their emperor, which bears in so characteristic a manner the stamp of utter mental abdication and of the most narrow-minded spirit of subordination."

Speaking of the cry for the annexation of Alsatia and Lorraine as the natural borders of Germany, Vogt goes on:

"We utter furious tirades against the French because they ask the Rhine as the natural border of France, while we clamor with the same breath for the natural borders of Germany. We deem it outrageous and wicked that France has any intentions to seize the Rhine, while we wonder at the same time why the French *fanfarons* begrudge us the Vosges."

But, says he, the advocates of annexation refer him to the consideration of strategical reasons. The annexation of those provinces is claimed to be necessary to shield Germany from a renewed attack of France. He answers them by saying: "Let us now look a little closer at the strategical reasons. Moltke is put up as an oracle, which we must question. He will answer you with grand phrases about Strasbourg and Metz, the strongholds, 'open gates to Germany,' centers of attack, etc., etc., with their subordinate forts, and all other things appertaining to them. I am no strategician, but I have read some time ago so much similar stuff about the famous quadrilateral, of the redoubtable fortress of Verona, and its subordinate forts, the 'key of Germany' (all stuff that has since been shown to be utter nonsense), that I begin to think that strategical reasons, like the wisdom of God, are beyond the comprehension of common mortals, and that we may be led to do anything through their means. I have stated already that this 'open gate to the Rhine' would cease to be a danger, if it were no longer fortified, and if Strasbourg, Metz, Phalsbourg and all similar places would be razed according to the stipulations of a treaty of peace. Then the French, in the face of a powerful and united neighboring country, would not think of rebuilding those fortresses, any more than they have rebuilt the fortresses razed according to the stipulations of the Treaty of Vienna, when only a rotten and disunited confederation was opposed to them. In my opinion this razing would be the best guarantee for a future peace. For France, even suppose it had the warlike intentions ascribed to it by some Germans, would consider twice before it would expose its richest but unarmed provinces to a military occupation."

He next reviews the question of dismemberment from a point of "historical justice" to which the Germans appeal constantly, because the present French provinces Alsace and Lorraine owed an uncertain allegiance several hundred years ago to that rotten old institution, which Napoleon shattered at a blow, the "Holy German," or more correctly "Holy Roman Empire." "The French," writes Vogt, "have taken some territory from us in the West; we have conquered countries in the East and hold the northern district of Schleswig in the North-German Confederation contrary to our pledged word, and contrary to the desire of the population of those districts, which protest, against our usurpation every year through the voice of its deputies. And then we speak of 'historical justice!'"

These bold words have not been without their results. We see that a number of German papers have already taken hold of this view of the matter, and some of the most rabid annexationists have been obliged to confess, even against their will, that the words of Vogt contained a good deal of truth.

☞ In reference to the President's treatment of ex-Secretary Cox, the friends of the latter now say that Gen. Grant was "guilty of extreme duplicity in the whole business." This is no doubt true, as the President seems habitually to regard extreme duplicity as at least a part of his business in all things.

☞ The Baltimore Gazette points to "two pegs," in logic, and declares that the editors of the New York Tribune and of the Baltimore American "must hang their hats on the one or the other of them." We would much rather see them hang themselves on one or the other of them.

☞ "Protection!" "Protection!" "Protection!" is the daily cry of the Philadelphia Press. How much is the Press paid for this "damnable iteration?"

☞ If *ever* John Forsyth fooled a bee he fooled that bee. What bee did he fool? Why, the Semi-weekly Bee-dam-to-the Nigger.

☞ Motto for the editor of the Mobile Register—"Once I was pure as the beautiful snow."

☞ It is indeed a Mann and Bother—to the White Man's Party.

LITERARY.

I. Our Prospects.

Robert Clarke & Co., of Cincinnati, publish a novel with the above title, from the pen of Moritz Loth, a practical business man, who has amused his leisure hours in writing short tales and sketches, with such success that he has been induced to undertake a more pretentious work, the result of which is before us. Mr. Loth is a man who thinks that there is a great amount of extravagance and vanity in our American society; that marriages are decreasing and divorces increasing; that there is an alarming mortality among infants, and, in short, that virtue is on the decline and vice increasing. To remedy these dreadful evils this book has been written, and we sincerely hope it may accomplish all that the author wishes. It is for sale by Jno. P. Morton & Co.

II. The Opium Appetite.

We have from John P. Morton & Co. a book upon opium and other stimulants, from the press of J. B. Lippincott & Co., written by Alonso Calkins, M. D. It contains a large amount of notes flung together in a crude and ill digested mass, interspersed with frequent quotations, more or less pertinent, in a style sometimes intensely technical, sometimes bombastic and inflated, but always slipshod and slovenly. As a scientific treatise it is valueless, from the admission of much hearsay testimony; and, as a popular work, it is a failure, from its insufferable pedantry. As a literary effort it lacks coherency, originality and vigor; and we can only hope it will not deter any really capable man from giving us hereafter a valuable essay upon this subject, which is so vital to so large a portion of our people.

III. Holiday Catalogue of Books.

John P. Morton & Co. have sent us a catalogue of their goods from a splendid Dore Bible, valued at one hundred dollars, down to steel pens at two for a cent. They have over one hundred different styles of children's books in sets of from twelve to three, comprising all the new publications and many of the old standard favorites that never die out of the popular heart. For children who will be content with anything less than a small library, they have single volumes in great variety. Among these, one book of lasting merit that we distinguish with special notice, is a new, complete, unabridged, splendidly-illustrated edition of The Swiss Family Robinson. This book, next to Robinson Crusoe, was the delight of our boyhood; and we have read it again in its new form, now for the first time given us in all its pleasant diffuseness entire, in one thick volume of six hundred and ninety pages, with an ardor of which we are not ashamed. Their collection of articles and books for holiday presents is large and beautiful to see.

IV. Nature's Aristocracy.

Lee & Shepard publish a book with the above title, written by Miss Jennie Collins, who is favorably known in New England as an earnest and devoted friend of the laboring classes. Once an operative herself, she is quick to sympathize with those who have to earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brows. This little book is filled with incidents coming within the circle of her own personal experience, and while many of them are painful and heart-rending, they all bear the imprint of truth. Neither are they all records of failure and sin; several most valuable examples are given of clear-headed, capable women who have applied themselves to business, and from shop-girls become proprietors of large establishments. Perhaps the early training of the author may have given an undue bias to her book, and have prevented her from holding an even balance when she is weighing the interests of the working classes; but all can read with profit what she has to say, for she is one who does all in her power to aid the industrious poor, and who feels keenly the wrongs inflicted upon them by the proud, the selfish and the unscrupulous capitalists who thrive on their knavery. The book is for sale by John P. Morton & Co.

V. Double Play.

Of all the books published by Lee & Shepard for children this is the best. It is written by the son of Edward Everett, and is a model of a good style and pure English. Though the author is a Latin tutor he is in full sympathy with all that is good and hearty in boys, both in study and play; and while he hates a liar and a sneak, he understands base-ball, and knows how to pull a good oar. It is a book that a boy would find particularly interesting, and would be sure to appreciate; for the author seems to understand that peculiar phase of human nature, called boy-nature, and doesn't obtrude a moral, nor stultify himself with lucid explanations of nothing, neither does he insult a boy's common sense by inventing improbable incidents for the sake of a good story. On the contrary, he tells a simple, natural tale of school life, with spirit, truth, and fun, in a way that reminds us of Thomas Hughes, and with a deep purpose that is as grand and powerful as Tom Brown's School Days at Rugby; by the side of which wonderful book we unhesitatingly place this. And we advise every boy who wishes a good book for the Christmas holidays to maneuver for this, for he will find it will fulfill his expectations. John P. Morton & Co. have it for sale.

VI. Michael Rudolph.

This is the title of a novel by Eliza A. Dupuy, published by Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, that we have received from the author. It is said of some very brave soldiers that they could safely be trusted to handle effectively a few thousand men, but when great armies were to be marshaled into active warfare, their talents were inadequate to cope with such difficulties. Similarly, it requires a master mind to wield such an immense horde of murders, adulteries, intrigues, plots, legends, jealousies and villainies of every description as are gathered into this volume before us. It is not surprising then that the author has found herself involved in errors and anachronisms, that she might perhaps have escaped, had she been a little less ambitious. The titles, perhaps, of some of her chapters may give an idea of the book and lead to its perusal or the contrary, according to the taste of the reader: The Serpent on the Path, The Avenger on the Track, The Leopardess ditto, The Life Curse Reappears, &c., &c. Both continents furnish room for the display of her forces, but we are reminded of David in Saul's armor, and would deferentially suggest that she confine herself to slinging ink, for which she has an aptitude, in a more simple array.

VII. A Book of Verse.

J. B. Lippincott & Co. publish, in exquisite style, library gilt, beveled boards, laid paper, The Ruined Statues, a volume of what the author, Mrs. Louise B. Spalding, calls poems. Among them are some weak imitations of Poe, some of Jean Ingelow, and some that are clearly original. A few are not without merit, but most of them are faulty in expression, in meter, and in fact, and some are utterly incomprehensible. For example, we read that "The dove sat cooing like a moon-drop pale" We never saw a moon-drop, and don't know what it is, but we will bet the price of the book that it can't coo. Elsewhere she writes of the sea as "hot-breathed and oriental in its swell." Now, we have often met a hot-breathed swell, and are willing to let that pass, if a comma be put after the word; but an oriental swell is altogether too poetical to be understood. Again, she says that she heard the thrushes and the blackbirds singing in the moonlight, but as we don't know that these are nocturnal birds, we shall have to place that to the credit of poetic license. We were not encouraged to read the entire book, and may have overlooked some beauties. If any one else wishes to hunt for them, the book may be had of John P. Morton & Co.

VIII. "The Song of the Sower."

Of the poets, the most fortunate is William Cullen Bryant. He is now seventy-six years old. But he retains the graceful carriage, the rosy bloom and the ready but mellowed faculties of five and fifty; a most healthful, sweet and loveable old age. He is rich in worldly gear. In the city or on the sea-shore, his home is a paradise of luxury and culture; great pictures and grand trees; a tanglewood of art and an overflow of nature everywhere; orchards and libraries fairly running into one another, and books and fruit "blocking the way." That which Macbeth might not look to have, Bryant has—"honor, love, obedience, troops of friends;" and it might be added—as by no means an inconsiderable item to a poet—the service of the book-publishers and the artists, who seem to take delight in placing his poems before the public in the most attractive guise. Just now it is "The Song of the Sower," which the Appletons issue and Homer, Hennessy, Fenn, Bushing, Hows and Griswold illustrate. Everybody seems to have taken a personal interest in the get-up of the little volume. There is not a flaw in it. It satisfies the fancy; and this is saying a deal for the designers, the engravers, the printers and the binders; for the "Song" itself, like maples, reddens in the sun, as golden as the beeches. One has a mind to dwell upon it and brood over it. There is a perfection and completeness in it that tell us somehow of the life that gave it the place it holds in our literature. For the blessings which have come to this great old man—this journalist, statesman and poet—have been paid for in years of privation, of virtue and of work. Mr. Bryant is not a pet of Fortune's. What he has he created, beginning with nothing but sound body and mind, which have ripened and strengthened into the beauty and power of seventy-six. It is, in all respects, the finest, the most refreshing and conclusive proof in modern literary biography that genius need not be joined to oddities or vices, but is only mature, as it is most original and fertile, when it flourishes upon a fair and solid trunk of good principles and habits, becoming glorious as it grows old.

FRANCE.

Further Particulars of the Sorties from Paris.

The Prussians Worsted on the East.

Advance of the French on the Loire Discontinued.

Confirmation of the German Retreat in the North.

The Prussians Said to be Losing Confidence in Themselves.

Etc., Etc., Etc.

(Special Telegraphic Correspondence of the Courier-Journal.)

French Army Retiring.

London, Nov. 30.—The army of the Loire is retiring from its position. The number and position of forces are uncertain. One thousand seven hundred prisoners have been taken.

A Feint and a Serious Sortie.

London, Nov. 30.—The Herald's special correspondent telegraphs that last night the cannonade against the Germans on the south and west of Paris was a feint to attract attention from a serious sortie on the Saxons and Wurtembergers. A terrible battle has been going on since noon and was still raging at 6 o'clock.

London, Dec. 1.—It is said the Prussians have suddenly evacuated Amiens, retiring on Paris. This movement is regarded at Lille as very significant. In the latter city it is believed a great battle is proceeding around Paris to-day.

London, December 1.—7 A. M.—A balloon, probably from Paris, was seen last evening over the English channel. It seemed trying to make a landing on one of the Scilly Islands. A violent east wind prevailed, and it was carried out to sea. It was unquestionably lost in the Atlantic.

Destruction at Thionville.

About one-third of the town of Thionville was destroyed by the fire during the bombardment by the Prussians.

Bismarck Aims Another Blow at France.

London, Dec. 1.—The Herald's correspondent at Versailles sends the following singular rumor: Turkey not being disposed to resent the note of Russia, Bismarck is favorable to England's obtaining the protectorate over the Suez canal, in consideration of which England's own road to India being thus rendered secure, Russia may do what she wishes with Turkey. This is another blow aimed at France.

Trochu Cuts Through at the North.

London, Dec. 2.—Private dispatches to the Stock Exchange and Lloyds assert that the forces under Gen. Trochu succeeded in cutting their way through the Prussian lines north of Paris in such force that the Germans were driven from all their positions with general rout. A great battle is now going on to the west of the city.

Dispatch from the King.

Berlin, December 2.—King William telegraphs the following to the Queen:

"*Versailles, Nov. 30.*—The Sixth corps yesterday repulsed a sortie near Shay, south of Paris. Over 100 French prisoners were taken, and several hundred dead and wounded left on the field. The French also made sorties on the positions of the Wurtembergers and Saxons at Ponnueil, Champigny and Villiers to the east and southeast of Paris. The positions were taken by the French, but subsequently retaken by the Prussians. At the same time sorties were made at the north and west, and at St. Denis against the Fourth corps and guard. The French were repulsed and driven back behind their works in all cases. I remained at Versailles, as it was a central point.

(Signed) WILHELM."

The Sorties.

London, Dec. 2.—Dispatches from Paris, dated Nov. 30, say, there were operations by the French command yesterday at different points around the city. General Ducrat, with a large force, marched out of Paris, and occupied Montrailis, which, however, he was soon compelled to evacuate. The heaviest of the fighting was done at Champigny, Brie and Villiers sur Marne. The French are now renewing an attack in the south.

A dispatch from Tours, dated Thursday, the 1st, says the news of successful sorties around Paris had caused the most indescribable excitement.

French Successes on the Loire.

Laval, December 2.—Gambetta has publicly announced that the army of the Loire has successfully resisted attack on the left and right wings, and is now moving forward. Gambetta continues that victory now favors the French.

Joy Over the News.

Laval, Dec. 2.—The city is overjoyed with dispatches from Gambetta announcing a great success at Paris, where sorties were made in force, defeating the Prussians along the entire line.

The line of battle was many miles in extent. A great number of prisoners and cannon have been captured by the French. The corps were commanded by Trochu, Ducrat, and Vinnery.

Gambetta, in announcing the victory, says one of the results has been the evacuation of Amiens by the Prussians, who hastily started for Paris to reinforce the German army.

The battles at Paris began on Tuesday 29th, and at last accounts the garrison remained outside the positions they had captured from the Prussians.

One of the Sorties Yesterday.

Berlin, Dec. 2.—The following dispatch from General De Trimpling, commander of the Seventh Prussian corps, has just been received, dated Thursday:

"A great sortie occurred yesterday. The French moved out against the Prussians and Wurtembergers early in the morning, supported by a heavy cannonade from their forts. Generals Trochu and Ducrat commanded, leading 120,000 men. At 11 o'clock in the morning the French were repulsed by the sixth corps and retired. Subsequently, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, the Wurtembergers, who had been reinforced by cavalry and artillery, were attacked by the French. The latter were again defeated. The German losses were trifling."

The Germans are in excellent spirits at the prospect of active work. The troops are singing and bands playing.

Junction with the Army of the Loire.

London, December 2.—A special dispatch to the London Times from Tours, dated the 1st, says the army of the Loire has effected a junction with Gen. Trochu's forces from Paris. The Germans under Prince Frederick Charles are retiring before the united armies. It is said Trochu has with him outside of the walls 300 cannon.

The Terms to be Offered Paris.

London, Dec. 2.—The special correspondent of the Herald, at Versailles, writes on the 28th inst. that, if the army of Orleans should capitulate, Paris would be summoned to surrender within three days following. The terms of surrender to be offered are: The regulars and gardes Mobile become prisoners of war. The National guards and regulars be allowed to return to their occupations in private life. Forts, cannon and munitions of war to be given up to the Prussians and the regular garrison be permitted to march out with the honors of war. If these terms of surrender are refused a bombardment of the forts will immediately follow the refusal.

Successes of Von Der Tan Reported.

Munich, Dec. 2.—A dispatch has just been received announcing that General Von Der Tan defeated the French army of the Loire on the 1st, and in several successive battles west of Orleans and Tours.

Another Engagement Thursday.

Tours, Dec. 1, Midnight.—The army of the Loire has been engaged with the Prussians to-day. A portion of the latter extended from Chateau d'Un, where their right was posted, to Toury, and from there to Pithiviers and Beaune and Rolande. Their second line was extended from Fontainbleau, by way of Montearn and Villenueve, to Troyes, where it joined the first Prussian line.

Another Hard-fought Battle on Friday.

[World's Special.]

London, Dec. 3.—A special dispatch from Brussels on the 3d says that the Germans yesterday made a desperate effort to drive Ducrat's army, which held all the villages on the east bank of the Marne from Noissy le Grande to Ormssow, back across the river. For this purpose at daylight yesterday the Twenty-eighth army corps and the Twelfth, under the Duke of Saxony, and a division of the Wurtembergers, 60,000 in all, made a furious assault, four columns advancing on the French position at Brie and Champigny from the east, northeast, and southeast. Ducrat withdrew within the peninsula formed by the curve of the Marne directly opposite the Bois de Vincennes, thus covering his flanks by the stream. As the Germans advanced to attack they were met by a terrible fire from forts Nogent and Rosny, and the slaughter was fearful. The German troops wavered, but were soon rallied by the officers, who were themselves shot down in great numbers. The first brigade of the second division of Saxon troops lost all of its officers. At noon a large column of fresh troops from Paris crossed the bridges near Brie and drove the Germans some distance outward. At three o'clock the firing ceased, the French returning near to the east bank of the river, and not recrossing, but holding the bridge. The losses on both sides are very large. The German losses are the greatest, on account of their sustaining the fire of the forts and being the attacking party. The French hold their chosen position.

Successful Forward Movement of the French.

[World's Special.]

London, Dec. 3.—A telegram dated Tours 2d, says: It was officially stated to-night, that one or two days yet must elapse before the fruits of the movements in progress will be fully reaped. Up to this time the most complete success has attended the successive steps taken. Every movement brings nearer to each other the armies of the Loire and Paris.

Tours, Dec 2.—The Prussians are concentrating at Etamps, thirty miles south of Paris, to dispute the advance of Gen D'Aurelles de Palladines.

Prince Frederick Charles has left Pithivers.

Lille, Dec 2, P. M.—Gen. Ducrat is now seeking to effect a junction with Gen. De Palladines. The Franc-Tireurs have beaten the Prussians at Tremblay.

Tours, Dec. 3.—The army of the Loire made a successful forward movement to-day.

All the railroads in this part of the country have ceased temporarily to take passengers, owing to the enormous movements of troops.

The Fighting on Friday.

London, Dec 4.—The fighting at Brie on Friday was very severe, the Germans being exposed to a steady fire from the French forts, but at 3 p. m. the French retired, leaving behind many prisoners. Brie although abandoned by the French has not been occupied by the Germans. The French wounded who have fallen into the hands of the besiegers refuse the offer to be sent back to Paris.

The Germans Losing Confidence.

The German leaders are losing much of their overweaning confidence in consequence of the recent military events.

Prince George's Version.

Prince George of Saxony, in a dispatch to the King of Saxony, states that Brie and Champigny have been recaptured, although the French brought heavy masses into action. He admits that the Saxons suffered grievously.

French Advantages in Friday's Sortie.

London, Dec. 4.—The Tribune's correspondent at Versailles on the 1st writes: "The sortie yesterday against the Wurtemburg division east of Paris, between the Seine and Marne, resulted in leaving the French in possession of the villages about Brie Sur Marne. The Germans say they must retake these places at any cost. The French at one time occupied a line right and left of Ormisson. They were, however, driven back with heavy loss from this their most advanced position. The Wurtemburgers were supported by brigades of the Second Pomeranian corps, the Crown Prince's old corps, and part of the Sixth corps. Both sides fought hard. The French were led by dismounted officers of high rank, and showed something of their traditional fire. Had not the Wurtemburgers been very steady while being driven back, and had not the Prussians arrived promptly to their support, the German line might have been broken. The French merely gained a better foothold for their future spring. Their great want is space to deploy their force.

Hard Fighting on the North.

A very hard fight took place the same day north of St. Dennis. The French sallied out against the Fourth Prussian corps. The attack was repulsed, and prisoners were taken by the Prussians. The loss to the French was heavy, including seventeen officers.

All Quiet on the 1st.

To-day all was quiet on the southern front of Paris.

An Accidental Shell Thrown Into the City.

The first shell was fired into the city yesterday, from the Bavarian batteries near Chatillon. It was accidental. The Crown Prince has ordered the use of no more guns for the present, at such range. If the French try more sorties there will probably be a sharp attack on the outlining defenses of the city.

Dispatch from the King.

London, Dec. 4.—The Correspondent of the Tribune telegraphs from Berlin on Sunday afternoon that the King telegraphs to the Queen that there was no fighting of any moment yesterday at Paris. The French are massing troops in front of Vincennes. During the fight of December 2d the French lost one thousand eight hundred prisoners, including one General and twenty superior officers, besides seven guns.

The Military Situation Critical.

Nothing new has been received from the army of the Loire. The military situation among the best informed circles is deemed critical. Manteuffel has been ordered to march to Paris.

Bismarck Mad.

It is stated on good authority that Bismarck insists that he must and will retire from office unless the convention with the South German States is adopted unaltered.

Condition of Prince Charles' Army.

London, Dec. 4.—A correspondent of the Tribune, writing from Versailles on the 1st says: Prince Frederick Charles' operations, though not unsuccessful, are much hindered by heavy roads. The army is fatigued by long marches.

The Duke of Mecklenburg Reports a Battle.

London, Dec. 3.—The Duke of Mecklenburg makes the following reports: Yesterday morning a battle commenced near Baezreches-les-Hautes. After a hot fight, the Fifteenth French army corps was defeated and driven back to Artenay. The Sixteenth French army corps was driven beyond Loizny. Several hundred prisoners and eleven guns were taken. The enemy's loss is considerable. Our loss is unknown, but must be greater than that of the enemy.

Movements of the French.

Tours, Dec. 2.—The movement of the army of the Loire continues, and there are frequent encounters all along the line of advance, without marked advantage to either side. In one of them Gen. Sourris was wounded and taken prisoner. This checked momentarily the advance of the Seventeenth corps, which, however, held its position. The morale of the troops is excellent, and the French are confident of success. A second attack was made on Autun by the Prussians, and was repulsed with considerable loss to the assailants.

The French Advance Discontinued.

Tours, Dec. 4.—The government makes the following announcement:

"The army of the Loire has discontinued its forward movement owing to the resistance of the enemy, who has concentrated large masses of troops between Pithiviers, Artenay, and Angerville. The army occupies strongly entrenched positions, in which it will remain for the present, postponing its advance till a better opportunity is offered. In the meanwhile General Ducrat, with the army which he led out of Paris is disengaged and will be able to act more freely, not finding before him the masses of the enemy which it was supposed were going to meet him, but which are really retained north of Orleans.

[Signed] GAMBETTA."

Troops for the Front.

The marching of troops through Tours on their way to the front is incessant.

The weather is intensely cold.

Gambetta.

Tours, Dec. 4.—Minister Gambetta has gone to Orleans to consult with the officers of the army of the Loire.

Hard-Fought Battle Friday.

The battle on Friday, in which the 16th and 17th army corps were engaged, was protracted and sanguinary, and there were great losses on both sides, the Prussians using heavy artillery. The army of the Loire will receive large reinforcements.

Ducrat's Whereabouts.

It is rumored that Gen. Ducrat is still near Paris, has been reinforced, and will speedily take the offensive.

Cruelty of the Invaders.

The Moniteur publishes a circular to the Great Powers, setting forth cruelties committed during the war by the invaders of France.

Prussia Still Neutral.

London, Dec. 4.—A correspondent of the Tribune, writing from Versailles on the 1st, says: Odo Russell continues to receive most emphatic assurances of the neutrality of Prussia on the Eastern question.

What Turkey Will Do.

The Tribune correspondent at Pesth on the 1st writes: Constantinople advices say that the Porte is likely to accept a conference under the conditions proposed by Austria and England.

Von Beust Peaceful.

Baron Von Beust was before the budget committee of the Austrian delegation to-day, and made a peaceful address. He hoped for the realization of a conference under necessary guarantees, and expected that the unanimity of the powers interested would secure the integrity and independence of Turkey. He said all uncalled-for meddling with questions concerning the reconstruction of the German Confederation are far from his thoughts. The general aspect of the affairs of the world required the country wishing to preserve its existence to observe caution and continue watchful, since the chances for peace were always in proportion to the readiness for resolute defense.

Granville's Reply to the Second Note.

A correspondent of the Tribune at St. Petersburg, on Sunday night, says: Granville's reply to Gortschakoff's second note was delivered yesterday. It insists that Gortschakoff admits by his answer that his position is wrong in law. It consents to a conference only on the understanding that Russia withdraw her original circular and pretensions to the right of separate action, and bring the proposition before the conference anew, to be decided without previous pledges. Otherwise the Embassy will be withdrawn. The English think it a diplomatic victory. The position is still delicate.

The Prussians Still Retreating.

Tours, Dec. 2.—The enemy continue their retreat from the north.

Evacuation of Amiens Confirmed.

Lille, Dec. 4.—The evacuation of Amiens by Germans is confirmed. The enemy, as they retired, blew up the bridge between Albert and Acheux to protect their retreat. Nothing has since been heard of Gen. Manteuffel, and there is little doubt that he has abandoned his march north, and is hastening with his forces to Paris.

Change in the Spanish Cabinet.

Madrid, Dec. 4.—Senor Moret, Cabinet Minister, has been appointed Minister of Finance ad interim, in place of Figuerola, resigned. Senor Moret retains the Ministry of Colonies.

Italy—Reception of the Spanish Delegation.

Florence, Dec. 3.—The deputation of the Spanish Government and Cortes to tender the crown of Spain to the Duke of Aosta, arrived here to-day, and was received with unusual demonstrations of welcome.

Wallachian Matters.

Buchorist, Dec. 3.—The report of the Minister of Finance states that the floating debt has been extinguished, and that the bill creating a tobacco monopoly will be submitted.

THE HOLY SEE.

A Strong Protest Against the Action of Victor Emanuel.

London, Dec. 4.—The following protest was read in Catholic churches to-day: "Henry Edward, by the grace of God and favor of the Apostolic See, Archbishop of Westminster, to the clergy, secular, regular and faithful, of the diocese, health and benediction in the Lord, reverend dear brethren, dear children in Jesus Christ.

We hold it to be our duty toward the head of the Church, against whom the Government at Florence lately perpetrated an act of sacrilegious violence, and toward the Church at large, which the same act assailed in the providential safeguards of its liberty, and toward the great principles of national justice and international law, which at the same time are more profoundly violated, in our own name and yours to make this public protest against the siege and military occupation of Rome by the army of King Victor Emanuel, who violates all rights in which the sovereignty of States is based, all laws by which the sacred possessions of the church are guarded. Dangerous as is this example to order and stability and all civil power, more dangerous still are the principles on which the act of violence is being justified, not only in Italy, but in this country. It is alleged that the national operations of Italy justify the seizure of Rome; that in temporal power the sovereign pontiff has been unlawfully assailed by a plebiscite; that this popular will transferred the sovereignty of Rome to King Victor Emanuel. We protest that these principles are a subversion of public morality, order, and law. To aspire for that which is not our own is a motive all injury and itself a wrong doctrine, which teaches the people that they may at any time cast off their rulers, and change their government by plebiscites. A justification of such acts will not be found either in the laws of nature or the precepts of revelation. Nations, like individuals, are bound by moral laws to be subject to moral obligations, have the power to do wrong, but not the right. Nations have not the right to do many things for which they have the power, have no right to do that which they can't do justly—rise against a lawful sovereign without cause for rebellion, and depose him by treason. We hear daily that the people have at any time the power to revoke into its hands the sovereignty of those who rule and transfer that sovereignty to another. If they have such a right at any time, at no time have they such a right without just and sufficient cause.

It is not necessary here to discuss what are the causes to be considered not sufficient for such an act of extreme necessity. It is enough to affirm inviolate the deposition of a lawful sovereign when no such cause exists. He holds a right of sovereignty which was not derived from kings or people. His sovereignty was not at their disposal. It was not their possession, but held in behalf of all nations of the whole Christian world.

But even if this right of sovereignty were liable to forfeiture by reason of abuse or wrong, it is absolutely certain that no cause exists or has ever been alleged to exist for overthrowing the government of Pius IX. The only cause alleged is providential considerations, but his sovereignty is that of a priest so ordained by God. Who then without sin, can overthrow it?

This act therefore is both treason and rebellion. Both natural and revealed morality condemns capital crimes. Rebellion is an act, however, which has a deeper character of guilt. In two ways—sin and sacrilegiousness. First, because violence is offered a sacred person, the most sacred person on earth, the head of the Christian church, Jesus Christ. It is sacrilegious, also, because it is breaking up Christian order in the world. It is the destruction of a Providential dispensation by which the Christian world has been both formed and sustained in the natural order of politics and temporal power.

The Holy See is a sovereignty confirmed by possession and prescription of more than one thousand years, but it has a higher character. The providence of God has so disposed of the christian world that the head is independent of any civil inferior, and therefore is himself sovereign. All christian sovereigns recognize him as chief pastor of the Christian world, equal to themselves in civil sovereignty, and superior to themselves in spiritual power.

Such has been and still is the disposition of the Christian world, by the will of God, and the purpose of that disposition is not doubtful or obscure. The history of Christianity manifestly proves that by this providential order two things have been secured—liberty of the Church in spiritual office and the formation of Christian states, and the conformity of civil legislation to morality and the precepts of the revealed law of God.

Therefore, the natural society of the world has been the chief gainer by this dispensation of Divine Providence, which was necessary only to the liberty of the Church. It was vital to the welfare of the States, their morals and religion, their peace and stability. It was not right for any nation to destroy that which was a joint inheritance of them all. Neither is right for any people, for the gratification of their political aspirations, to destroy the fundamental order of the Christian world. To do so is to apostatize from Christian order, and no one has a right to apostatize from the laws of civilization and Christianity. It is held, indeed, by certain modern politicians that a people has a right to choose their religion; but a right to choose carries with it also a right to reject, and no nation has a right to reject Christianity. A nation may indeed have the power to apostatize, but it never has a right to depose the head of the Church from Christian sovereignty, with which the providence of God has invested him. This act is a violation of Christian duties, obedience, loyalty, Christian principle, authority and unity, and the dictates of faith itself. They who say to the Vicar, "Christ will not have this man to reign over us." Reject not the servant but the master, whose judgment in the case has been already spoken. "They have not rejected thee, but rejected me, that I should not reign over them."

We have protested therefore even on the supposition that the people of Rome had by plebiscite pronounced on the dissolution of the Providential Christian Sovereignty of the Pontiff. Even if such were so the act would be rebellion, sacrilege and apostacy, and would therefore be an act null in itself and void, all moral effect of which no time nor prescription could give validity and force. But we further declare the belief, founded on evidence above suspicion, that the alleged plebiscite is illusory, and was carried through after a bombardment of Rome amidst an invading army. The number of Roman citizens who voted was more than the number of voters who had a right to vote, and the result expressed not the will of the people, but a momentary triumph of sedition.

The last forty years have upon record under the band of the chief conspirator that his aim during the last forty years has been the unity of Italy, having Rome for its capital, and that to this end two things were necessary, the overthrow of Italy and the extinction of the Christian church. Means to this end, as declared by himself, were an ubiquitous conspiracy, covering the whole of the States of Italy, and the secret arming and simultaneous rising against all governments of States, and above all against the government of him who, by the providence of God, is as king and priest, holds the highest place on the earth. The overthrow of that throne is a deadly blow to all christian kings, the deposition of the sovereign Pontiff being not so much the deposition of a person as of a principle.

It is a Christian sovereignty, Christian legislation, Christian government that is dethroned and dissolved in the person of Pius IX. For this cause we look with amazement and fear at the apathy and silence of the governments of Europe. If they are not stirred by faith or veneration or piety to ask redress for this sacrilege, if they are not moved by justice and indignation to repair the wrong, let the common danger, provident fear of the inevitable spread of principles fatal to all society and all morality among men, rouse them to action before it is too late.

The faithful subjects of the British Monarchy we are alarmed for the stability of our own society and order. We protest with indignation against the principles of sedition and anarchy and sacrilege embodied in the act of the Government at Florence against the rights of the Vicar of Christ.

As true lovers of our common country, we desire to separate ourselves altogether from the doctrine daily inculcated upon the people of this kingdom. Such principles of sedition would not be endured an hour if directed against the throne of our sovereign. They are applauded now because of the subversion of the throne of the Roman Pontiff; but men cannot control the perilous principles they have invoked. One day these maxims will work their own work against ourselves. Teachers who propagate them now will be powerless to resist them then.

We therefore address this protest, first, to the all faithful; next, we address it to our fellow-countrymen, in confidence that the principles of loyalty, order, political justice, and Christian obedience, which sustain our own domestic authority and public law will obtain for the cause of the sovereign Pontiff sympathy in the hearts of all good subjects.

Lastly, we address the protest to the Catholic nations, uniting our own voices with those already spoken so emphatically in many lands against the outrage and sacrilege lately perpetrated at Rome, the inheritance of christendom, and against the Sovereign Pontiff—the head pastor of the Christian world.

Therefore we hereby invite the faithful to prepare for the Emaculate Conception by special devotion for the three next days, and by confession and holy communion either on the festival or the Sunday following for the instructions of the Holy Father.

May he, who is head over all things, abundantly bless you.

A NEW ILL.

Discovery of a Strange Disease at Elgin, Illinois—A Lady's Body Full of Hexagonal, Headless Parasites—Horrible Death.

MEDICAL MEN BAFFLED.

Chicago, Dec. 4.—The city of Elgin, some forty miles west of Chicago, is greatly excited by the appearance in that vicinity of a strange disease, the first known case of which terminated fatally on Friday last. The facts are as follows: On Friday week Mrs. C. W. Daniels, a lady 22 years of age, who was married two years ago and gave birth to a child eleven months since, was prostrated by what seemed at first to be premonitory symptoms of typhoid fever. She had not been very well for some time previous, but nothing serious was anticipated until Sunday, when she was compelled to take to her bed and place herself under medical treatment. She complained of pains in her bones and soreness in her flesh. Nothing very unusual, however, was observed until Sunday morning, when the milk from her breast attracted attention by its dark color, it looking like the washings of an ink-bottle. Submitting the milk to a microscopic examination, it was found to contain immense numbers of animalculæ, different in size and shape from any human parasite of which the attending physician had ever seen or heard. They seemed to be somewhat hexagonal in form, and longer one way than the other. They did not seem to have any head, but were evidently alive, judging from the way in which they moved about. Their size was estimated by the doctor as varying from the one hundred thousandth to five hundred thousandth of an inch in diameter. The power of the microscope used varied from 150 to 800 diameters, the former power being required to make the insect visible. They were not trichina, as the doctor was well acquainted with that form of parasite, and this new kind was much smaller and of an entirely different shape.

The authorities were searched, but none of them gave any clew by which they could be identified, and the doctor and those with whom he consulted were compelled to believe that they had discovered a new species of human parasite. In the meantime the patient grew worse. She suffered terribly, and complained of soreness all over her body. Nothing could be done to relieve her. She could not bear a bath, and could hardly bear to be touched. She lingered in agony until the afternoon at 1 o'clock, when she died.

There was some reason at first to believe that the parasites were the product of some disease of the breast, and were confined to that locality. The doctor determined to test the matter, and, anticipating her death, he was prepared to do so. Five minutes after life was extinct, and while the body was still warm, he made an incision in the calf of the leg, and, drawing the lancet, examined the moisture which covered it. He found three of the parasites, only one of which was alive. They were similar in all respects to those found in the fluid taken from the breast. He then dissected the tibialis muscle of the leg, including a small portion of the surrounding flesh. The muscle presented a granular appearance, as if covered with grains of sand. These grains the doctor presumes were parasites.

The investigations were conducted by Dr. Clark, assisted by Dr. Tyrrel, and neither of them, nor any of the faculty who have been asked their opinion, are able to explain the presence of what they term a parasitical phenomenon. Further examination of the muscles will be made, and it is expected that some light will be shed upon what is now a mystery. The physicians think that the parasites occasioned death, if they were not the immediate cause; for while some of the symptoms of typhoid remained to the end, they were aggravated by the pains and soreness and throbbing especially, and death came sooner and more suddenly than in cases of unmistakable typhoid. The baby had been pining for some time before its mother took sick, but as soon as he was weaned he recovered his health and is now more robust than ever. He was not weaned until his mother was confined to her bed. The doctor reports that he examined the child's blood, which was perfectly healthy.

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.

An Immense Gathering of the Campbells.

The clanship of "Scotch cousins," as we all know, says an English journal, is proverbial; and acting on that principle the leading members of the Clan Campbell have resolved to rally their cousins, to the twentieth degree and upwards, for the purpose of making a handsome present to her Royal Highness the Princess Louise on the day of her marriage. It is not decided at present what form this wedding gift shall take; but a committee has been formed to carry out this intention. The list of the committee includes Lord Breadalbane, Lord Cawdor, the Bishop of Bangor, Sir Donald Campbell, of Dunstaffnage Sir George Campbell, of Garscube, Major General Sir John Campbell, Mr. John Francis Campbell, of Islay, Mr. James Archibald Campbell, of Glendaruel, Mr. Richard Frederick Frotheringham Campbell, of Craigie, Mr. Duncan Campbell, of Lochnell, Sir Colin George Campbell, of Stonefield, and Mr. Alexander Campbell, of Auchindarroch. There are in all no less than four peers, eleven baronets and two knights who rejoice in the name of Campbell, and some five or six-and-twenty "lords," "ladies" and "honorables" among the titles of courtesy.

The list of Campbells occupies no less than five pages in Burke's "Landed Gentry," and as many as six pages, double columns, in the "County Families." In the "London Post-office Directory" the Campbells occupy more than a column in the "Commercial and Trading" department, and another column in the "Court" department; in the County Directory of Scotland they cover five columns, and even in Thom's Directory of Dublin they exceed half a column. In the Army List they exceed six score, and in the Navy List they are about twenty; in the Law List there are upward of twelve barristers and solicitors of the name; in Crockford's Clerical Directory there are twenty-six others; they take up half a page in the list of Oxford graduates and two-thirds of a page in the list of Cambridge graduates. There are at least fifty more Campbells in the Indian Army and Civil Service List, and about twenty more employed, according to the Post-office Directory, in the various departments of the civil service at home. From this it will appear that the secretaries to the committee of the Campbell Gift have no slight amount of work before them, assuming that they desire to enlist in the good cause all the Clan Campbell and its nominal adherents.

CINCINNATI'S ROAD.

Deeding Kentucky Soil to the State of Ohio.

[From the Newcastle Constitutionalist.]

The New York Herald would seem to explain how the milk got into the cocoanut in charge of Commodore Vanderbilt; and why it was made to administer to the comfort of the Radical party. One is to the effect that at the late election nearly all the districts in the State of New York, through which the Central railroad runs, went against the Democrats. Now, Democrats of Kentucky, will you deed to the Radical State of Ohio a strip of land two hundred feet wide, and across the entire State for their "great Southern railroad," and, when built, to be used to defeat the Democratic party along the entire line, as was the case along the New York Central railroad during the late election? The Legislature should strangle this infamous scheme of the Ohio Radicals in its infancy to meddle with the political affairs of the State. It has already been threatened by the Cincinnati railroad men that they will split the Democratic party in twain or carry the Ferguson railroad bill through next winter. Aside from its political feature the State of Ohio would not grant such a charter to this "Ferguson Trustee" railroad "big humbug" company, and why should Kentucky? Their engineers, with Mr. Green at their head, are running lines through almost every county in the region of the State through which there might possibly be a prospect of running the road. They are simply on an electioneering tour to "catch gulls." The agents of the Cincinnati road are all over the State and the various candidates for State office are threatened already that if they do not go for their road the whole power of the "trustees" would be thrown against them. It is high time that the people of Democratic Kentucky should rise in their dignity and put a stop to this infamous abolition intrigue of Ohio. Let meetings be held in every part of the State, and the people warned to instruct their public servants to throttle this Cincinnati Ferguson Railroad bill on the first day it is offered to the Legislature this winter.

☞ An apple-dealer of Port Huron, Michigan, has lately returned from Liverpool, where he contracted for the delivery of 10,000 barrels of the best Michigan apples. It is said he will clear $1 75 on each barrel. He contracted for the same number of barrels last year, and filled his contract, the apples arriving in Liverpool in good order. Many of the apples thus sent to Liverpool are thence sent to the Mediterranean in exchange for other fruits.

☞ Six members of the Illinois Legislature were elected by less than 25 majority.

COURIER-JOURNAL

COURIER-JOURNAL

1871.

THE Consolidation of the LOUISVILLE COURIER and the LOUISVILLE JOURNAL and the LOUISVILLE DEMOCRAT having proven acceptable in a gratifying degree to the patrons of those papers, the

COURIER-JOURNAL

is confidently submitted for a continuance of the liberal patronage hitherto extended to it, and which now embraces not only the entire SOUTH and WEST, but is rapidly extending its circulation in the NORTHWEST and the PACIFIC SLOPE. In

Politics

the COURIER-JOURNAL will earnestly and faithfully advocate the principles of NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC GOVERNMENT, FREE TRADE, PROGRESSIVE COMMERCE, WESTERN and SOUTHERN ECONOMY, CIVILIZATION and PEACE.

Kentucky News

will continue to be a special feature, carefully collated from papers issued in the various portions of the State.

Southern News.

The advantages offered to see at a glance a complete and full synopsis of everything of an interesting character transpiring from time to time in the South are unequaled by any paper in the country.

General News.

Special attention is given to laying before its readers the latest and fullest telegrams from all points in communication at home and abroad and the freshest particulars by mail of all events of general or special importance

Correspondence.

An efficient corps of intelligent correspondents distributed at all the principal points will furnish letters on the current political, commercial, literary, musical and fashionable topics and events of the day.

Agriculture.

Everything pertaining to this important department will be given that may be of interest.

The Farmer, Merchant and Mechanic

will find the COURIER-JOURNAL an epitome of information upon all salient points touching their professions.

Literature, Science and Art.

The latest books, scientific discoveries and matters relating to biography, personal and historical reminiscences, painting, sculpture and music will be critically reviewed in the,

"Literary"

column of the COURIER-JOURNAL, which has so rapidly grown into favor with all classes of its readers.

The Monetary and Commercial

department of the paper will embrace a thorough and truthful review of the condition of the money and other markets.

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Especial attention will be given to all matters touching these important interests.

Local News.

The large editorial corps and reportorial and phonographic staff of the COURIER-JOURNAL enable it to give the fullest and most authentic particulars of everything transpiring in the city or vicinity.

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KENTUCKY NEWS.

Robertson county has instructed for Hon. Thos. L. Jones for Governor.

A considerable quantity of the new crop of tobacco is finding its way into Owensboro.

Mt. Nebo, Grayson county, presents a view of fifteen miles of the valley at its base.

The young ladies of Owensboro eat onion lozenges—a new thing—when they expect a beau they don't like to call.

Very few fields in Grant county have been seeded with wheat or other small grain this fall. Lack of labor the cause.

Nelson furnace will not be operated this winter. Ore arriving there to fill old contracts is being shipped to Belmont Furnace.

The Paris Citizen indorses the Hon. Richard Hawes, of that city, as a suitable candidate for the Democratic nomination for Governor.

A correspondent of the Frankfort Yeoman suggests the name of Col. J. C. Wickliffe, of Nelson, as the late Judge Kavanaugh's successor.

The Democratic convention of Caldwell county has instructed for Hon. W. B. Machen for Governor and Hon. J. W. Blue for Attorney General.

A Democratic convention will be held in Springfield, on the 13th of December, to nominate a candidate for Judge of the Seventh Judicial district.

The total valuation of property in Harrison county amounts to $6,720,070, the total amount of taxes collected from the county during the past year being $30,392.

The Kentucky Bee-Keepers' Convention will meet in Lexington on the 13th of this month, and it is earnestly hoped that every apiarian and all who feel any interest in bee keeping will attend.

From one vineyard of two acres in Jessamine county, near Nicholasville, were gathered, during the last season, upward of twenty-four thousand pounds of grapes, the variety being that of the Concord.

The shipments from the Paris stock pens for the week ending November 26th aggregate 233 car loads, as follows: 95 cars cattle, 132 cars hogs, 5 cars mules, 1 car sheep, being the largest shipment ever made in one week from that point.

The Governor has issued a proclamation to the sheriffs of the counties composing the Seventh Judicial district, directing them to hold an election in said counties on Saturday, January 7th, 1871, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the Hon. George W. Kavanaugh.

During the past year $93,100 have been expended in Bourbon county for religious purposes, besides $40,000 given in the county to the University at Lexington. The county has paid $66,666 to the Maysville railroad and in taxes $30,000 for common school purposes. A very good showing.

The Glasgow Times has the following dog story: "An old friend of ours, living in the Hiseville precinct, possesses a Newfoundland dog of a most pacific nature. If anything about the farm yard or the barn—ducks, chickens, geese or pigs—get to fighting the dog rushes to the spot and parts them. If he can separate them in no other way he places a paw upon each of the combatants and holds them fast till their ire subsides."

We take the following item from the Frankfort Yeoman of yesterday: "On Saturday Mr. G. R. Harris, Sheriff of Montgomery county, Tennessee, and J. C. Read, arrived in this city, having in custody Charles Worthington, a fugitive from justice from that State. He stands charged with having killed Thomas Floyd in Greenup county, on the 19th of July, 1869, and three hundred dollars reward was offered by the Governor for his arrest. He was apprehended by Mr. Harris at Mt. Vernon Furnace, about fourteen miles below Clarksville."

The Covington Journal says: "The workmen employed in sinking a shaft at Independence Station, on the Louisville Short-line railroad, nine miles south of this city, after getting to the depth of 273 feet 6 inches, on the evening of the 20th, struck a cavity in a ledge of solid stone 16 feet in thickness, which contained combustible matter of a gaseous formation, which issued with such force as nearly to throw the drill from the shaft, followed by jets of water, nearly suffocating the workmen that attended the drill, and accompanied with noise like distant thunder. This state of things continued until the evening freight train came up and stopped, when one of the brakemen thoughtlessly touched fire to the jet of gas, which burned with terrible intensity, consuming everything combustible within reach of the derrick. Ropes and timbers were soon reduced to ashes. At last accounts it was still burning."

SOUTHERN NEWS.

The Georgia State debt is over $70,000,000.

Gen. S. B. Buckner will spend the winter in Florida.

Hon. A. H. Stephens is very feeble, and unable to leave his room.

At Morristown, Tenn., the price of hogs was lately quoted at six cents gross, and seven to seven and a half cents net.

The Atlanta New Era had no "Southern News" last Monday. The mails failed to bring it the COURIER-JOURNAL.

A Mr. Salvo, of Columbus, has invented a guano distributor which can also be used for planting garden seed, corn and cotton.

New Orleans has only ten millions of the twenty millions of banking capital that is required for her commercial necessities.

The census shows that North Carolina has gained 80,005 inhabitants during the last ten years, and now has a population of 1,072,000.

An important reduction on the rate of freights on all East Tennessee products shipped to the cotton States has been obtained.

Many of the churches in Virginia have declined acceding to the request made of them to take up a collection in aid of the Lee monument on the ground that it is secular in its nature.

The State Superintendent of Schools in Louisiana has issued orders for the admixture of races in the public schools. "The result," says the Picayune, "will be their inevitable destruction."

At a meeting of the stockholders of the Salt Works and Coal mine Railroad Company, held at Lebanon, Va., on the 9th inst., W. A. Stuart, Esq., of Saltville, was elected President. The Chief Engineer estimates the total cost of the road at $1,700,000.

The Rio Grande Sentinel says that two Arabs, the last of the ill-starred expedition to Mexico, arrived in Brownsville. They speak French imperfectly, and have maintained their characteristics. They went out to a sand-bar in the river, and, facing toward the east, performed their devotions.

In the counties surrounding Alexandria, Va., a great many immigrants have lately purchased land, and are making wonderful improvements. The tide of immigration continues. Among the persons who have lately purchased land and settled in the vicinity are numbers from Pennsylvania, New York, England and Maryland.

A negro attempted to steal a march upon the North Carolina Legislature by purporting to be the member elect from Caswell, who had forgotten his credentials, or did not have them, owing to the absence of the sheriff, but who really had been refused by that officer. Objection being made to his swearing in, unless he presented his credentials, his qualifying was postponed indefinitely.

An Arkansas applicant for a teacher's certificate conjugates the verb "to do" as follows: Imperfect—I have done it. Plural—Weuns done it, youns done it, theyuns done it. Perfect—I gone done it, you gone done it, he gone done it. Plural—Weuns gone done it, youns gone done it. Future—I guine done it, you guine done it, he guine done it. Plural—Weuns guine done it, youns guine done it, theyuns guine done it. Future perfect—I done guine done it, you done guine done it, be done guine done it. Plural—Weuns done guine done it, youns done guine done it, theyuns done guine done it.

The annual meeting of the Orange, Alexandria and Manassas Railroad Company was held in Alexandria, Va., on Wednesday last. The report of President Barbour shows that the total receipts for the year ending September 30th, 1870, to be $939,697 99, and the expenditures for the same time $580,063 34, leaving a net revenue of $359,676 65. During the year the aggregate number of passengers transported over the road was 185,604, and of freight 121,111 tons. It is stated that not a single passenger has been injured, or life lost, from the commencement of the running of the road—a period of twenty years.

The Virginia folks are thus talked about by the Pittsburg Index: "Now, people are one thing, 'folks' are another, and Virginia produces 'folks.' You can find men and women everywhere, but hardly, except in Virginia, shall you see 'folks.' Genial, social, generous, careless, old fashioned, good-humored, quick-tempered, withal, a thought-lazy, abstracted, fond of theory, though less given, of late, to politics, prejudiced, obstinate, talkative, full of anecdote, logical in argument, often cranky in action, good haters, hearty lovers, impractical, seldom growing rich, but helping one another, and with bark ever worse than their bite; such are the 'folks' in Virginia."

Judge Underwood, of Virginia, delivered one of his characteristic charges to the grand jury of the United States Circuit Court at Richmond, last Thursday, in which he said that the professions of fair play toward the negroes in Virginia are not carried out in acts; on the contrary, he was continually hearing of their maltreatment in that State. At Norfolk recently he was present on the platform when Secretary Robeson delivered the best sermon on the dignity of labor he had ever heard. The irrepressible rebel element, however, was in the crowd, and pistol shots were fired, the object being, he believed, to kill Mr. Robeson, but wounding a man who had been raised on Mr. Robeson's farm and had come on the platform to see him. He hoped that the jury would strictly construe the enforcement act against all persons charged under it, "so that negroes might be respected, at least once a year in this State."

Mr. English, the keeper of the western pike toll-gate leading from Alexandria to Fairfax, in Alexandria county, Virginia, who was bitten last summer by a dog supposed to be suffering with hydrophobia, and upon whom that terrible disease was recently developed, died last Wednesday evening about six o'clock from exhaustion after the most intense suffering. The deceased was bitten in August last through the hand, and at the same time his wife and the children were also bitten by the dog, which was a pet in the house. Mrs. English and the children were bitten in portions of their persons under their clothing, and thus far they have shown no symptoms of the disease. The physicians therefore think it probable that the clothing through which the dog's teeth passed in these cases may have removed the poison, and preventing them from contracting the frightful disease. Mr. English died in the most terrible agony. In his lucid intervals, feeling the spasms coming on, he would notify all to leave him. The united efforts of four men were required to control him, and they were finally compelled to chain him to the floor.

Monetary and Commercial.

OFFICE OF THE LOUISVILLE COURIER-JOURNAL, SATURDAY EVENING, Dec. 3, 1870.

Money has been changing hands actively to-day, but the complaint is universal that it is almost impossible to get accommodation for paper. The rates of discount are 10 to 12 per cent. in bank and 15 to 18 on the street.

EXCHANGE—New York exchange is very dull. The banks buy at ⅛ to ¼ discount and sell at par.

There is an active demand for New Orleans exchange, but none of the banks have balances there to check against.

GOLD—Has been coming in freely, and the brokers have been bidding close to New York prices. The opening dispatch reported gold at 111 and it closed at 111⅛.

Messrs. Morton, Galt & Co., bankers, 150 West Main street, quote as follows:

	Buying.	Selling.
Gold	110⅝	111¼
Silver halves and quarters	106	
Silver dimes	103	

We bring forward our quotations:

1870.	Opening.	Highest.	Lowest.	Closing.
January	120⅞	123⅛	119⅝	121⅞
February	121⅞	121⅞	116	115¾
March	116	116⅞	111	112
April	111¾	115⅛	111	115
May	115⅛	115⅛	113	114⅞
June	114⅞	114⅞	110⅞	111⅞
July	112⅛	122⅛	111⅛	120⅞
August	120⅞	122	114⅞	117
September	116⅞	116⅞	112⅞	113⅞
October	114⅞	114⅞	111⅞	111⅞
Nov. 1	111⅞	111⅞	110⅞	111
2	111⅛	111⅛	110⅞	111
3	110⅞	110⅞	110	110⅞
4	110⅞	110⅞	110	110⅞
5	110⅞	110⅞	110⅞	110⅞
7	110⅞	110⅞	110⅞	110⅞
8	110⅞	110⅞	110⅞	110⅞
9	110⅞	110⅞	110⅞	110⅞
10	110⅞	110⅞	110⅞	110⅞
11	110⅞	110⅞	110⅞	110⅞
12	111⅛	111⅛	111	111
14	111⅛	112⅛	111⅛	111⅞
15	111⅞	112⅛	111⅞	112⅛
16	111⅞	112⅛	111⅞	112⅛
17	113	113⅛	112⅞	112⅞
18	112⅞	113⅛	112⅞	113⅛
19	112⅛	112⅛	112⅛	112⅛
21	111⅞	112⅛	111⅞	111⅞
22	111⅞	112	111⅞	111⅞
23	111⅞	111⅞	111⅞	111⅞
24				
25	112	112	111⅞	111⅞
26	111⅞	111⅞	111⅞	111⅞
28	111⅞	111⅞	111⅞	111⅞
29	111⅞	111⅞	111⅞	111⅞
30	111	111	110⅞	110⅞
Dec. 1	110⅞	110⅞	110⅞	111⅞
2	110⅞	111⅞	111	111⅞
3	111	111⅞	111	111⅞

We annex a monthly table of the fluctuations of gold for the previous eight years commencing with January, 1862, the date of the suspension of specie payments:

Date.	1862. Lowest.	1862. Highest.	1863. Lowest.	1863. Highest.
January	par to	105	134	160⅞
February	102⅞	104⅞	153	172⅞
March	101⅞	102⅞	139	171⅞
April	101⅞	102⅞	146	159
May	102⅞	104⅞	143⅞	155
June	103⅞	109⅞	140⅞	148⅞
July	109	120	123⅞	145
August	112⅞	116⅞	122⅞	129⅞
September	116⅞	124	127	143⅞
October	122	137	140⅞	156⅞
November	129	133⅞	143	154
December	130	134	147	152⅞

Date.	1864. Lowest.	1864. Highest.	1865. Lowest.	1865. Highest.	1866. Lowest.	1866. Highest.
January	151⅞	160	197⅞	234⅞	136⅞	144⅞
February	157⅞	161	196⅞	216⅞	135⅞	140⅞
March	159	169⅞	148⅞	201	125	136⅞
April	166⅞	187	144	160	125	129⅞
May	168	190	128⅞	145⅞	125⅞	141⅞
June	189	251	135⅞	147⅞	137⅞	167⅞
July	222	285	138	146⅞	147	155⅞
August	231⅞	262	148⅞	145⅞	146⅞	152⅞
September	185	255	142⅞	145	143⅞	147⅞
October	189	229	144	149	145⅞	154⅞
November	209	260	145⅞	148⅞	137⅞	148⅞
December	211	244	144⅞	146⅞	131⅞	141

	Highest. 1867.	Highest. 1868.	Highest. 1869.	Lowest. 1867.	Lowest. 1868.	Lowest. 1869.
January	137⅞	142⅞	136⅞	132	133⅞	134⅞
February	140⅞	144	136⅞	135⅞	139⅞	130⅞
March	140⅞	141⅞	132⅞	133⅞	137⅞	130⅞
April	141⅞	140⅞	134⅞	132⅞	137⅞	131⅞
May	138⅞	140⅞	144⅞	134⅞	138⅞	134⅞
June	138⅞	141⅞	139⅞	136⅞	139⅞	137
July	140⅞	145⅞	137⅞	138⅞	140⅞	134
August	142	150	136⅞	139⅞	143⅞	131⅞
Sep'b'r	146⅞	145⅞	162⅞	141	141⅞	128⅞
October	145⅞	140⅞	131⅞	140⅞	133⅞	128⅞
Novemb'r	141⅞	137	128⅞	137⅞	132⅞	121⅞
December	137⅞	136⅞	124	133	134⅞	119⅞

GOVERNMENT BONDS—Have been quiet to-day, and the prices are very little changed.

Coupons, '81	112⅞@113⅞
'62	108⅞@107⅞
'64	105⅞@106⅞
'65	105⅞@106⅞
new '65	108⅞@109⅞
'67	108⅞@109⅞
'68	108⅞@109⅞
10-40s	105⅞@106⅞
Currency 6s	109⅞@110⅞

The following table shows the course of Government bonds for the past three days:

	Thur.	Fri.	Sat.	Adv.	Dec
Coupons, '81	113⅞	113⅞	113⅞	..	⅞
'62	107⅞	107⅞	107⅞	..	⅞
'64	106⅞	106⅞	106⅞	..	⅞
'65	106⅞	106⅞	106⅞	..	⅞
'65 (new)	109⅞	109⅞	109⅞	..	⅞
'67	109⅞	109⅞	109⅞	..	⅞
Coupons '68	109⅞	109⅞	109⅞	..	⅞
10-40 coupons	106⅞	106⅞	106⅞	..	⅞
Cy 6s	110⅞	110⅞	110⅞	..	⅞

LOCAL STOCKS AND BONDS—Have been a little more active, but the sales were only in small lots. Grayson county and Muhlenberg county bonds are the favorites just now, and we note some inquiry for cheap city bonds, and the first mortgage Jeff. bonds are inquired for, but buyers will not come up to the prices asked.

Messrs. Morton, Galt & Co., bankers, furnish the following quotations:

STOCKS.

	Bid.	Asked.
National Bank, First	129	130
National Bank, Second	95	98
National Bank, Planters'	92	95
National Bank, City	96	97
Bank of Kentucky	97	98
Bank of Louisville	89	90
Merchants' Bank	113	115
Commercial Bank	75	76
Northern Bank	124	125
Citizens' Bank	111	113
People's Bank	94	95
Masonic Bank	102	104
Farmers' Bank	97	98
Security Bank	112	113
German Bank	110	111
West'n Finan'l Corporation Bank	88	90
Central Savings Bank	98	100
Falls City Tobacco Bank	95	96
Farmers' and Drovers' Bank	100	102
Financial and Manufact'ng Bank	98	100
Louisville Insurance Co. Bank	150	
German Insurance Co. Bank	135	155
Western Insurance Co. Bank	130	135
Jeff., Mad. and Ind. R. R. Co	28	32
Lou., Cin. and Lex. R. R., com'n	43	45
Lou., Cin. and Lex. R. R., pref'd	84	85
Louisville and Nashville R. R.	78⅞	79⅞
Gas Company stock		110

BONDS.

	Bid.	Asked.
City for improvements, 6 per c	72⅞	75
City for bounty, 6 per c	74	75
City for schools, 6 per c	75	76⅞
City for wharf, old, 6 per c	75	76
City for wharf, new, 6 per c	72	75
City for water-works, old, 6 per c	78⅞	80
City for water-works, new, 6 per c	75	76
City for L. & N. R. R., M. S., 6 per c	76	77
City for L. & N. R. R., L. B., 6 per c	74	75
City for E. & P. R. R., 7 per c	87	*88
City for old liabilities, 10 yrs, 7 per c	89	90
City for old liabilities, 3 yrs, 7 per c	92	95
City for school purposes, 7 per c	94	95
Water-works bonds, 7 per c	80	82
Canal bonds, first issue, 6 per c	98	99
Canal bonds, second issue, 6 per c	87⅞	88⅞
Canal bonds, third issue, 6 per c	80	81
Canal bonds, fourth issue, 6 per c	77	78
Kentucky State bonds, old, 6 per c	99	100
Kentucky State bonds, new, 6 per c	90	92
Ohio River Bridge Co., 7 per c	89	*90
L. & N. R. R. Co., old, 7 per c	92	95
L. & N. R. R. Co., new, 7 per c	88	*89⅞
L. C. & L. R. R., 1st mort., 7 per c	84	86
L. C. & L. R. R., 2d mort., 8 per c	84	*85
J. M. & I. R. R., 1st mort., 7 per c	79⅞	*80⅞
J. M. & I. R. R., 2d mort., 7 per c	72	75
E. & P. R. R., 1st mort., 8 per c	83	*85
Grayson county, 7 per c	72	74
Muhlenberg county, 7 per c	72	74
Lyon county, 7 per c	70	72⅞
Caldwell county, 7 per c	73	75
McCracken county, 7 per c	69	70
Shelby county, 8 per c		*90

RICH MEN.—Envy is a most despicable ingredient in any one's character. It is utterly inexcusable and indefensible. It is a moral upas, and when it grows rank it is destructive of every ennobling trait. It dwarfs to deformity the minds of those who cultivate it, and its fruits always embitter the relations of life, whether social, commercial or political. So far as it relates to rich men, the feeling of envy has been greatly promoted by that class of writers who have argued that there is a conflict between labor and capital; that a rich man is necessarily the enemy of the poor man, and that there is, somehow, a natural antagonism between the classes, and that it is a virtue to oppose a rich man. This idea carried out has been productive of discords which have been an element in labor strikes and industrial disorders all over the country. But, says the New York Journal of Commerce:

It is safe to rail against rich men. In the first place, they are in a small minority, and numbers are therefore on the other side. In the next place, the railers have a large sympathizing class of listeners among the envious who have tried hard to be rich at all hazards and failed. Many of these bitterly hate the successful who have reached the goal they missed. Again, the railers gain no little credit with the thoughtless and superficial for a fearless independence. The man who says a good word for a millionaire may be subsidized. If an editor, he is accused of hoping for a profitable advertisement; if a politician, for a cash supporter; if a clergyman, for a wealthy pew-holder; if a lawyer, for a rich client; if a doctor, for a wealthy patient. He must have an interested motive for speaking favorably of one "rolling in wealth." But if he denounces one or all of this class, what a sturdy integrity! what large-hearted sympathy for the poor! what unflinching devotion to truth at the expense of material interests! Thus, the blow that is aimed at rich men may secure a round of applause from the crowd. To our view, however, it is a cowardly stroke. We have never seen such an assault that appeared to us to be founded on reason or attachment to principle. The very tone of the attack always betrays the hatred or envy which prompts it. It is not an onslaught for the protection of the right, or the redress of wrong, or in defense of sound principles, but a war of retaliation or revenge for some slight, supposed injury or fancied neglect, or, at the very best, an assumed championship of poverty and deprivation for the sake of the title and its popular reward. There is one supposed defect in the character of the rich which the mass of people may honestly attribute to them: this is—a close hand and a selfish heart. The reason for this is easily given. Every man who is known or believed to be rich has appeals to his "benevolence" sufficient to absorb all his means in a very brief space of time. He must not only discriminate in favor of cases where disbursement is true charity, but he must choose even among these, since he must refuse a large part of the applications that have positive merit, or his purse would soon be emptied. Those which are declined, not because they are unworthy, but because the giver must select, or soon cease to have anything to give, lead the persons presenting them to question his liberality. Since nothing can be justly urged against the character of their application, and the multitude of these rejected appeals, in the case of a very wealthy man, make a large army of witnesses against him; and yet, in spite of these, it is probably true that many of the rich who are thus condemned give far more even, in proportion to their income, than the most vociferous of their detractors.

We have a few more words to say. Charity does not begin and end with alms-giving; and the claim for a kindly, considerate judgment of one's neighbor bears as strongly upon the man with an empty purse as upon the rich of whom he speaks so freely. Out of this fund all may give freely, since the more it flows forth the deeper it channels the heart of its possessor, until it becomes exhaustless. How is it about this form of charity? Who are the niggards here? O, hard, bitter, envious poor man, is there any lesson here for you?

IMPORTS AND EXPORTS.

for the last twenty-four hours, by the Frankfort Nashville, Jeffersonville, Ohio and Mississippi and New Albany rail roads, and by the river. Furnished by the Board of Trade:

Articles.	Imports.	Exports.
Apples, green, bbls	645	191
Bacon, tcs	21	40
Bacon, casks	48	391
Butter, pkgs	70	7
Bagging, pcs	213	420
Cotton, bales	1600	897
Cotton Yarn, bales	8	8
Coffee, bags	137	121
Cheese, bxs	906	597
Candles, bxs	150	376
Cement bbls	..	2 64
Cattle, head	25	133
Dried fruit, pkgs	73	85
Eggs, bxs and bbls	31	8
Flour, bbls	152	526
Feathers, sks	24	..
Hides, bbls	354	312
Hogs, head	839	..
Hay, bales	3.6	238
Horses, head	5	28
Iron, pig, tons	168	462
Lard, tcs	21	270
Lard, kegs	15	147
Malt, sacks	100	40
Mules, head	1	91
Mackerel, pkgs	..	153
Nails, kegs	344	218
Oil, bbls	22	27
Oats, bags	40	126
Pork, bbls	10	243
Potatoes, bbls	62	21
Sugar, hhds	25	62
Sugar, bxs	1	30
Seeds, bgs	258	5000
Shingles, no	..	23
Tobacco, hhds	36	147
Tobacco, boxes	39	419
Whisky, bbls	697	..
Wheat, sacks	573	..
Wool, sacks	40	..

Weekly Review of the Markets.

ALE—Is in fair demand and prices rule steady. We quote Louisville cream ale at $12 00 per bbl; stock ale at $13 00; bottle ale at $9 00; Louisville ale at $1 25 per dozen; porter at $13 00 per bbl.

APPLES—Prices have undergone scarcely any change during the week, and, with an ample supply, sales are made at from $2 50 for fair to $3 50 per bbl for choice qualities. Some common qualities are sold as low as $2 00 per bbl.

ALCOHOL—Prices have fluctuated very little during the week, and we quote at $1 85 per gal in bbl lots.

BROOMS—Stocks are ample and prices steady at $2@3 50 per dozen for common to the best Shaker brands.

BALING TWINE—Is steady, and dealers quote at 18@20c per pound, according to quantity.

BAGGING—A fair demand for the season is reported, and sales have been made during the week at 26⅞@28c for hemp and 28@29c for jute and flax bagging. We note sales of 150 pieces hemp bagging at 27⅞@28c.

BAGS—Are in light demand, but prices are quotably unchanged. Stocks of the various descriptions are ample. We quote:

2-bushel, seamless bags	38 @40
2⅞-bushel " "	45 @48
3-bushel " "	53 @55
4-bushel burlaps	20 @22
2-bushel do	17 @18
Gunnies, in bales	22 @22⅞
Gunnies, resewed	24 @25

BATTING—Stocks are ample with a moderate demand. We quote extra at 25c; No. 1 22c, and No. 2 batting at 20c per lb.

BROOM-CORN—Is in ample supply, and prices have a wide range. We quote at $55 for common to $100 per ton for the best qualities.

BUTTER—Is in good demand, and receipts of country butter during the week have been upon a more liberal scale, and prices are lower. We quote at 20@22c for common, to 25@28c for good to choice lots. W. R. butter is in fair supply, and sales are made at from 33 to 38c. New York tub butter is steady, with sales at 45c for choice.

BEANS—Receipts are more liberal and prices are steady. We quote prime navy at $2@2 25 per bushel on arrival.

BARK—Is in fair demand, but a large per cent. of receipts is of inferior quality. We quote at $60 to $100 per car-load at the depot for chestnut oak.

CEMENT—Is unchanged, with a fair demand. We quote at $1 75@2 per bbl.

COAL—Dealers report prices maintained with an ample supply and are selling Pittsburg at $4 25 per load of 25 bushels; Pomeroy at $3 75 per load, and Cannel at $5 50 per load for Honeywell and $5 for Peytona. Pittsburg coal is held at 13c in barges, cash; Cannel 15c; Pomeroy 10c per bushel.

COTTON YARNS, CARPET CHAIN, AND CANDLEWICK—Prices rule steady with ample stocks to meet the requirements of the market. We quote the range for southern and standard brands:

No. 500, per dozen, at	15	@16⅞c
" 600, " at	13	@14⅞c
" 700, " at	11	@12⅞c
Pound yarns	32	@33 c
Carpet chain	32	@33 c
Candle wick	32	@33 c

CANDLES—A fair trade is transacted in star and tallow candles, and prices have ruled steady. We quote full-weight star candles at 17@17⅞c; 12-oz at 12⅞@13⅞c, and 11-oz at 11⅞@12⅞c. Tallow candles at 12⅞@13c.

CHEESE—Is in good supply, with an active demand, and prices are fully maintained. We quote Ohio factory at 15⅞@16⅞c; Western Reserve at 14⅞@15c; English dairy at 15⅞@16c; Tom Thumb at 24@25c, and pineapple at 26@28c per pound.

CORN MEAL—There is a fair demand for bolted meal, with limited supply, and prices are steady at 70@75c per bushel loose. Kiln-dried is steady at $3 50@3 75 per bbl.

COOPERAGE—There is an active demand for pork-house and provision cooperage, and prices are firm. We quote:

Bourbon bbls. iron-hooped	$2 15
Highwine bbls. wood-hooped (16 hoops)	1 80
Oil bbls	1 85
Pork bbls	1 60
Lard tierces	1 65
Ham tierces	1 60
Bacon hhds	2 50
Queensware tierces	75
Flour bbls	40
Half whisky bbls, wood-hooped	1 35
" " iron-hooped	1 60
Whisky kegs, ten gallons	90
" " five gallons	70
Bbl poles, per 1,000	$18 00@24 00
Hhd poles, per 1,000	30 00
Staves, per 1,000	$18 00@20 00

COFFEE—The market has undergone scarcely any quotable change during the week, and the sales in round and jobbing lots have come fully up to the expectations of brokers and dealers. We quote:

Fancy	23 @23⅞
Choice Rio	22⅞@23
Prime Rio	22⅞@22⅞
Good Rio	20⅞@21⅞
Fair Rio	17⅞@19
Laguayra	22⅞@23
Java	28⅞@32
Ceylon	30

COTTON—The tendency of prices during the week has been to a lower range of quotations. Advices from Liverpool and New York have been unfavorable for holders, and European complications have had the effect to weaken the confidence of operators. We quote:

Middling	14⅞
Low middling	13⅞
Good ordinary	12⅞
Ordinary	11

CANNED GOODS—Prices rule steady, with a moderate demand, and we continue to quote:

Peaches, 2 lb	$2 75@3 00
Strawberries, 2 lb	3 00@3 25
Pine Apples	3 50@4 25
Cherries	4 25@4 50
Gooseberries	2 00
Pears	3 50
Plums	3 00
Brandy Peaches, glass, per doz	4 50@5 00
Brandy Cherries, glass, per doz	6 50@7 00
Tomatoes, per doz	1 75@2 00
Jellies, per doz	2 60@3 00
Preserves, assorted, per doz	4 00@4 50
Worcester Sauces, pts & hf-pts, per doz	3 00@6 00
Catsup, tomato, per doz	2 25@2 50
Catsup, walnut, per doz	4 25
Pie Fruit, assorted, per doz	4 00@4 50
Pickles, American	2 65@3 25
Pickles, English	4 25@4 50

CORDAGE—Stocks are ample, and include a full line of the various descriptions. We continue to quote:

Jute rope	14 @15 c
Cotton rope	35 @38 c
Manilla rope	21 @22 c
Sisal rope	20⅞@21⅞c
Tarred rope	18 @20 c

CRANBERRIES—The market is well supplied, and cultivated are selling at $15@16 per bbl, and wild at $10@11 per bbl.

CABBAGE—Are still in good demand, and we quote at $1@1 10 per bbl on arrival.

DRIED FRUIT—Is in fair request, and apples are selling at 3⅞@4c per lb as to quality on arrival. Peaches are in moderate supply. Half-peaches command 8⅞@9c per lb, and quarters 5⅞@6c per lb on arrival.

EGGS—Receipts have improved during the week and prices are a shade lower. We quote at 28@30c per dozen in lots on arrival.

FOREIGN FRUITS—Are in fair request and steady. We quote oranges at $12@13 per bbl; lemons at $9@10 per box; layer raisins $3 50@3 75 per box; Zante currants 14@15c per lb.

FISH—The market is well supplied with salt-fish and prices rule steady. We quote:

Mackerel, No. 1, medium and large	23 00@26 00
Do No. 2, large, bbl	16 50@17 50
Do No. 2, do hf bbl	8 50@9 00
Do No. 2, medium	14 50@15 50
Do No. 2, do half bbl	7 50@8 00
Do No. 3, large	13 50@14 00
Do No. 3, small	10 50@11 50
Do No. 3, do half bbl	5 10@5 50
Do No. 1, kits	2 75@3 00
Do No. 2, kits	1 75@1 85
Do No. 3, kits, large	1 40@1 70
White fish, half bbl, No. 1	8 25@
Do No. 2	7 75@
Do No. 3	5 50@7 00
Herring, bbls	8 50@9 00
Sardines	24@ 40
Oysters, 1 lb cans	1 50@1 65
do 2 lb cans	2 60@2 75

FIRE BRICK—Are in ample supply, and sales are made in jobbing lots at $25 per 1,000.

FLOUR—There has been a moderate shipping demand during the week, but the condition of the New York market has not warranted active speculative operations. A fair Southern demand has been reported, and the local trade since the first of the month has purchased liberally. Stocks are ample, and include a full line of grades. Sales to-day include 400 bbls assorted grades. We quote:

Fine	$4 25@4 50
Superfine	4 75@5 00
Extra	5 00@5 25
Extra family	5 50@5 75
A No. 1	6 00@6 50
Fancy	6 75@7 50
Rye flour	5 75

FLAXSEED—The market rules steady, and sales of prime seed are made on arrival at $1 75 per bushel.

FEATHERS—Are in fair request, and good to strictly prime lots command 68@70 cents per pound.

GAME—Receipts during the week have been liberal, and dealers have been able to obtain supplies at reduced figures. They have bought quails at $1 20 per dozen; squirrels at $1 20 per dozen, dressed; rabbits at $1 20 per dozen; grouse at $6 per doz; Mal ard ducks $4 25 per doz; common $2 40 per dozen; wild turkeys $1 each; geese 40c each; venison 10c per lb.

GINSENG—Is quiet, and we continue to quote at 55@60c per lb on arrival.

GRAIN—A fair degree of activity has prevailed in the wheat market during the week and dealers have reported fair receipts though the sales have been upon a limited scale. The New York market has fluctuated considerably, but this has not materially effected prices here and dealers are paying from $1 to $1 05 for Nos. 1 and 2 red on arrival and from $1 10 to $1 20 for white wheat. Considerable quantities of damaged wheat from Southern Kentucky have been received and command from 50 to 85c per bushel.

There has been a pretty active local demand for ear corn during the week for feeding purposes, consequent upon the large number of hogs at the stock yards and in packers' pens. Sales have been made from wagons at 50@55c per bu. Aside from the demand for feed there is scarcely anything doing in corn. The demand for distilling purposes is too limited to attract attention, and, considering prices in New Orleans and New York, it is difficult to see, unless a material advance occurs, how prices at points of production should rule above 30@35c per bu.

There is an ample supply of oats in this market with a very limited demand. Prices, however, rule steady and dealers continue to pay 35 to 38c per bush in bulk on arrival. Sales are made from store in bulk at 43@45c and at 50c sacks included.

Very little is doing in rye and quotations are entirely nominal. Receipts are light and sales are reported on arrival at 65 to 75c per bush, and at 80 to 85c from store.

Barley is quiet, with a limited demand, and dealers quote at 80@85c on arrival for spring and fall, and 90c@$1 10 per bushel from store.

There is a fair demand for malt, and prices rule steady. We quote fall malt at $1 15@1 25, Nos. 1 and 2 spring at 90c@$1 10, Canada at $1@1 15, rye malt at $1@1 10, and corn malt at $1 per bushel.

HAY—The market has ruled very steady during the week, and receipts have been about sufficient to meet the wants of the local and shipping trade. Prime timothy commands on the wharf $17@17 50 per ton, and sales are made from store and delivered on cars at $19@20 per ton.

HIDES—Receipts during the week have been upon a liberal scale. Dry flint and dry-salted have ruled steady, but green-salted have declined slightly. We quote dry flint at 19c, dry-salted at 17@18c, and green-salted at 9@10c per pound.

HOMINY—Prices are steady. Sales are made at $4 75@5 per bbl, and grits at $6@6 25 per bbl.

HOGS—The most important feature of business affairs during the past week has been the hog market. The receipts by river and rail foot up 42,9x5 head, against 31,700 head for the week previous, and the killing at all the packing houses to 41,912 head. Prices have ruled a fraction lower than prevailed last week, the range being from $6 to $6 50 for good to the best averages offering, and the outside figures have purchased extra heavy hogs. It is very difficult to arrive at any very satisfactory conclusion with regard to the future of the market. With the losses sustained by last year's operations in full view, packers are disposed to exercise continued caution and prudence in their operations. They cannot afford to repeat last season's experience. The general impression is that the hog-crop is large. This opinion is based upon what seems to be reliable data, which we have given in previous issues of the COURIER-JOURNAL. The future of prices is sheer guess-work, but there are some facts being developed which indicate very clearly a lower range of values for all commodities, among which the policy of Mr. Boutwell is likely to be potential. If the Secretary of the Treasury can so manage his financial schemes as to bring gold to par, or very nearly so—and this is said to be his intention—it is evident that the direct influence must be to reduce prices, and the hog product will bear its proportionate share. But, with all these facts and surmises, the hog slaughtering business throughout the West has not attained the proportion that was anticipated. Farmers seem unwilling to make concessions, and, it is evident, are selling sparingly. It is further stated that the country packing will be conducted upon a much larger scale than usual from the fact that current prices do not remunerate farmers for fattening their hogs. The COURIER-JOURNAL has no disposition to mislead any one. If farmers think they can better subserve their interests by holding back their stock, or by slaughtering it themselves, it is neither our province nor our wish to dissuade them from their purpose in this regard. But, taking an impartial survey of the field before us, we confess that we are unable to see high prices for any of the leading commodities, and we are confident that those who accept of moderate profits for their goods are likely to in the end to make more money than those who hold for something to turn up. The killing to-day amounted to 10,543 head, making the total up to this evening 113,344 head, against 111,495 head at a corresponding date December, 1869. Prices to-day range from $6 to $6 50 gross, and there were at the close 7,067 head in packers' pens. We subjoin the following exhibit of operations:

	Houses that have killed.	Killed to-day	Total killing	Remaining in pens
Duncan, Floyd & Co	1,500		11,034	1,050
Owsley & Co	1,276		16,500	300
O. W. Thomas & Co	1,400		15,645	....
Fred. Leib	1,400		14,229	1,000
Hughes, Goslee & Co.	500		12,899	1,000
Hamilton Bros	1,000		10,700	500
A. Shoeffel & Co	750		7,772	500
Wm. Jarvis & Co	663		6,054	1,267
Thos. J. Martin & Co.	1,011		6,539	500
M'Mahon, Goodloe & Co	350		4,389	500
Middleton & Letterle	693		1,592	....
	10,543		113,344	7,067

HOPS—The market is quiet, and we quote at 12@18c per lb as to quality.

IRON COTTON TIES—Are quotably unchanged with a fair demand and ample stocks. We quote at 5⅞@6⅞c per lb.

IRON AND STEEL—Prices rule firm, and a good seasonable trade is reported. We quote:

Bar, lb, S C	@3⅞	Steel—	
Bar, lb C C	@4⅞	Cast, per lb	20@25
Hoop, coopers	5⅞@6	Amer'n blister	11@12
Sheet	5⅞@6 6⅞	German	12@15
Boiler	8 @ 9	Stl. plow slabs	10
Nail rod	9 @9⅞	Iron plow w'gs	6⅞
Castings	4 @ 5⅞	Steel do	10@12
Pulleys	8 @ 9	Iron plow slabs	6

LEATHER—The market is unchanged in every respect, and prices rule firm. We continue to quote:

Oak sole tan	40@41	French calf pr dz	$40@80
Hemlock sole	30@33	Phil'a calf pr dz	45@55
Buffalo slaut	34@36	Hog skins	13@16
Harness	38@40	Eng. hog skins each	5@12
Skirting	42		
Kip-skin city lb	70@1 25	Calf seatings per doz	54@60
Calf city	1 25@1 35		
Bridles per doz	$54@72	Enam'd leather per foot	24@28c
Upper per doz	42@54		

LIME—Is in fair demand, and we quote at $1@1 10 per bbl.

LUMBER—Stocks are ample and prices rule steady, dealers making no changes as compared with last week's quotations. We quote:

Wh. pine lum. clear 1 inch, per M	$55 00@60 00
do 1¼ and 2 inches	50 00
do Second rate, 1 inch	50 00
do 1¼ and 2 inch	50 00
do Third rate	38 00
Common pine lumber	20 00
Fencing	20 00
Hemlock lumber	17 00@19 00
Poplar	22 50@30 00
Flooring, clear and 2d rate, per M	50 00
do Third rate	37 50
do Common	30 00
Hemlock flooring	30 00
Siding and weather-boarding, third rate, rough, per M	25 00
Third rate, dressed, per M	30 00
Shingles, 18-inch No. 1 pine, per M	6 50
do 16-inch pine, per M	5 00
do 16-inch poplar, per M	3 50@4 00

LEAD AND SHOT—Are steady, with a good demand. We quote bar lead at 9@9⅞c; shot at $2 50 per bag, and buckshot at $2 75.

MANUFACTURED TOBACCO—The market rules steady, and prices are fully maintained. Stocks are ample and include a full line of all the popular brands. We quote:

Va. extra lbs and fancy styles	$1 00	@1 15
Va. fine bright, lbs and twist	90	@1 00
Va. medium bright, lbs and twist	75	@ 85
Va. common, lbs and ⅞ lbs	63	@ 65
Va. fine, ⅞ lbs and 14's	68	@ 75
Va. fine light-pressed, 9-inch	80	@ 90
Va. extra 5s and pancake	1 00	@1 15
Ky. and Mo. bright, ⅞'s and 14's	65	@ 68
Ky. black sweet, 10s and ⅞s	63	@ 65
Ky. navy, lbs and ⅞ lbs, best	70	@ 75
Ky. navy, lbs and ⅞ lbs, medium	63	@ 65

MOLASSES AND SIRUPS—Dealers report liberal receipts of New Orleans molasses, which have sold readily at 73@80c per gallon in round and jobbing lots. Sirups are in ample supply, and sales are made at 60c@$1 25 per gallon.

NUTS—Prices rule steady, with a fair demand. Chestnuts command $4 50@5 per bushel; almonds at 26@27c, filberts at 16@18c, Brazil nuts at 14@17c, pecans at 12@15c, and walnuts at 14@20c.

NAILS—Dealers report ample stocks, and have not revised quotations. We quote:

10d at $4 10@4 25	6d at $4 90@5 10
40d at $4 10@4 25	4d at $5 15@5 40
8d at $4 65@4 40	3d at $5 90@6 15

Cut spikes are held at $4 50@4 75 per keg; wrought spikes at $6 25@6 50 for 5-16 and $7 25@7 50 for ⅞-inch. Horse-shoe nails at 20@30c per lb, as to quality. Mule shoes 7@8c.

NAVAL STORES—Are in fair demand and prices rule steady. We continue to quote:

Oakum, per bale	$4 50@6 00
Tar, per bbl	4 50@5 00
Rosin, per bbl	2 50@4 50
Pitch, per bbl	5 00@5 50

OFFAL—Is in good local and shipping demand, and the market is well supplied. We quote:

Bran, per ton	$16 50@17 50
Shorts, per ton	20 00@21 00
Ship stuff, per ton	23 00@25 00
Middlings, per ton	28 00@30 00

OILS—Stocks are ample and prices are quotably unchanged. We quote:

Linseed oil	92 @ 98	Gassaline	20 @25
Lard oil	1 15 @1 20	Bank oil	60 @
Lard oil, No. 2	1 05 @1 10	Straits oil	66 @
Coal oil	25 @ 26	Lubricating	30 @45
Benzine	15		

PAINTS AND COLORS—We have no change to note in prices, which are the same as reported last week. We continue our quotations:

PAINTS.

White lead, pure, at	11⅞@12
White lead No. 2	8 @11

COLORS.

English red lead	14⅞c per lb.
American red lead	11c "
English orange mineral	15⅞c "
English Venetian red	3⅞c "
French Rochelle ochre	4⅞c "
Paris white	4c "

PROVISIONS—The market has ruled steady during the week and dealers are well supplied with stocks of bulk meats, lard and pork. We note sales to-day of 70 casks clear rib sides at 10⅞@11⅞c; 60 do shoulders at 7⅞@7⅞c; 50 do clear sides at 10⅞@11c; 40,000 pounds shoulders, loose, at 6⅞c. We note sales of 2,000 lbs shoulders from block at 6c; 2,000 do clear rib sides at 9c from block. We quote rib sides from block at 8⅞c, and clear sides at 9⅞c. Mess pork is steady at $19@20, with sales of 50 bbls at $19. Lard is steady, with sales of 100 tierces prime leaf at 12c, and 200 do steam at private terms.

PIG IRON—Is in good supply, and prices are steady at previous quotations. We continue to quote:

Hanging Rock, No. 1 foundry, charcoal, per ton	$37 00@38 00
Hanging Rock No. 2, charcoal	34 50@36 00
Hanging Rock, mill	34 00@35 00
Western stone-coal, No. 1	35 00@38 00
Western stone-coal, No. 2	34 00@35 00
Western stone-coal, mill	33 00@34 00
St. Louis stone-coal, No. 1	35 00@38 00
St. Louis stone-coal, No. 2	34 00@35 00
St. Louis stone-coal, mill	33 00@34 00
Tennessee No. 1, foundry	35 00@36 00
Tennessee No. 2, foundry	34 00@35 00
Tennessee, mill	34 00@34 50
Alabama charcoal, No. 1 foundry	38 00@40 00
Cold-blast charcoal, car-wheel, Hecla	60 00@
Cold-blast, Red river	57 00@60 00
Cold-blast, Tennessee	48 00@50 00

POWDER—Prices are unchanged, and we continue to quote rifle powder at $6@6 50 per keg, and blasting at $4@4 50.

PEANUTS—Are quiet, and sales are made at 6⅞@7c for good to strictly prime lots.

POULTRY—The market is well supplied with chickens, and sales are made at from $2 50 to 4 00 per doz; dressed turkeys command 10 to 12c on arrival, and 12⅞@15c from store; geese are selling at 50@60c each on arrival.

POTATOES—The market rules firm and dealers are selling at $2 75@3 per bbl, from store, packed.

RICE—There is a fair demand and stocks are ample. We quote South Carolina, Louisiana and Rangoon, new, at 7⅞ to 9c per lb.

STARCH—Prices rule steady and sales are made in round and jobbing lots at 5⅞ to 6⅞c per lb.

SALT—Is in good demand, and agents have not revised quotations. We continue to quote:

Large barrels at	$2 65
Small	2 50
Small dairy	3 00
Table salt, small barrels	3 50@3 75

SEEDS—There is a fair demand for red clover seed, and we quote at $6 50@6 75 per bushel; sapling clover is held at $9 per bushel.

SUGARS—Receipts of New Orleans sugar have been liberal during the week, and sales have been made at 11 to 12c in hhd lots, and from 11⅞ to 14c in bbl lots.

REFINED SUGARS—Are in ample supply, and dealers report prices firm at previous quotations. We quote:

Hard standard, crushed and granulated	14⅞@14⅞
A's	13⅞@14
B's	13⅞@13⅞
Extra C	13⅞@13⅞
C's	13 @13⅞
C. Yellow	12 @13⅞
Molasses sugar	9⅞@10⅞

ISLAND SUGARS—Stocks are ample and prices are quotably unchanged. We quote:

Demerara	12⅞@13⅞
Porto Rico	11 @12⅞
Cuba	11 @12

TALLOW AND GREASE—Are in fair demand and prices are steady. We quote tallow at 8@9c per lb, and grease at 6⅞@7c per lb on arrival.

TEAS—Are in ample supply and quotations are unchanged. We continue to quote:

Gunpowder, extra to choice	$1 55@1 85
Japan, natural leaf, fine to choice	1 00@1 25
Oolong, fair to good	75@1 40
Oolong, good to prime	1 00@1 30
Oolong, prime to choice	1 35@1 60

TIN PLATE—The market rules firm at quotations which have prevailed for several weeks. Stocks are ample and a good demand is reported. We quote:

I. C. 10x14 charcoal, per box	$12 50
I. X. 10x14 charcoal, per box	15 50

TINNERS' STOCK—Prices rule firm with a fair demand. We quote:

Block tin, per lb	48c
Lead, per lb	9⅞c
Solder, per lb	30c

VINEGAR—We have no change to note in prices. Cider vinegar is selling at $7@8 per bbl; crab vinegar at $9@10, and pure vinegar at $11@12.

WOOL—Receipts are unimportant and prices are nominally unchanged; unwashed commands from 28@32c and tub-washed from 45@50c per pound.

WRAPPING PAPER—Is steady and dealers are selling at 90c, 67⅞c and 45c for the three standard sizes.

WOODEN WARE—Is in ample supply and prices are unchanged. We quote:

Tubs, No. 1, per doz	$10 50@
" 2, "	9 @ 9 50
" 3, "	8 @ 8 50
Painted B'kts "	2 35@ 2 35
Cedar iron b'd "	5 50@ 6 50
Do. brass b'd "	8 @10 50
Churns, No. 1, "	10 50@
" 2, "	9 50@
" 3, "	8 50@
Assorted	9 50@
Wash-boards	2 40@ 2 50
Seives	1 75@ 2 50

WINDOW GLASS—Dealers report full stocks, and rates are made at the following card rates, 40 per cent. off to the trade. We quote:

6x8 to 8x10	$4 25	8x11 to 10x13	4 75
8x14 to 10x15	5 00	11x14 to 12x18	5 50
14x16 to 16x24	6 50	18x22 to 18x30	7 50
20x28 to 24x30	8 00	26x34 to 26x40	9 50
28x38 to 28x44	10 50	28x45 to 30x38	12 00
26x28 to 24x36			50

WHISKY—There has been a moderate demand for highwines during the week and prices have ranged from 82 to 85c, tax paid; the market closes steady at 83@84c, tax paid, per gallon. Copper whisky is too irregular for quotation. Stocks are ample with a moderate demand.

Louisville Retail Market.

There has been little change in any of the articles included in the following list except beef, which is selling at an advance compared with last week's quotations. The market is well supplied with seasonable vegetables and fruits. Lake fish is a fraction higher. Butter and eggs rule about the same.

Meats—

Beef—rib roast, per lb	15 @17⅞c
Beef—sirloin steak, per lb	17⅞c
Fresh mutton, per lb	8 @10 c
Fresh lamb, per lb	10 @12⅞c
Fresh veal, per lb	15 @17⅞c
Fresh pork, per lb	12⅞@15 c
Corned beef, per lb	8 @10 c
Ham, per lb	25 @30 c
Pickled Pork, per lb	20 c
Dried beef, per lb	25 @28 c
Breakfast bacon, per lb	20 c
Sausages	12⅞@15 c
Poultry—spring chickens, per dozen	$3 50@4 50
Chickens, each,	30@ 40

Fish—

Lake fish, per lb	8 @10c
River fish, per lb	10c

Fruits—

Apples, per half peck	20c
Lemons, per doz	80@90c
Grapes, per lb	20c

Vegetables—

Sweet Potatoes, per measure	10c
Potatoes, per half peck	10@15c
Turnips, per quart	5c
Carrots, per bunch	2⅞c
Beets, per bunch	5c
Cabbages, per head	5@10c
Onions, per quart	10c
Green peppers, per hf peck	10c

Butter, &c.—

Honey, per lb	30@35c
Choice yellow roll, per lb	45@50c
Choice yellow solid packed, per lb	45@50c
Ordinary to good do., per lb	25@30c
Cheese, per lb	17⅞@20c
Eggs, fresh, per doz	33@35c
Wood—Beech, per cord	$5@5 50

Louisville Dry Goods Market.

The market during the week has exhibited no new features, and prices, with scarcely an exception, are unchanged. The trade has been of limited importance, and chiefly on orders for the various styles of winter goods. Stocks are ample.

BROWN SHEETINGS AND SHIRTINGS.		Arnolds	9
Cannelton	12	Hamiltons	11
G't Western	11⅞	Lancaster	11
Anchor	11⅞	Richmonds	11
Penn Mills	11⅞	Wamsutta	7⅞
Laurel Hill	11⅞	Gloucester	11
		TICKINGS.	
Macon	11⅞	Conestoga, m'd	22
Tallassee	11⅞	do extra	36
Kennedale	11⅞	Everett	30
Eastern standards		Falls City	25
Osnaburgs, 7-8	13⅞@15⅞	do A	28
do 4-4	17@20	do AA	32⅞
Pepperell E. fine	12⅞	do AAA	37⅞
do R	12⅞	Minnehaha	35
do O	11⅞	STRIPES.	
do N	10⅞	Amoskeags	22
BLEACHED.		Albany	11
Blackstone	14	American	14⅞
Hope	14	Jewett City	14⅞
Langdon, 36 inch	15	BROWN DRILLS.	
do 34 inch	15	Starr A	14
Lonsdale	16	Pepperell	15
Wamsutta	21@21⅞	Laconia	16⅞
N. Y. Mills	22⅞	Winthrop	13⅞
Pepperell 6-4	30	DENIMS.	
do 7-4	35	Ogden A brown	18
do 9-4	45	Albany blue	18
do 10-4	50	Amoskeag	27
WORSTED BRAIDS.		GINGHAMS.	
Common colors	60	Glasgow	15
High colors	70	Lancaster	17
CANTON FLANNEL.		Hartford	14
Hamilton brown	22	Scotch	22⅞@27⅞
Amoskeag	20	CORSET JEANS.	
CAMBRICS.		Bates	14
Paper	12	Pepperell	14⅞
Glazed	7 @10	Amoskeag	15
PRINTS.		do sateen	16
Allens	11	SPOOL COTTON.	
Amoskeag	10	Clark's 6-cord	80
Cocheco	11	Coats'	80
Dunnels A	11	Stafford Bros	50
Lon. mourning	11	Brooks	80
Merrimac D	11	Green & Daniels	40@45
do W	12	Stewart's	40
do chintz	12	J. & P. Coats	80
Pacific	11	Hadley	50
Spragues fancy	11	Willimantic, 6 cd	75
do frock	11⅞	do enameled	80
Bedford	7⅞	JEANS.	
American	11	Kentucky	40@65
Dunnels fancy	11	Eastern	20@75
Garners	10⅞		

Louisville Drug Market.

Prices of goods in this department are fluctuating very little, and a good seasonable trade is reported. Alcohol is a shade lower; with this exception, we produce last week's figures. We quote:

Alcohol	$1 90	@ 2 00
Alum	4	@ 5
Calomel, lb	1 75	@ 1 80
Camphor, lb	75	@ 80
Cochineal, lb	1 05	@ 1 15
Chloroform, lb	1 25	@ 1 30
Copperas, bbls, lb	1⅞	@ 2
Copperas, less than bbls	2	@ 3
Cream Tartar, pure	42	@ 45
Gum Opium, lb	10 50	@11 00
Indigo, lb	1 25	@ 1 40
Licorice, Calab., lb	50	@ 45
Magnesia, carb., 2 oz., lb (Jennings)	40	@ 45
Morphine, P. & W., oz	7 60	@ 7 75
Madder, lb	16	@ 18
Oil, Castor, No. 1, gal	2 10	@ 2 20
Oil, Sweet, gal	1 35	@ 1 50
Oil, Olive, gal	2 25	@ 2 50
Oil, sperm, gallon	2 40	@ 2 60
Oil, tanners', gallon	1 05	@ 1 15
Oil, bergamot, pound	9 00	@ 9 25
Oil, cassia, pound	4 00	@ 4 25
Oil, lemon, pound	3 60	@ 3 90
Quinine, P. & W., ounce	2 55	@ 2 60
Rosin, bbl	4 50	@ 5 00
Soap, castile, Fr	18	@ 22
Soda, bicarb, Newcastle, casks, lb	6⅞	@ 7
Soda, bicarb, American, casks, lb	6	@ 6⅞
Soda, sal, pound	3	@ 3⅞
Soda, ash, pound	4⅞	@ 5
Salts, epsom, pound	4	@ 5
Snuff, maccaboy, pound	80	@ 85
Snuff, Garrett's pack, gross	15 25	@15 50
Snuff, Garrett's, per case of 4 doz	16 25	@16 50
Sulphur, roll, pound	5	@ 6
Saltpeter, commercial, pound	11	@ 12
Saltpeter, pure, pound	16	@ 18
Turpentine, bbls, gallon	55	@ 58
Turpentine, cans, gallon	60	@ 65
Venetian red, English, bbls, lb	4	@ 4⅞
Venetian red, English, kegs, lb	5	@ 6

Louisville Leaf Tobacco Market.

The market during the past week has been fairly active, and the offerings have been light consequent upon the paucity of receipts. All desirable grades have met with ready sale at prices which have been fully up to the expectation of factors. The following is an exhibit of the sales for the week and for the current tobacco year:

Warehouses.	Sales for the week.	Sales for the year.
Pickett House	72	341
Louisville House	57	327
Ninth-street House	72	397
Farmers' House	24	177
Boone House	50	181
Planters' House	6	67
Hhds	281	1440

The following is an exhibit of transactions of the six auction warehouses for the month of November:

Warehouses.	Hhds off'd.	Hhds rej'd.	Hhds sold.	Amount.
Pickett	334	14	320	$30,614 87
Louisville	290	77	213	28,185 69
Ninth-street	275	25	250	27,180 94
Farmers'	169	30	139	14,895 03
Boone	156	9	147	15,204 70
Planters'	67	4	63	7,110 53
	1,291	159	1,132	$123,191 81

The sales to-day amounted to 41 hhds. and the following is a detailed account of grades and prices:

The PICKETT HOUSE sold 17 hhds: 7 hhds Breckinridge county leaf at $12 75, 11, 10, 9 40, 9 20, 9 10, 8; 1 hhd Hart county new leaf at $10; 3 hhds Ballard county leaf at $9, 8 60, 8; 1 hhd Todd county new leaf at $6 70; 1 hhd Tennessee new leaf at $8 30; 2 hhds Henry county new lugs at $5 10, 5 05; 1 hhd Henry county old lugs at $5; 1 hhd Indiana new leaf at $6.

The LOUISVILLE HOUSE sold 3 hhds: 2 hhds Indiana leaf at $8 70 and 7 65; 1 hhd Grayson county frozen at $5 65.

The NINTH-STREET HOUSE sold 9 hhds Simpson county leaf at $6 20 to 8 30.

The BOONE HOUSE sold 6 hhds: 3 hhds common to good lugs at $7, 6 50, and 6 70; 3 hhds leaf at 10 25, 8, and 7 50.

Louisville Live Stock Market.

REPORTED BY SOUTHERN STOCK YARD COMPANY.
LOUISVILLE, Dec. 2, 1870.

CATTLE—The market for cattle during the past week, ending to-day, has not been so good as a few days back. We quote at from 3 to 4c for common to good, and for the best grades of butcher stuff 4⅞ to 5⅞c. But few selling.

HOGS—Receipts some heavier than last week's receipts. Sales to-day of 3,737 head, leaving only about 600 head in pens unsold. All the packers were on the market, and bought freely, prices ruling about as they were quoted yesterday, excepting some few extra hogs, which sold at a little advance. Light hogs sold to-day at from $5 80 to $6 20; heavy, $6 30 to $6 45; a few extra hogs at $6 50.

RECEIPTS FOR THE PAST WEEK.

Cattle	284
Hogs	17,506
Consigned to pork-houses	4,800
Horses and mules	198
Sheep	175
Total	22,963

BOURBON HOUSE STOCK YARD—VISSMAN, DOWNING & CO., PROPRIETORS.

CATTLE—The market during the past week has been well supplied, and there has been a slight decline on all grades, as the receipts were largely in excess of the demand. There were too many common and inferior cattle on the market for the season. It is well-known to traders that now is the busy packing season, when nearly ten thousand hogs are slaughtered daily, and from them a large amount of the offal is sold in markets and other places, and all classes are the purchasers, so that the beef market is always dull and but little is used compared with other seasons of the year. We do not expect to see but little change until the packing season closes. We now give grades and prices: Fair shippers sell from $5 75 to $6 50, when they are in good flesh and weigh from 1,300 to 1,500 lbs; oxen that are fat, $4 50 to $5 50; good choice butchers' stuff, such as fat cows, heifers, and poky steers, weighing from 800 to 1,000 lbs, sell at $5@5 50, second quality at $4@4 50, common at $3@3 50, and tailings at any price that can be got for them, say $2@2 50; fresh milkers sell, as to quality, from $25 to $75.

SHEEP—The market has been fair. We quote mixed lots at $3@3, and heavy at $4@4 50 per 100 lbs gross.

HOGS—The receipts have been large, and the market may be regarded as active, as all are sold from day to day. The slaughtering houses are all now in full operation, and some 10,000 are slaughtered daily. The warm weather seriously affects the market, and there is fully 25c difference in a day on account of the weather. There have been received at our pens the last twenty-four hours 5,465 head, all of which have been disposed of. What hogs have been received so far are of most excellent quality, being large and heavy. We quote light half fatted at $5 75@6, and heavy at $6 10@6 50. The bulk of sales range at $6 30@6 40 per 100 lbs gross.

HORSES AND MULES—Continue to arrive every day on their way South. Market reported dull and well supplied. Total

RECEIPTS FOR THE WEEK.

Cattle	890
Sheep	16,537
Hogs	700
Horses and Mules	115
Total	18,152

New York Live Stock Market.

NEW YORK, Dec. 3.—Beeves count up 1,500 head for to-day, making 7,450 head for the week. The market is slow and prices are scarcely so good, the best 150 head of Kentucky, 7⅞ cwt, selling at 13⅞@15⅞c; some Canadas, 11 cwt, at 11⅞c, 55 lbs per cwt; 100 head Cherokees, 4⅞ cwt, at 8⅞c. Stale poultry are still in the way. Sheep number 4,500 head for to-day and 26,750 head for the week; the market is heavy at unchanged rates; a car of 72 lbs Indiana selling at 5⅞c; 3 cars of 97 lbs at 5⅞c; 2 cars of Ohio 65 lbs at 4c; a car of 69 lbs at 4⅞c. Hogs foot up 2,800 head for to-day, completing 37,300 head for the week; the market is firm at 7@7⅞c for live; 3 cars of Ohio, 200 lbs, selling at 7c, and 2 cars Michigan, 222 lbs, at 7⅞c. Freights on all live stock will be advanced next Monday.

ALBANY, N. Y., Dec. 3.—Six thousand head of good beeves, composed almost exclusively of Illinois, Kentucky and Ohio cattle, reached here this week. The market opened dull at ⅞c per pound lower, and all sales effected have been at this reduction. The weather is dry and beautiful, which enables dealers to show their stock to the best advantage. The following sales of Illinois steers have been made: B. Coons, ten head, averaging fourteen hundred and fifty lbs, at 8⅞c per lb; Eastman, two cars of 1,250 lbs, at 7⅞c, two do averaging 1,050 lbs, at 6⅞c; Robbins, 50 head, averaging 1,225 lbs, at 7c, also 20 head, averaging 1,600 lbs, at 8⅞c; Rosenthal, 36 head, averaging 1,225 lbs, at 6⅞c, 40 do, averaging 1,500 lbs each, at 7⅞c, and 40 do, averaging 1,000 lbs, at 5⅞c per lb. Coons sold 20 head of pick'd Ohios, averaging 1,500 lbs, at $9 20 per hundred weight, the highest price obtained; Dewey, 20 head do, averaging 1,450 lbs, at 8⅞c, also 200 head of oxen, averaging 1,550 lbs, at 8⅞c; Hough, 20 do, averaging 1,200 pounds, 6⅞c; Rosenthal, 40 ditto, average 1,400 pounds, at 7⅞c; also, 50 ditto, average 1,275 pounds, at 6⅞c; Rankin, 30 head rough Western steers, average 900 pounds, at 4⅞c; Winchell, 70 head Kentucky steers, average 1,350 pounds, at 7⅞c; Thompson, one car Missouri cows and young stock, average 950 pounds, at 6c; Brownell, 25 Michigan, average 1,000 pounds, at 5⅞c; King, 50 Missouri steers, average 1,200 pounds, at 4⅞c. Milch cows are in light receipt and dull of sale; extra fine animals readily bring $100, and poorer ones range down to $40, or about their value as beef at 6@7c per pound.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—This market sympathizes with beeves and is fully ⅞c per lb lower. Canton sold 1,000 head western, averaging 75 lbs, at 4⅞c; 400 Canadas, averaging 126 lbs at 6⅞c. Dillenbeck sold 200 Michigan, averaging 70 lbs, at 4c, also 200 head Michigan, averaging 80 lbs, at 5c. Receipts—12,000.

HOGS—Receipts 15,000. Market very dull, only 3,000 head changing hands at figures ranging from 6⅞ to 7⅞c per lb, and balance going through in first hands. Smith sold 200 Michigan, averaging 250 lbs, at 6⅞c, also 400 Illinois, averaging 300 lbs, at 7⅞c. Sales are slow, the hog yards seeming about deserted.

New York Stock and Money Market.

NEW YORK, Dec. 3—P. M.

Business in Wall street, in all departments, was scarcely ever so dull as now. The gold market is strong but not active; opening at 111, advancing to 111⅞, and closing at 111. The carrying rates were 1@2 per cent per annum.

The gold clearances to-day, at the Gold Exchange, were $50,000,000.

Government bonds are steady and unchanged.

The stock market is active and stronger, except on Rock Island.

State securities are dull.

The bank statement is unfavorable, as will appear in the following exhibit. The loss is nearly $180,000 in the legal-tender reserve.

BANK STATEMENT.

Loans, increase	$1,655,027
Specie, decrease	1,114,551
Circulation, decrease	115,291
Deposits, increase	576,246
Legal-Tenders, decrease	568,900

Great interest is manifested in the forthcoming Message of the President and the report of the Secretary of the Treasury. The only point of interest in the former to financial men is the Alabama question.

The money market was active and stronger at one time during the day, and the rate on call loans was 7 per cent to stock brokers, but toward the close the market became easier and money could be had at 6 per cent.

Sterling exchange, bankers' bills, 109⅞.

GOVERNMENT BONDS.

Coupons of '81	113⅞@
Coupons of '62	107⅞@
Coupons of '64	106⅞@
Coupons of '65	106⅞@
Do new	109⅞@
Coupons of '67	109⅞@
Coupons of '68	109⅞@
Ten-forties	106⅞@
Currency 6's	110⅞@

STOCKS.

Western U. Tel	44⅞	Do preferred	90
Quicksilver	4	Rock Island	111⅞
Mariposa	5	N. Jersey Cen't	104
Do preferred	9	St. Paul	58
Adams Express	64⅞	Do preferred	81⅞
Wells & Fargo	31	Tol. & Wabash	51⅞
American Ex	46	Do preferred	73⅞
U. S. Express	44	Fort Wayne	94⅞
Pacific Mail	42⅞	Terre Haute	31⅞
N. Y. Cent'l, con	91⅞	Do preferred	62
N. Y. Cent'l, sc'p	85⅞	Chi. & Alton	115
Erie	22⅞	Do preferred	117
Erie preferred	47⅞	Ohio & Mis'sippi	31⅞
Harlem	131⅞	C. C. and C.	89⅞
Do preferred	132⅞	Burlington	151
Reading	101⅞	Lake Shore	92⅞
Mich. Central	120⅞	C. C. & I. C.	16
Pittsburg	105	Illinois Central	135
Northwestern	81		

MARKETS BY TELEGRAPH.

NEW YORK, Dec. 3.—Cotton, the market is dull and prices are a shade lower; middling uplands 15⅞c. Flour, the demand is fair and market firm; receipts 22,000 barrels; superfine winter $5@5 25; extra Western $5 95; good to choice $6@6 35; common extra $6 35@6 65; extra Ohio $6 35; St. Louis $6@8 25. Rye flour $4@5 50. Cornmeal is unchanged. Whisky, the demand is fair and market firm at 90⅞c. Wheat, the demand is fair and prices are unchanged; receipts 257,000 bushels; mixed $1 32; spring $1 38@1 37⅞; red Western $1 36@1 40; white Michigan $1 50. Rye is quiet and unchanged in every respect. Barley, the demand is dull and prices are nominal: State 80@93c, and Canada West $1 08. Barley malt is quiet. Corn, the market is dull and prices are a shade lower; receipts 44,000 bushels; new mixed 71@76c. Oats are in fair demand but at lower rates; Western 61@62c; and Ohio 62@64c. Hops are unchanged. Leather, steady; hemlock sole 26@31c; California 27@28⅞c. Wool is quiet; domestic fleece 42@52⅞c; unwashed 34@37c; pulled 36@48c; Texas 18@30c; California 20@33c. Hay is unchanged. Hops are unchanged. Coffee is quiet and unchanged in every respect; Rio 13⅞@16⅞c. Java 20⅞@22⅞c. Sugar, Cuba 9⅞@10⅞c, and Porto Rico 10@10⅞c. Molasses, New Orleans 58@75c; Petroleum, crude 12@13⅞c and refined 23⅞@23⅞c. Provisions are steady; old mess pork 22 50; new mess pork $19@19 25; prime mess $18@18 50; new do $20@20 50; extra December and January $20@20 50. Beef, plain mess $13 25@15; extra mess $15@17; beef hams, smoked, $29@31; prime mess $25@28; India mess $30@32; beef hams, in pickle, $21@26; shoulders 9@9⅞c; clear middles 11⅞c. Lard in fair demand, steady; 12⅞@13⅞c. Butter is unchanged. Cheese is firm at 12@16⅞c.

Latest—5 p. m.—Flour, the demand is good at full prices; extra shipping grades $5 75@6. Wheat, the demand is fair and holders are anxious to sell; new spring $1 35@1 37; red amber $1 42@1 45. Rye is quiet and unchanged in every respect. Oats are unchanged. Corn, the market is dull and prices are drooping at 69@74c. Pork, the market is dull and prices are nominal for mess. Lard, the market unsettled, new 75⅞@75c. Corn is dull and prices are nominal at 69@74c; mess pork, the demand is fair and market firm; seller February $20 50. Beef is steady. Cut meats are unchanged. Bacon is firm. Lard, the market is strong at 13@13⅞c; seller December 13c. Eggs, 32@35c for fresh and 23@25c for limed.

Metals—Nails are scarce and firm; cut 4⅞@4⅞c, clinch 5⅞@6c and horse shoe 22@35c.

DRY GOODS—Plain and colored cottons are slow of sale. Standard and extra standard brown sheetings 12⅞c; Atlantic A 13c; Massachusetts B B 11@11⅞c; do 40 inch 15⅞c; Medford 11⅞c; Lawrence F 11c; Sago Pepperell sheetings 25c; 9-4 do 39c; 10-4 do 34c; 11-4 do 39@42⅞c; Ellerton Canton, brown 15⅞c and bleached 16⅞c; Glasgow ginghams 14⅞c; Hartford 14⅞c; brown denims 14⅞@17⅞c; Amoskeag special cotton 80c; Bright's tapestry carpets $1 10 per yard.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 3.—Cotton, the market is dull and prices are unchanged: middling 14⅞@15c. Flour, the demand is light but holders are firm; family $5 50@5 60. Wheat, the demand is fair and prices have advanced; red $1 16@1 18. Corn, the market is steady with a moderate demand; ear 50@55c; shelled 55c. Rye is quiet and unchanged in every respect. Barley is steady with a moderate demand. Groceries, the demand is good at full prices. Linseed oil is dull and prices are drooping at 85c. Lard oil, the demand is light but holders are firm at $1 05@1 12. Eggs are dull and prices drooping at 27@28c. Butter, the demand is fair and market firm for the best grades at 36@38c; other grades are dull. Cheese, the demand is fair and market firm at 14@15⅞c. Cloverseed, the demand is fair and prices have advanced to $10 25@10 50. Timothy seed is quiet and unchanged in every respect. Flaxseed is quiet and unchanged in every respect. Mess pork, the demand is light but holders are firm at $19@19 25. Lard, the demand is good at full prices for steam to fill New York contracts, but there is not much offering; future delivery 11⅞c and cash 11⅞c; kettle rendered, the demand is light but holders are firm at 12c. Bulk meats, the demand is light and prices are unsettled; holders are asking 7c, 10c and 11⅞c for shoulders, clear rib and clear sides loose. Bacon, there is only a limited jobbing demand at 12c, 16c and 15c for shoulders, clear rib and clear sides packed. Hogs, the demand is good at full prices, $6 40@6 60 gross and $7 80@7 90 net; receipts 7,880 head. Whisky is in fair demand and prices have advanced to 83@84c. Gold 111. Exchange at par. Green hogs, 6c, 8⅞c, 10c and 11c, the latter rates for light hams.

CHICAGO, Dec. 3.—Flour, extra spring is quiet and firmer at $4 50@5 50. Wheat, No 2 spring is fairly active but prices are unsettled; sales at $1 05@1 05⅞ cash and $1 05⅞@1 05⅞ for seller the last half of the month; this afternoon the market was dull for seller the last half of the month at $1 05@1 05⅞; cash nominal at $1 04⅞. Corn, the market is a shade lower at 50⅞@51c for old No 2; this afternoon sales of old No 2 at 50c and new at 43c. Oats, the demand is fair but at lower rates; No 2 38c. Rye, the market is steady with a moderate demand; No 2 68@69c. Barley, the demand is fair and market firm; No 2 78⅞c. Highwines are steady at 83⅞c for iron bound and 85c for wooden-bound cooperage. Mess pork $18 75 cash, and $18 50@18 62⅞ for future delivery. Hogs, dressed are steady at $7@7 50, dividing on 200 lbs; live hogs are firmer and higher at $6 25@6 75; number packed to date 168,500 head. Cattle are quiet and unchanged in every respect at $3 75@6 80. Receipts for the past 24 hours: 7,000 bbls of flour, 88,000 bushels wheat, 18,000 bushels corn, 23,600 bushels oats, 3,000 bushels rye, 5,000 bushels barley, 8,000 head hogs, 985 head cattle. Shipments for the past 24 hours: 4,000 barrels flour, 1,000 bushels wheat, 14,000 bushels corn, 2,000 bushels oats, rye none, 2,000 bushels barley, 3,000 head hogs, 1,000 head cattle.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 3.—Cotton, the market is dull and prices are nominal. Flour, the market is dull and prices are unchanged. Wheat, an advance is asked but none has been established: small sales of inspected No 2 red winter at $1 28; sample lots $1 25@1 28. Corn, the market is better: mixed in bulk 43@46c; yellow 48@49c. Oats, the market is dull and prices are drooping at 43@45c. Barley, the market is dull; No 2 88c. Rye, there was nothing done. Highwines are firm at 86c. Tobacco is unchanged. Hemp and bagging are unchanged. Provisions are firm; mess pork $19 25@19 50; sales of 1,000 bbls of mess, seller the month, at $19. Bulk meats, shoulders 7⅞@8c, clear rib 10⅞@11c and clear sides 11@11⅞c. Bacon, clear sides are easier at 15⅞@16c. Lard is jobbing at 12⅞c. Hogs, prices are stiffer at $6@6 50. Cattle are unchanged. Receipts for the past 24 hours: 4,550 bbls flour, 26,000 bushels wheat, 7,400 bushels corn, 7,200 bushels oats, 1,700 bushels barley, 365 head hogs.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 3.—Flour, the market is dull and prices are nominal; family $5 75@6 25; choice Ohio $7 25. Wheat, there is only a limited jobbing demand; Indiana red $1 40; amber $1 45@1 46. Rye 93c. Corn is quiet and weak; yellow 83c; new 72@80c. Oats, the demand is good at full prices, 54@56c. Coffee, the demand is good at full prices; Rio 15⅞@18⅞c gold. Provisions, prices are drooping; mess pork $22 50. Lard 12⅞c. Petroleum, crude 15⅞c, and refined 22⅞@24⅞c. Whisky 90c.

MEMPHIS, Dec. 3.—Cotton, the market is dull and prices have declined; middling 14c; receipts for the past day 3,830 bales; shipments for the same time 2,331 bales. Flour, the demand is light and prices have declined; superfine $4 75. Corn, the demand is good at full prices, 67@70c. Oats are scarce and firm. Bran is active at $22@23. Mess pork is dull and nominal. Lard is dull at 13⅞@14c. Bulk shoulders are dull at 8c; sides 11⅞c.

BALTIMORE, Dec. 3.—Flour, the demand is fair and market firm; family $6 75@8 25; extra $5 75@6 50. Wheat, the market is dull and prices are nominal; Ohio and Indiana $1 35@1 38. Corn, the demand is good at full prices; white 72@78c; yellow 73@78c. Oats 50c. Rye 75@85c. Provisions are dull and prices nominal; mess pork $22 50. Bacon, clear rib sides 16c; shoulders 12c; hams 18@20c. Whisky 89@90c.

NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 3.—Cotton is dull and prices are unchanged; middling uplands 14⅞c. Corn, the market is dull and unchanged; white 80c. Bacon, shoulders are higher at 14c. Sugar, prime 9⅞@9⅞c. Molasses, prime 55@57c. Other articles are unchanged. Sterling exchange, bankers' bills, 120⅞; sight grafts on New York ⅞ discount. Gold 111.

NASHVILLE, Dec. 3.—Cotton is dull; low middling 13⅞c. Bulk meats, clear sides 11⅞c; clear rib sides 11⅞c. Rump pork $15 per bbl. Lard 13⅞c. Corn 70c. Oats 60c. Wheat $1@1 15.

Cotton Statement.

SAVANNAH, Dec. 3.—Cotton, the demand is light but holders are firm; middling 14⅞@15c; sales 2,000 bales; receipts for the past day 3,355 bales; stock on hand 78,585 bales.

MOBILE, Dec. 3.—Cotton is quiet; middling 14⅞c; sales of 1,500 bales.

GALVESTON, Dec. 3.—Cotton, good ordinary 13c; sales of 400 bales; receipts for the past day 595 bales; shipments for the past 24 hours 45 bales; stock on hand 31,445 bales.

CHARLESTON, Dec. 3.—Cotton is dull and prices have declined; middling 14⅞c; sales of 400 bales; receipts for the past day 2,775 bales; shipments for the past 24 hours 3,355 bales.

River and Weather.

LOUISVILLE, Dec. 5.

THE RIVER continues to rise slowly, having risen 3 inches in the 24 hours ending at 6 p. m. yesterday. Now in the pass down the Indian chute, 43 inches. The weather was quite warm, with strong indications of rain. The city wharf was a place of considerable resort yesterday. Hundreds were there examining the many beautiful steamers that are rapidly approaching completion.

Kentucky Dental Association.

THE Kentucky State Dental Association meets in this city, in called convention, on the 28th inst. The session is expected to be an important one, and will probably continue several days. Arrangements have been made with several hotels whereby delegates will be taken care of at reduced rates.

☞ Sardis, the primeval city of Asia Minor, says the Pall Mall Gazette, is to be called into life again. Supposed to have been founded by the Phoenicians, and to have been alluded to by Homer, it is historically known as the capital and residence first of the Lydian Kings, later of the Persian satraps. Being burned down successively by the Kimmerians, the Greeks, Antiochus the Great, and half destroyed by an earthquake under Tiberius, it was always rebuilt again, until at last, probably since the days of Tamerlane, it ceased to be anything but a vast field of ruins; the remains of a theater, a stadium, and a triple wall with towers among them, were left as a memory of the royal city, which also boasted of having been one of the first Christian communities. It seems that a railway, in the course of construction between Smyrna and Kassaba, is about to touch this field of ruins, and a Prussian savant now on a casual tour in those parts has taken steps to secure a methodical exploration of the whole *chemin faisant.*

☞ The English Government has refused to adopt any form of the mitrailleuse for use in the British army.

LOCAL NOTICES.

Golladay's Drawings.

J. R. Golladay's 42d monthly drawing will take place December 26th. Capital prize, a house and lot in Bowling Green, $2,000; square grand piano, $1,000; and 498 other prizes, consisting of greenbacks, gold, stock, sewing-machines, furniture, gold and silver watches, fine paintings and a splendid collection of fine books for the Christmas holidays. Tickets $1, 6 for $5, for sale by W. S. Glore, Louisville, and other agents throughout the State. Orders by mail or express should be addressed to J. R. Golladay, Bowling Green, Kentucky. Statements of drawing and prizes drawn will be forwarded promptly.

Rare Chance for a Printer.

A most desirable and profitable position for a good and reliable printer can be secured by addressing a party in Jefferson, Texas, whose advertisement, giving particulars, may be found in another column.

A Question in Many Homes.

The fine times when we could live on the fat of the land have gone by, perhaps never to return. Of late, the question how to obtain the largest amount of wholesome, palatable nourishment at the lowest possible price, has been earnestly discussed in thousands of American homes. The introduction of Sea Moss Farine as a national food staple, solves that problem. From no other article under the sun can the same amount of delicious fare be obtained for the same cost. The custards, Charlottes, jellies, puddings, &c., made from it are "fit for Juno when she banquets;" and as a clarifier for refining cider and other fermented potables, it has no equal. The Sea Moss Farine Co., who own the patent for the article, have their central depot at 53 Park Place, New York, and within twelve months they have established a business of immense magnitude and importance.

Mrs. Whitcomb's Syrup for Soothing Children.

Many sleepless nights of painful watchings to the anxious mother might be avoided by using this valuable preparation.

To Cure a Cough, Cold, or Sore Throat, use BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.

☞ See advertisement of Dr. Butts' Dispensary, headed "Book for the Million—Marriage Guide," in another column. It should be read by all. au9 d&wly

MARRIED.

ARMSTRONG—McDOUGALL—On the 24th inst., by the Rev. John S. Hays, Mr. THOMAS L. ARMSTRONG, of Mercer county, Ky., and Miss ANNA C., daughter of the late Lachlan McDougall.

MAGRUDER—SHEADER—On the 29th of November, by Rev. E. W. Sehon, D. D., in Oldham county, Ky., at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. B. F. MAGRUDER and Miss AGNES R. SHEADER.

McCANN—BLANKS—By Rev. E. W. Sehon, on Thursday, Dec. 1, 1870, Mr. W. C. McCANN, of Nashville, to Miss KATE V. BLANKS, of this city.

TANDY—LOCKWOOD—MOORE—LOCKWOOD—In the Christian church at Eminence, Ky., by Henry F. and James W. Tandy, on the 30th ult., Mr. HENRY T. TANDY to Miss FANNIE R. LOCKWOOD, and Mr. JOHN P. MOORE to Miss HALLIE LOCKWOOD, all of Eminence, Ky.

BULER—McEWEN—On the 1st inst., by Rev. J. McKendree Reiley, D. D., Mr. JOHN A. BULER, of the city of Strasburg, Lancaster county, Pa., and Miss ANNIE McEWEN, of Milesburg, Center co., Pa.

POSTON—WINTERSMITH—On the 23d ultimo, in Elizabethtown, at the residence of Robert L. Wintersmith, Sr., father of the bride, by the Rev. Parke P. Flournoy, JAMES C. POSTON and Miss MOLLIE WINTERSMITH.

PARMELE—COURTNEY—In this city, Nov. 29, by the Rev. Isaac Gibson, THOMAS D. PARMELE and ALICE COURTNEY.

McDOUGALL—WELLS—At the Methodist Church in Jeffersontown, Ky., Nov. 29, 1870, by Rev. J. P. Goodson, Mr. JACKSON McDOUGALL, of this city, to Miss JENNIE WELLS, of Jeffersontown, Ky.

HART—BROWN—On the 1st, at the residence of Capt. E. Lockhart, by Rev. Dr. Rivers, Mr. S. J. HART and Miss JOSIE BROWN, all of this city.

TANNER—MANN—On the 1st day of December, 1870, at the residence of the bride's father, Eli Mann, Esq., by Rev. Geo. W. Smith, Mr. JAMES C. TANNER, of Boone county, to Miss NANNIE J. MANN, of Grant county.

DIED.

DUNN—In New Orleans, Nov. 23, of yellow fever, THOMAS DUNN, aged 25 years and 4 months, formerly of this city.

THROCKMORTON—At Owensboro, Ky., Nov. 28, 1870, ARIS THROCKMORTON, eldest son of Collin and Vine W. Throckmorton.

CAVINS—Near Lagrange, Ky., on the 28th inst., Mr. ROBERT CAVINS, aged 75 years.

SCHARDEIN—At 1⅞ o'clock on Monday night, 28th inst., CHAS. F., son of John and Margret Schardein. Born July 2, 1850. Age 20 years, 4 months, and 8 days.

JETER—On the 29th, J. O. JETER, of consumption, in the 65th year of his age, at his late residence, on Twelfth street, between Market and Jefferson streets.

FISHBACK—In this city, on Tuesday morning, Nov. 29, 1870, at 1 o'clock of congestion of the lungs, Mr. WM. M. FISHBACK, aged 59 years.

KAUFMAN—In this city, on the 29th inst., of disease of the heart, Mrs. MARY KAUFMAN, wife of Mr. John Kaufman, in the 60th year of her age.

SHARRARD—In Henderson, Ky., on the 25th inst., of organic disease of the heart, A. J. SHARRARD, second son of Jas. S. Sharrard, of this city, in the 32d year of his age.

ATKINSON—At 7⅞ o'clock Wednesday morning, Mrs. ANNE ATKINSON.

REDDING—On Friday night, at 12 o'clock, of heart disease, WM. REDDING, of Pittsburg, Pa., in the 67th year of his age.

HARPER—On Sunday, December 4th 1870, HATTIE EMMA, infant daughter of Charles H. and Anna J. Harper, aged 7 months.

SCOTT—In St. Louis, on the 2d inst., ROBERT SCOTT, infant son of Robert and Nelly Scott, of Bloomfield, Ky.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MAGIC LANTERN FOR $1.

GREAT Holiday sensation, with 50 different views of comical and entertaining subjects. Constructed of the best material, with strong lens and beautiful views. Beautify your homes, and instruct your family with one of these miniature panoramas. Our min. and are sold by us at $1. Sent to any part of the country free, by mail, complete in a case, on receipt of price, $1. Address W. GODFREY & CO., 52 John street, N. Y. de7 w4

PSYCHOMANCY.—Any lady or gentleman can make $1,000 a month, secure their own happiness and independence by reading Psychomancy, Fascination, or Soul Charming, 400 pages, cloth. Full instructions to use this power over men or animals at will, how to Mesmerize, become Trance or Writing Mediums, Divination, Spiritualism, Alchemy, Philosophy of Omens and Dreams, Brigham Young's Harem, Guide to Marriage, all contained in this book; 100,000 sold. Price, by mail, cloth binding, $1 25, paper covers $1 00.

NOTICE—Any person willing to act as agent will receive a sample copy of the Book, Free. As no capital is required, all desirous of genteel employment should send for the work, enclosing 10 cents for postage, to T. W. EVANS & CO., 41 south Eighth street, Philadelphia, Pa. de7 weow7

$650 per Month. The best-selling book ever published. AGENTS who sell our new work, **PLAIN HOME TALK AND MEDICAL COMMON SENSE,** have no competition. There never was a book published like it. Any body can sell it. Every body wants it. Many agents are making from $500 to $650 per month selling this wonderful book. 24 page descriptive circular sent free on application. We want good live agents; men who can appreciate the merits of the work, and the fact that it meets a universal want. Agents who desire to do good as well as make money, address WELLS & COFFIN, 432 Broome street, N. Y. de7 w4&de10 Sat

VOICE—You can increase the tone, intensity, flexibility and beauty of your voice to a wonderful degree, by using Winslow's Magnetic Lozenges. They produce a most delightful sensation when taken, making one social, vivacious, and cheerful. By mail, $1 a package. Address C. N. Winslow, Box 433, Chicago, Ill. de7 w3*

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—FOR CITY PROPERTY—I will sell or exchange for good city property my Larue-county farm, containing 1,650 acres of land of a very superior quality, 750 acres of which are cleared, 600 acres creek bottom and well improved and in a good state of cultivation, well adapted to the growth of corn, wheat, rye, and grass and to the rearing of stock. The land lies a half mile from Hodgenville, the county seat of Larue county, 9 miles from the Louisville and Nashville railroad—is surrounded by good land owned and occupied by an intelligent, moral, and thrifty community. Nolin creek runs through and divides it into two nearly equal parts, and affords an abundant, never-failing supply of excellent stock water. It is well supplied with timber, and this and the water are so situated that the tract may be advantageously divided into several small farms. The buildings on the farm consist of a substantial and comfortable two-story brick house containing 7 rooms and kitchen, meat-house, servants'-houses, and 3 tenement-houses suitable for laborers and their families, all brick, two large barns, corn-cribs, wheat-houses, and ice-house. The stock, crop, and farming implements will be sold with the farm if desired. Possession given when desired. Apply to S. B. THOMAS, Elizabethtown, or HANCOCK, JOHNSON & CO., Agents for the sale of Kentucky and Southern Lands, Louisville. no12 d&wtf

PSYCHOMANCY, Fascination, or Soul Charming. 400 pages cloth. Full instructions to use this power over men or animals at will, how to mesmerize, become trance or writing mediums, Divination, Spiritualism, Alchemy, Philosophy of Omens and Dreams, Brigham Young's Harem, Guide to Marriage, &c., all contained in this book. 100,000 sold. Can be obtained by sending address with 10 cts. postage to T. W. EVANS & CO., 41 South 8th st., Philadelphia, Pa. se28 weow9

TAKEN UP—COW—On the 23d of June, about 7⅞ miles from Louisville, on the Taylorsville pike, one blue cow, white face; no flesh-mark; giving milk. The owner can get the same by calling on or addressing A. KENNEDY, Brunerstown, Ky., proving property, and paying charges. no30 w4*

YOUNG MEN and others suffering from the miseries of early error, causing debility, &c., for a SURE means of cure, address E. HILTON, Cincinnati, O. no30 w3*

$5,000 given to any respectable person who will adopt a fine healthy child, 5 months old. Send 25 cents for photograph of child and full particulars. A. FEEDER, Attorney, 397 Fulton st., Brooklyn, N. Y. no23 w4

ASTONISHING—By sending 25c, age, color of eyes and hair, you will receive a true picture of your future husband or wife, with name, place of meeting, and exact date of marriage. Also the Secret of Success, how to get Rich, &c., free. Address Box 98, Elsie, Mich. no16 w4

WATCH FREE—GIVEN GRATIS to every live man who will act as agent in a new, light and honorable business paying $30 a day sure. No gift enterprise. No humbug. No money wanted in advance. Address R. Monroe Kennedy & Co., Pittsburg, Pa. no22 d1m&w4

A VALUABLE GIFT—DR. S. S. FITCH'S "DOMESTIC FAMILY PHYSICIAN;" 80 pages—describes all Diseases and their Remedies. Sent by mail free. Address DR. S. S. FITCH, 714 Broadway, New York. au3 wly

$250 a Month, with Stencil and Key-Check Dies. Don't fail to secure Circular and Samples, free. Address S. M. SPENCER, Brattleboro, Vt. se14 w3m

$15 A DAY made by our agents. Send stamp for circulars or call on MOORE & CO., No. 111 Third st., Louisville, Ky. de3 d&wlm*

10 GALLONS WHISKY for $1. Instructions 25c. Address BIRD, Port Deposit, Md. au22 d&wtf

BARKEEPER'S GUIDE to mix drinks. Send 10c to BIRD, Port Deposit, Md. au22 d&wtf

L. D. SINE'S GIFT ENTERPRISES! The only Reliable Gift Distributions in the Country.

L. D. SINE'S GIFT ENTERPRISE

ESTABLISHED IN 1854.

THREE GRAND CAPITAL PRIZES!

One Cash Prize............$10,000 in Gold!
One Cash Prize............$10,000 in Silver!
One Cash Prize............$10,000 in Greenbacks!

L. D. SINE'S

17TH GRAND ANNUAL DISTRIBUTION

Of Christmas and New Year's Gifts!

Single Tickets, $2; 6 Tickets, $10; 12 Tickets, $20; 25 Tickets, $40.

Agents Wanted to Sell Tickets, to whom Liberal Premiums will be paid.

A circular containing a complete List of Prizes and a description of the manner of drawing, will be sent to any one ordering it. All letters must be addressed

L. D. SINE, Box 86, Cincinnati, O.

$[illegible],000 Worth of VALUABLE PRIZES To be distributed January 2nd, 1871.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Habitual Constipation.

HOW TO EFFECT A CERTAIN AND PERMANENT CURE.

Some occupations of life predispose to Costiveness, especially those which allow but little exercise. Persons who contract this unfortunate habit of body under such circumstances might possibly be relieved by changing their sedentary employments for others of a more active kind; but this is by no means certain. Habitual constipation is a very obstinate disorder. All the ordinary so-called remedies invariably aggravate it. Nothing can be more injurious than the continued use of strong aperients. They at first irritate, and finally almost paralyze the bowels, rendering them so torpid that enormous doses of cathartic medicines have no effect upon them. A mild aperient, combined with a gentle stimulant, is the true remedy; and a combination in the happiest proportion of these ingredients is found in Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. This famous Stomachic invigorates the whole intestinal canal, while quietly removing from its convolutions all impediments to a free passage through them. No more purgative has this double operation. No ordinary stimulant effects the desired object. Cases of Constipation abandoned as hopeless by distinguished medical men have been cured in a few weeks by the Bitters. To those who have tried all the medicines of the dispensary in vain we say try this irresistible stimulant and aperient. There is no sufficient reason why constipation should be the consequence of sedentary habits. Hostetter's Bitters, by supplying the vigor which would otherwise be derived from exercise, will in all cases enable the system to perform its excretory functions regularly and healthfully. de3 eod3&w1

STRENGTH TO THE BLOOD.

Without a certain proportion of iron, the blood loses its strength and purity. Blood enters every organ through the circulation, distributing the nutritive principle to every texture and the source of every secretion; hence the importance of keeping it duly enriched. If it has become weak, the entire system will be weak, and the danger of incurring disease imminent; in short, good blood makes us healthy—bad blood makes us sick. Here we are admonished of the superior advantages of Mishler's Herb Bitters. The iron in these bitters is readily absorbed into the circulation, and a strong and vigorous constitution created. The circulation is regulated by them, and if any organ be weaker than the rest, the deposits which cause boils, carbuncles, tumors, lumps, &c., are checked and removed, and a healthy tone imparted to the entire system. It always cures, and never fails to prevent disease arising from impure blood. de7 wl

Scrofula Cured by Brandreth's Pills.

Brandreth's Pills penetrate the whole mass of blood, causing the expulsion of impurities. The body feels relieved from a single dose. What then may be expected from twenty? By continuing their use the blood in time becomes purified and the body reconstructed from good material and a new lease of life secured.

SING SING, March 25, 1868.

MY DEAR SIR: My daughter Alice, thirteen years old, has been completely cured of that horrible disease Scrofula, which for years rendered life a torment. After all medicines and many physicians had been tried and failed, I commenced giving her your pills. She took them almost every day for three months, constantly improving. She has now entirely recovered.

Yours truly, DANIEL LUTHER.
HON. B. BRANDRETH. no29 eod&weolm

THE CONFESSIONS OF AN INVALID

Published for the benefit of YOUNG MEN who suffer from Nervous Debility, etc.; also a GUIDANCE for the nervous of bodies; supplying the means of self-cure. Written by one who cured himself, and sent free on receiving a post-paid directed envelope. Address NATHANIEL MAYFAIR, Brooklyn, N. Y. no26 eodlm&w4

VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE For 1871.

THE FIRST EDITION OF ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND copies of Vick's Illustrated Catalogue of Seeds and Floral Guide, is published and ready to send out—100 pages, and an engraving of almost every desirable flower and vegetable. It is elegantly printed on fine tinted paper, illustrated with three hundred fine wood engravings and two beautiful

COLORED PLATES.

The most beautiful and the most instructive Floral Guide published. A GERMAN EDITION published, in all other respects similar to the English.

Sent free to all my customers of 1870, as rapidly as possible, without application. Sent to all others who order them for Ten Cents, which is not half the cost. Address JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y. de5 dl&w3

NEW STYLES, REDUCED PRICES.

MASON & HAMLIN CABINET ORGANS

For Parlors, Drawing rooms, Libraries, Churches, Sunday-schools, Lodges, &c.

The most popular and widely used of large musical instruments. Elegant as furniture, suitable for secular and sacred music; not requiring tuning, or liable to get out of order.

Fifty Styles, at $50, $65, $100, $125, $150, $160, $175, $200 to $1,500 each.

☞ The Mason & Hamlin Organs are the acknowledged Standards of Excellence among instruments of the class, having been awarded

75 MEDALS

or other highest premiums, for demonstrated superiority, in Europe and America, including the first-class medal at the

PARIS EXPOSITION.

NEARLY 1,000 MUSICIANS,

including a majority of the most eminent in America, and many in Europe, have given written opinions that they

Excel All Others.

(See Testimonial Circular, sent free.)

New Styles and Reduced Prices this month. An Illustrated Catalogue with elegant illustrations from photographs and full information, sent free. Address MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN CO., 596 Broadway, New York, or 154 Tremont street, Boston. no29 deod5m&w6m

TO PRINTERS.

THE proprietor of an old, well-established, and lucrative journal in the South wishes to relieve himself of all the trouble connected with the publishing, delivering and mailing of his papers. In other words, the entire internal control of the newspaper department of his office. The proprietor furnishes the office building, printing office, a complete, convenient establishment, stationery, telegrams, etc. The publisher, everything else, including fuel, lights, etc., has the paper delivered to the town subscribers, and mails all the papers. The weekly paper is a twelve page quarto; that is, an eight page paper and a supplement of four pages. Size of eight page sheet, 32x44. Worked on a power press. The daily is half the size of main sheet of weekly; or 22x32. Circulation of weekly about 2,500; daily about 450. Good board can be obtained for $25 per month. The work required to be done in good style, and with punctuality. The best references required for ability, sobriety and integrity. The proprietor himself refers to Courier-Journal. The party whose offer is accepted will receive notice by telegraph. Address R. W L., Jefferson, Texas. de7 w2

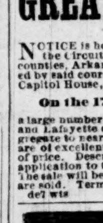
GREAT LAND SALE.

NOTICE is hereby given that, as Commissioner of the Circuit Courts of Crittenden and Lafayette counties, Arkansas, and by virtue of decrees rendered by said courts, I will sell, at the door of the State Capitol House, in the city of Little Rock, Arkansas,

On the 17th day of January, 1871,

a large number of tracts of land, situated in Sevier and Lafayette counties, Ark., amounting in the aggregate to nearly or quite 60,000 acres. These lands are of excellent quality, and will be sold regardless of price. Descriptive lists will be forwarded upon application to the undersigned at Memphis, Tenn. The sale will be continued from day to day until all are sold. Terms of sale, cash in hand.

de7 wts O. P. LYLES, Commissioner.



$500 REWARD is offered by the proprietor of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy for a case of Catarrh which he can not cure. Sold by druggists or sent by mail for 60 cents. A pamphlet on Catarrh free. Address, Dr. R. V. Pierce, 305 Main St. Buffalo, N. Y.

A BOOK FOR THE MILLION.

MARRIAGE GUIDE. A Private Counselor to the Married, or those about to marry, on the physiological mysteries and revelations of the sexual system, with the latest discoveries in producing and preventing offspring, how to preserve the complexion, &c.

This is an interesting work of two hundred and twenty four pages, with numerous engravings, and contains valuable information for those who are married, or contemplate marriage. Still, it is a book that ought to be kept under lock and key, and not laid carelessly about the house.

Sent to any one (free of postage) for Fifty Cents.

Address Dr. Butts' Dispensary, No. 12 North Eighth Street, St. Louis, Mo.

Notice to the Afflicted and Unfortunate.

Before applying to the notorious quacks who advertise in public papers, or using any quack remedies, peruse Dr. Butts' work, no matter what your disease is, or how deplorable your condition.

Dr. Butts can be consulted, personally or by mail, on the diseases mentioned in his works. Office, No. 12 North Eighth Street, between Market and Chestnut, St. Louis, Mo.

LOOK TO YOUR CHILDREN.

The Great Soothing Remedy.

MRS. WHITCOMB'S SYRUP.	Cures colic and griping in the bowels and facilitates the process of teething.	PRICE 25 CENTS
MRS. WHITCOMB'S SYRUP.	Subdues convulsions and overcomes all diseases incident to infants and children.	PRICE 25 CENTS
MRS. WHITCOMB'S SYRUP.	Cures Diarrhea, Dysentery and Summer Complaint in children of all ages.	PRICE 25 CENTS

It is the great Infants' and Children's soothing Remedy in all disorders brought on by Teething or any other cause. Prepared by the Grafton Medicine Co., St. Louis, Mo. Sold by druggists and dealers in medicine everywhere.

PREMIUM TEAS For Sale!

Three Reasons Given Why Everybody Should Buy Them:

FIRST, they get a pound of James T. Lanham's choicest tea.

SECOND, they are contributing to worthy charitable institutions.

THIRD, by purchasing, they will be entitled to an equal share in the allotment of 1,000 premiums, ranging from $5 to $5,000.

Wanted, Purchasers at $3 00 Per Pound, for

CHOICE TEAS

GREEN OR BLACK,

At the Buyer's Option.

I Will Give Away $27,000

In Premiums and Donations.

Founded on Banking Basis

The Following are the Premiums:

1 prem. in cash, without discount or deduction $5,000 ... [illegible]

1000 premiums in cash, of $5 each, without discount or deduction ... 4,000

1000 premiums.......................Total....$17,000

The Donations are as Follows:

To Masonic Widows' and Orphans' Home and Infirmary ... 1,000
To I. O. O. F. Widows' Home and Orphans' University, Harrodsburg, Ky ... 1,000
To the Presbyterian Orphans' Asylum of Louisville, Ky ... 1,000
To the Episcopal Orphan Asylum of Louisville, Ky ... 1,000
To the Catholic Orphan Asylums of Louisville, Ky ... 1,000
To the German Orphans' Asylum of Louisville, Ky ... 1,000
To the Christian Female Orphan School, Midway, Ky ... 1,000
To St. Vincent's Poor Society of New Albany, Ind ... [illegible]
To the Baptists' Orphans' Home of Louisville ... [illegible]
And to the Mayor of Louisville, for the benefit of the poor ... [illegible]

Total ... [illegible]

As soon as Forty Thousand Pounds of Tea are sold the Premiums will be Allotted.

Sixty-Seven Dollars and Fifty Cents on each and every Hundred Pounds of Tea sold will be deposited in the Louisville City National Bank by James T. Lanham to pay premiums and donations, and cannot be drawn for any other purpose. The deposits will be made in the joint names of S. R. Hieronymus and Henry Wolford (Treasurer of the city of Louisville).

WHEN $13,500 ARE ON DEPOSIT the charitable associations will be paid $500 each, and at a time they will appoint a committee from the city will be appointed to determine in what manner the premiums shall be distributed. The remaining $[illegible] will be paid to each institution when the last pound of tea is sold. There is to be paid $22,000 ON DEPOSIT in addition to the $5,000 distributed as premiums.

The premiums and donations will be paid by checks drawn on the Louisville City National Bank by S. R. Hieronymus and Henry Wolford conjointly, who only can draw the deposits. In order that the public may be satisfied, statements will be made from time to time to be issued through the press and certified to by the president of the bank.

I have decided to make this outlay in order to rapidly increase the sale of fine teas throughout the country.

The teas are put up in one-pound packages, with tickets numbered from 1 to 40,000 [illegible] can be had in bulk with labels and tickets accompanying.

The ticket must be preserved, as it will entitle the holder to such premium as may be allotted to its number.

Clubs purchasing ten pounds will be entitled to an extra pound—the largest discount on any [illegible]

[illegible] will be notified when the distribution takes place.

[illegible] Jas. T. Lanham, tea dealer, 105 Third street, Louisville, has the teas for sale, and where all orders must be addressed.

His long experience and thorough knowledge of the tea business (since 1849) is a sufficient guarantee to the public of the quality of tea they will receive.

Parties remitting money for tea to Jas. T. Lanham are requested to do so by P. O. Order, Draft, or Express.

Arrangements have been made with the Express Cos. whereby the teas are carried at reduced rates.

S. R. HIERONYMUS.

de3 dl&wl

WARNER'S

PILE REMEDY.

Warner's Pile Remedy has never failed (not even in one case) to cure the very worst cases of blind, itching, or bleeding piles. Those who are afflicted should immediately call on their druggist and get Warner's Pile Remedy. It is expressly for the piles, and is not recommended to cure any other disease. It has cured many cases of over 30 years standing. Price $1. For sale by druggists everywhere.

DYSPEPSIA.

Warner's Dyspepsia Tonic is prepared expressly for dyspeptics and those suffering with habitual costiveness. It is a slightly stimulating tonic and a splendid appetizer; it strengthens the stomach and restores the digestive organs to their healthy state. Weak, nervous and dyspeptic persons should use WARNER'S DYSPEPSIA TONIC. For sale by all druggists. Price $1.

COUGH no MORE.

Warner's Cough Balsam is healing, softening, and expectorating. The extraordinary power it possesses in immediately relieving, and eventually curing, the most obstinate cases of coughs, colds, sore throat, bronchitis, influenza, catarrh, hoarseness, asthma and consumption is almost incredible. So prompt is the relief [illegible] the above cases, or [illegible] lungs, that [illegible] scribing it, and one [illegible] healing and expect[illegible] dose always afford[illegible] the effects are [illegible] Price $1. It is you[illegible] suffer. The balsam [illegible]

WINE [illegible]

The great blood [illegible] Warner's Vinum [illegible] free from any poison[illegible] prepared for those w[illegible] splendid appetizer [illegible] the world for purify[illegible] pleasant and delicio[illegible] lie—far superior to [illegible] any other article. It i[illegible] Both male and female [illegible] Wine of Life. It is [illegible] who wish to enjoy [illegible] lively spirits will do [illegible] It is different from [illegible] is sold by druggists; [illegible] Price $1, in quart bottles.

EMMENAGOGUE

Warner's Emmenagogue [illegible] known to cure the whites [illegible] Where is the family in which [illegible] is not wanted? Mothers, this is [illegible] ever offered you, and you should [illegible] cure it. It is also a sure cure [illegible] ties, and it may be depended [illegible] the monthly flow has been [illegible] or disease. Sold by druggists [illegible] mail on receipt of $1 [illegible] Address 619 State [illegible] ly28 SaTu&Th&wly

DOCTOR [illegible]

617 St[illegible]

LONGER LOCATED [illegible] in Physician, so st[illegible] treated Venereal Diseases [illegible] State. His hospital department [illegible] with purest drugs prepared [illegible] cases given up by others, no [illegible] private trouble, Gonorrhea, [illegible] medical essays, free [illegible] pages, 15 cents each [illegible] the curious, doubtful, or inq[illegible] Self-Pollution, Prevention [illegible] and woman ought to [illegible] debilitated or partially [illegible]

Western [illegible]

THE unfortunate [illegible] speedily cured [illegible] Medical Institute, [illegible] No charge until [illegible] restore you vigor without [illegible] needing aid of a [illegible] call or send stamp [illegible] no[illegible] advertised [illegible] medicines. The [illegible] to all parts of the [illegible] case. Patients bo[illegible] Monthly remedy [illegible]

Courier-Journal.

LOUISVILLE, WEDNESDAY, DEC. 7, 1870.

THE GERMAN WATCHMAN'S SONG.

Among the watchmen of Germany a singular custom prevails of chanting devotional hymns, as well as songs of a national and amusing character, during the night. Of the former description the following is a specimen, the several stanzas being chanted as the hours of the night are successively announced:

Hark, ye neighbors, and hear me tell—
Ten now strikes on the belfry bell!
Ten are the holy commandments given
To man below from God in heaven.
Human watch from harm can't ward us,
God will watch and God will guard us;
He, through His eternal might,
Give us all a blessed night!

Hark, ye neighbors, and hear me tell—
Eleven sounds on the belfry bell!
Eleven apostles of holy mind
Taught the gospel to mankind.
Human watch, etc.

Hark, ye neighbors, and hear me tell—
Twelve resounds from the belfry bell!
Twelve disciples to Jesus came,
Who suffered rebuke for their Saviour's name.
Human watch, etc.

Hark, ye neighbors, and hear me tell—
One has pealed on the belfry bell!
One God above, one Lord indeed,
Who bears us forth in our time of need.
Human watch, etc.

Hark, ye neighbors, and hear me tell—
Two resounds from the belfry bell!
Two paths before mankind are free;
Neighbor, choose the best for thee.
Human watch, etc.

Hark, ye neighbor, and hear me tell—
[illegible] tolls on the belfry bell!
[illegible] reigns the heavenly host,
[illegible], Son and Holy Ghost.
Human watch, etc.

THE WOUNDED FRENCHMAN.

"Gretchen, Gretchen! run, my daughter;
There's a Frenchman down by the wall."
"Mother, I'll not run for a Frenchman,
Save to give him a pistol ball."
"Gretchen, Gretchen! think of your brother
Following Fritz so far away."
"Mother, I hope he is making the Frenchmen
Dance to the roll of his drum to-day."
"Aye, but Gret, suppose he is fainting,
Famishing, down by a Frenchman's wall!"
"Mother! O my God protect us!
Hear you some one out in the hall!"
"Stop, my Gretchen! where are you going?
There is nobody there at all."
"Mother I'm going to see the Frenchman,
Wounded, under the garden wall."

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE wife of a laborer on the Canada Central railway has challenged any man on the line to fight her for $100 a side.

FISH is not destined to be the modern Jonah. When the Cabinet shall cast him out there'll be no wall sent up for him.

CLINTON PARKHURST, a country editor in Iowa, has retired from journalism to spend $2,950,000 left him by a Baltimore uncle.

HELLMAN, who drew the $100,000 prize in the recent San Francisco lottery, has donated $5,000 to the charitable institutions of that city.

CINCINNATI proposes to return to dirt roads. We don't know about the dirt roads, but there's no doubt that she's going to grass.

"WHAT I KNOW of Farming" has at length taken effect in Connecticut. A farmer there has just finished a $2,000 hog-pen, grained and papered.

SOME of our Southern exchanges give credit in this way: "The COURIER JOURNAL makes the following hit." And then they go and leave out the "fist."

A CORRESPONDENT who attended the French opera in New York "noticed, in some fifty singers, three Frenchmen who had escaped capture after Sedan and come to this country; two Spaniards, one of whom had been in Sing Sing for stealing; three Italians who had been barbers in Perugia; one Irishman who could not sing a bar of any music ever written; a Corsican, who had formerly been a sailor; two Scotchmen, who had gone into the profession because they were out of employment; five Germans, who had been attendants of lager-beer saloons; a Russian who had fled from his home on account of crime, and a quadroon who had run North during the rebellion."

A correspondent, writing of Longfellow, tells this: "One day a kindly old gentleman, whose sympathies had come down from a former generation evidently, rang the poet's door-bell, and was shown in to the master of the house. 'Is this house Washington's headquarters?' he asked. 'Yes,' the poet kindly [illegible]. 'Well, I heard so, and I came to [illegible] look at the place.' 'You are very welcome,' was the reply, and the simple-minded old stranger was shown through the chambers, up stairs and down very courteously by the poet himself, and his appetite for historical association was gratified, when, finally, he turned to Mr. Longfellow, and expressing his satisfaction and thanks, [illegible] interested sufficiently in the polite host [illegible] simply, 'What is your name?' 'My [illegible] Longfellow.' 'Long—fellow—[illegible] Well, now, I did hear of a man [illegible] name down in Bil-rick ey (Biler ica). [illegible] any kin to him?'"

[illegible] the head of "A Surprise," a Florida [illegible] thus eases his mind: "On the arrival [illegible] day of the mail, we were somewhat [illegible] to see a *member of the Executive Committee* of the Democratic party give the editor of the Republican paper an authentic report of the vote in Walton county. We were pressed, but he did not even say *turkey* to us. What is the reason? Away with all such Democrats. We are above all such *men*, poor as we are, and *if we had his blood in our veins we would let it out*. We have lived forty years and never saw the color of his money, and we hope to live forty years more without his help or aid. We want them not. 'Oh for the power the gift to give us, to see ourselves as others see us; it would many a blunder and foolish notion free us.' Where would our party be in the hands of such men? We don't ask their assistance, and can do better without it, but it is our duty to hold such individuals up to *public scorn* and contempt."

MRS. YELVERT[illegible]

How "Lady Avonmo[illegible] Wandered Away in Yo[illegible] Meadows."

[From the Mariposa (Cal.) Gazette.]

We learn that Hon. Mrs. Yelverton met with a serious misfortune on Sunday last in attempting to leave Yosemite valley unattended. Mrs. Yelverton had been spending several months at the valley, and on Sunday morning started alone on horseback from Hutchings' hotel to come out to Clark & Moore's, expecting to overtake on the trail an English party which left an hour or so before. Nothing more was known of her journey until Monday morning, when Fred. Leidig and Hugh Davanay took the trail to come to Mariposa. About a quarter of a mile below the "Hermitage" they noticed a woman's track in the snow on the lower side of the trail, and wandering away from it, and knowing that Mrs. Yelverton had attempted to pass out the day before were satisfied the tracks were hers, and immediately began a search for her. The tracks led around among the trees, bushes and rocks, a circle of more than a mile, and Mrs. Yelverton was finally found, wet, chilled, bewildered and exhausted, about a quarter of a mile from where she had left the trail. She had been out through the storm of Sunday night, and would probably soon have perished but for a fortunate chance. As it was snowing again when she was found, the track in the snow, which attracted the notice of the gentlemen named, might not have been visible an hour later. Nothing was to be seen of her horse. When the gentlemen had brought Mrs. Yelverton back to the trail, Mr. Hutchings came along, also on his way to Mariposa, and she was placed upon Hutchings' [illegible], and taken to Leidig's Hotel, while [illegible] to search for her horse, which [illegible] or more this side of the [illegible] Mrs. Yelverton was [illegible] proper restoration [illegible] Mrs. Leidig, was [illegible] removed toward [illegible] she had been [illegible] Yelverton be[illegible] snow-storm Sun[illegible] no longer man[illegible] and tried to [illegible] wandered till lost. [illegible] miles from any [illegible] ances detailed, [illegible] mishap did not [illegible] ces.

[illegible] nty, Pa., claims to [illegible] inciple of motive [illegible] rposes of steam, [illegible] about to have an [illegible] capacity capable of [illegible] ower equal to 400 [illegible] e and momentum, [illegible] 000 pounds of work- [illegible] that he is not insane, [illegible] the matter brought [illegible] next session, with the [illegible] usive right of property [illegible] red to his heirs, admin- [illegible]

[illegible] Central and Hudson, Erie, [illegible] all connecting railroads [illegible] advance on Western- [illegible] effect Monday, 28th. [illegible] tes decided upon: [illegible] $1 27; second class, [illegible] rth class 51c. [illegible] 1 46; second class, [illegible] class, 59c. [illegible] 75; second class, [illegible] rth class, 74c. [illegible] 00; second class, [illegible] class, 65c. [illegible] 2; second class, [illegible] urth class, 84c. [illegible] e, is abolished.

[illegible] Loire has the follow- [illegible] of our friends from [illegible] e can rely on, has [illegible] statement: 'I have [illegible] old friend of our [illegible] of the Emperor's [illegible] him from Sedan [illegible] bbed, in the most [illegible] ble situation at [illegible] ports of the ex- [illegible] Bavarians at Ba- [illegible] lled and burned [illegible] en, and violated [illegible] vent that served [illegible] women was a [illegible] s thrown naked [illegible] he had been the [illegible] rteen soldiers.'

VALERIE AYLMER.

A NOVEL.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by D. Appleton & Company, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, and republished by arrangement with the publishers, from their first edition.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER II.

A FREE LANCE OF TO-DAY.

When the doctor, who was hastily summoned, arrived, his first care was to relieve the injured foot of all ligatures; his second, to apply arnica saturated bandages; and his third, to assure M. Vacquant that the patient needed only entire quiet. She will not be able to walk for some time," he said, on taking his departure; "but she may probably be carried down-stairs and join the family circle to-morrow."

He was mistaken, however. The sprain proved more serious than had been imagined, and several days elapsed before Miss Aylmer summoned courage or inclination to make an appearance down-stairs. At last, one evening, a sudden whim, or fit of loneliness, seized her. She tossed the novel, over which she was yawning, clear across the room, rang her bell, made a toilet, and, with the assistance of her own and Madame Vacquant's maids, managed to descend to the drawing room, while dinner was yet in progress, and the coast clear.

"That will do, Fanchette, she said, to her faithful attendant, who, after she had been established on a sofa, still hovered over her, suggesting a pillow here, and a cushion there. "That really will do. I am very comfortable—more comfortable than I deserve to be," she added; "for I begin to think it was very foolish of me to come down."

"'Deed, ma'am, I think it was very right," Fanchette said, earnestly. "You was so lonesome-like up-stairs! It'll do you good to see some company."

"That's rather a question," her mistress answered, languidly. "I feel just now more as if it would tire me, and then, I never looked worse!"

"You looks pale, ma'am—but paleness is becoming to you," said Fanchette, consolingly; for Fanchette stood chief among the admirers of *la belle des belles*—a fact which in itself is no contemptible proof of the genuineness of Miss Aylmer's loveliness, since few scorns are more sincere than that of a maid for the beauty she daily aids in making up.

The invalid acknowledged her friendly comfort by a smile; and then nestled deeper into her cushions, saying, as she stretched out, with a slight grimace, the pretty sandalled foot that was resting on a pillow:

"I don't trust you, Fanchette; you consider me so entirely in the light of your handiwork, that you regard me with partial eyes. Throw that afghan lightly over me. There!—Is not some one coming?"

Before Fanchette could answer, the door opened, and a lady entered—a lady so handsome and stately, that, as she came forward in the full light of the chandelier, she looked more like some rare old picture stepped from its frame, than a mere flesh-and-blood woman of the present time. She was not a young woman, by any means, and not a woman who made any ill-judged attempt to look young; but every thing about her harmonized so perfectly, and was in such admirable keeping with her personal style and her manifest age, that it was a question whether she was not better worth looking at than the freshest beauty in her teens. Girlhood is a very pretty and a very charming thing, no doubt, but girlhood, even in its brightest and sweetest form, has never been able to hold its own, with any moderate measure of success, against the charm of a woman who, instead of fading, has ripened into maturity, and whose personal gifts have gained the toning and expression that only time can bestow. It is not often that we see the warm zenith of feminine loveliness attained—for there are many dwarfing and blighting influences at work in almost every woman's life, that send her into the port of middle age, shattered, if not wrecked—but a glimpse of it is vouchsafed to us sometimes, and we are richer for that glimpse to the end of our lives. It is something inexpressibly graceful and beautiful, something that has no jar or clang of discordance in it, something that is refined to the exquisite point of needing no further refinement, and something which was breathed like an aroma over the woman who came forward now. She was certainly a beautiful woman. Her delicate features were chiselled with the clearness and regularity of sculpture, her rich brown hair was abundant as any *chevelure* of twenty, and had a glow upon it which proved conclusively that the art of the dyer had never been called into requisition; her violent eyes had lost not a tint of their color, during the half-century that had passed over them; and her slender, symmetrical figure bore itself with a dignity which seemed to add at least two inches to her real stature. General Aylmer had been right in saying that he would easily have recognized Julian Romney by his likeness to his mother; yet alike as the two faces were in cast of feature, there was a difference between them, which, resting in diverse expression, sometimes deepened into positive dissimilarity. It could scarcely have been otherwise, since the younger face was mobile to excess—the lip ever ready to curl, the brow ever ready to bend—while the elder was locked in the passionlessness of marble. The finely-arched brow seldom met in any frown; the cold, calm lip rarely smiled; and, whatever strength of passion or capability of emotion existed in the depts of this woman's nature, she had long since placed a strong curb over—a curb that gave a repressed quietude to her manner, and was the cause of a certain repulsion, which more than one person confessed to experiencing when under her influence. Yet few people have been more universally admired, or more justly commended; and, as she crossed the floor in her rich silk and soft laces, Valerie acknowledged, for perhaps the fiftieth time, that, when her grandfather chose a second wife, his taste, in beauty at least, had been irreproachable.

"What!—you down?" she said as she came forward, and perceived the occupant of the sofa. "I doubt if it was prudent to walk on your foot, yet a while, Valerie. You should have been carried down, as the doctor advised."

"Fanchette and Rose helped me," said Valerie. "I scarcely walked at all."

"Fanchette and Rose could not give all the assistance you must have needed. Your grandfather was just speaking of taking Maurice up to bring you down."

"That would have been more imposing, certainly, but not more to my taste," said Valerie, with a laugh. "I had a suspicion of that plan of grandpapa's, so I was all the more anxious to steal a march on him. Besides, I really was dreadfully tired of my room and my novels."

"I don't wonder at it," said the elder lady, as she sat down in a high-backed Gothic chair, which made her look more like a picture than ever, and drew forward an embroidery-frame. "Needle-work has quite out of fashion, I believe," she went on, "or I should think you would have found that a pleasanter as well as a more profitable occupation."

"Do you mean hemming handkerchiefs or embroidering ottomans?" asked Valerie, more flippantly than was quite proper; but the temptation to rejoinder was strong, and liking, between this handsome lady and herself, there had never been enough to insure an amicable *tete-a-tete*. "Fanchette relieves me of the first, and, as for the other, I don't belong to any charitable assocation; so I should have no means of disposing of them after they were finished."

"If you have no room for them at Aylmers, your friends might like them as souvenirs," said Madame Vacquant, whose sneers were never apparent on the surface. "You are so well provided with friends, that there would be no difficulty about finding recipients. I hope, by-the-way, you left Miss Fan quite well?"

"Quite well," Valerie answered, with a saucy sparkle in her eyes. "It is kind of you to inquire about Netta, for I know you do not like her; but then that is not singular. I believe we all failed to please you in our poor Louisiana."

"The climate did not agree with me," said Madame Vacquant, quietly; "otherwise, I had no fault to find. The fruits are delicious, and the people charmingly hospitable. But I really think I should have died if I had remained, the lassitude and prostration were so great. I don't wonder that women there fade early—or that you have gone off so much, Valerie."

"I never knew that women faded earlier there than elsewhere," returned Valerie, nonchalantly. "And, as for my going off, I know I am hideous just now; but I have Baltimore to thank for that. When I left home, everybody said I was looking remarkably well."

"People who see one constantly are not always the best judges of one's looks," said Madame Vacquant. "Perhaps, after you have been in Maryland a while, you may recover something of your bloom. You used to have a very bright complexion."

"One needs to come to Maryland to hear unflattering truths," Valerie answered, with undiminished good-humor. "Nobody in Louisiana ever spoke of my complexion in the past tense; but then probably our standard is not a good one. I may be able to do something toward improving it when I go back. Are not those the gentlemen's voices? How soon they leave the table!"

"Your grandfather does not like to sit long," said Madame Vacquant, pausing in her work to listen; "and Julian, I know, has an engagement for this evening. That is Maurice Darcy speaking now. You have not met him yet, I believe?"

"Not unless you consider my fainting escapade in the light of a meeting. He must be very strong; for I weigh a great deal, and—."

The opening of the door cut short her sentence; and the next moment, her father accompanied by a tall, stalwart stranger, entered the room. They were speaking together as they crossed the floor, and did not notice her presence for an instant; then General Aylmer looked round, and was not a little surprised.

"You here, Valerie!" he said. "How did you manage to get down? Your grandfather has just gone up stairs to see you."

"I am very sorry," said Valerie, with more contrition than was perhaps sincere. "But, you see, I meant to surprise him, and—won't you please call him back, papa?"

"He will soon find that the bird has flown," answered the general, coolly. "Meanwhile, have you forgotten Captain Darcy?"

Valerie looked up at his companion. Even despite the disadvantage under which she had seen it before, she thought she would have recognized again the face that had gazed at her through the mist of past suffering. But she must have been mistaken—for, if she had appreciated one-half of its compassionate kindness on that day, she could scarcely have spoken with as much coldness as when she answered:

"No, I have not forgotten Darcy, and I am glad to be able to thank him for his assistance and strength, when I needed both sadly. Without them, I don't know how I should ever have found myself in the house that day."

"I only hope you are better," said Captain Darcy, speaking very courteously, but making no effort to shake hands or any thing of the kind. "It is a pity that your arrival in Baltimore should have been so disagreeably signalized."

"I don't know about its being disagreeable," she answered, carelessly. "I have had several days to myself, and I have read many entertaining and a few instructive books; and both of these novelties are worth the price of a sprain, I dare say. Oh, I am always philosophical—am I not, papa? Eugene used to declare that, if the house were burned down, I would say at once that it was the pleasantest thing imaginable, since trees and grass were a great deal more healthful and comfortable than roofs and floors. I must not quote Eugene, however, for here comes grandpapa."

M. Vacquant entered as she spoke—a little out of breath, and a good deal out of humor.

"What is the meaning of this, Valerie?" he asked, quite injuredly. "I thought you could not walk, so I go up-stairs to see you, and am coolly informed that you have gone down! Did you time your descent exactly for the purpose of giving me a useless journey? By Jove, how tired I am!"

"So you have taken to swearing in English!" Valerie laughed, as he sat down by her. "No, I didn't time my descent for any reason of the kind," she went on. "I came down to give you a pleasant surprise, and this is all the thanks I get. I wonder you are not ashamed to be so ungrateful."

"So that's the light, is it?" said he, with a shrug. "Well, I'll make apologies, when I recover breath enough. Meanwhile, let us hear whom you were quoting when I came in."

"Nobody you care about,' said Valerie, giving his hand an affectionate little pinch. "I was only quoting my hero, my darling, my soldier of fortune, my—"

"Oh, Eugene," said he, in a very unenthusiastic tone.

"Yes, Eugene. What have you to say against him?"

"Only that I hope he has not been fished out of the Seine in a starving condition yet."

"Tell him about him," said Valerie, turning triumphantly to her father and getting decidedly aground among her personal pronouns. "Tell him all that we heard last about the dear boy; how well he is doing; and how steady he is; and how much everybody likes him; and—"

"And how ready you are to believe it all," said M. Vacquant, stopping her mouth with peremptory good-humor. "I don't want to hear any thing about the scamp! If he had stayed at home, and turned shoeblack, now, I might have forgiven him; but, to go off and join the *condottieri*!"

"I thought you liked *condottieri*, grandpapa," said Valerie, and her eyes turned more significantly than she intended toward Captain Darcy, who was standing beside Madame Vacquant, and who caught the glance at once.

"I don't know why you thought so," said her grandfather. "I like them so little, that Maurice and I have had more than one disagreement on the subject."

"Captain Darcy likes them, then?" said Valerie, making an ill-judged assult on the enemy's lines.

"That depends upon whether you mean *condottieri* in the literal or the social sense," answered Captain Darcy for himself.

"In the social sense, undoubtedly," returned she, promptly.

"Then I don't like them in the least," he answered. "But, in the literal sense, it would be strange if I had not at least a sympathy for them, since I belong to a race that for the last three hundred years has furnished soldiers of fortune to the whole world."

"And liked nothing better!" said M. Vacquant. "Deuce take the fellow!—he'd be a free lance to-morrow, if he could!"

"He was a free lance yesterday," said General Aylmer, with a smile. "We must not forget that."

Darcy turned away, and walked down the room. General Aylmer followed him, and, while they stood together, in a broad glow of light, Valerie had no better occupation for her eyes than to note the appearance of the soldier-artist who had been advanced to the dignity of kinship with her.

This was all that she saw—a tall, well-built figure, whose deep, broad chest, and little, sinewy limbs, were pleasant sights for people who had a *penchant* in the way of manly strength or manly prowess—and whose stalwart, well-carried shoulders looked as if they could have borne the very burden of Atlas without blench or quiver; a face that suited the figure excellently well, for it was frank and bold, more soldierly than artistic, and only moderately handsome. Indeed, as Valerie regarded it from behind the friendly shelter of M. Vacquant, she did not think it handsome at all. Certainly there was wonderfully little of the *petit-maitre* or trim gallant about it—little to please the eye that admired Charley Hautaine's insouciant grace, or Julian Romney's ideal beauty—but a good deal, nevertheless, that many women, as well as many men, liked to look upon. There were straight, clearly-cut features, deep, dark-gray eyes that might have been handsome, if they had not been too cold and critical; a mouth that was somewhat set and stern, under the thick chestnut mustache; the square, belligerent chin, that mars the beauty of many a born fighter's face; the broad artist-brow, that is never wholly without attraction, and an abundant amount of crisp chestnut hair. Together with these things, there was a striking absence of that which, for want of a better name, we may call the conventional stamp—the stamp that in these days squares and trims everybody and everything into conventional shape—and a striking presence of fresh and vigorous individuality. The man had his faults—they were written, indeed, on his very face—but you felt more than half-inclined to forgive them all, in gratitude for the novelty of seeing one who looked, moved, and spoke, not according to certain social rules and canons, but according to the exigence of the hour and the need of the minute; yet who never, in even the faintest shade of word, look, or tone, violated that higher law of perfect courtesy which is the flower of true refinement. The man was a man, but he was also a gentleman, and none the less the first for being so entirely the last. You could see at once that he was frank and straightforward to a fault, formed for action rather that for diplomacy, very apt to clear his way with clean, even strokes, and little likely to show tolerance in any case of attempted wiles; but you also felt sure that he was a man who would be gentle to the weak, and tender to those whom he loved, with the supreme gentleness and tenderness that are born of strength. Nevertheless, let it not be supposed that there was any thing of the Titan, or the genius, or the hero, about him. He was simply a man who had some of the best attributes of common manhood stamped upon him—the courage and simplicity, the generosity and faithfulness, the scorn of all things base, and the very unconsciousness of all things mean, which are uncommon enough, Heaven knows, but which go further to make up our idea of true manhood than all the polish or all the learning of all the schools.

"He looks like a free companion," Valerie thought to herself, while Madame Vacquant described the manner in which hair was dressed, and dilated upon the latest style of bonnet. "I wonder if the soldiers of the Irish brigade at Fontenoy were men of this kind? If so, no wonder the English — Yes, madame, I think that must have been a lovely bonnet; but you know I could not wear any thing of the sort. Pearl and blue would make a fright of me."

"No; of course you could not," said Madame Vacquant. "I was only describing it. You have always scarlet somewhere about your bonnets, I believe."

"A knot of scarlet roses, or perhaps a cluster of fuchsias," said Valerie, who was not a whit behind the most of her sex in devotion to the toilet. "I like fuchsias—they are so graceful and becoming. Grandpapa, I wonder if Captain Darcy had any ancestors at the battle of Fontenoy?"

"I don't know, I am sure," said M. Vacquant. "What on earth put that into your head?"

"Nothing," she laughed; and then she hummed under her breath, to an impromptu air:

"'On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, nor ever yet elsewhere,
Rushed on to fight a nobler band that those proud exiles were.'"

"You must try and get down to Easter's, to-morrow," Madame Vacquant went on. "There is a silk there, I am sure you will like. I saw it a week ago, and told them to put it aside; but such people are so unreliable. It is a lovely gold-color; and under black lace—you still have that overdress of Spanish lace, I suppose, Valerie?"

"Oh, yes," said Valerie; "of course I have it yet—such things as that are heirlooms, you know. I need a silk for it, too; and I shall certainly get the gold-color, if it is pretty; but then, I have no doubt of that.

'On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, like eagles in the sun'—

What's the next line, grandpapa?"

"I never heard the thing, Valerie."

"Oh, of course you have—only you've forgotten:

'Like lions leaping at a fold, when mad with hunger's pang,
Right up against the English line the Irish exiles sprang;
Bright was their steel—'"

The battle of Fontenoy came to an abrupt end just here, for the door opened, and a radiant vision entered—to wit, Julian Romney, in fully evening costume. He entered listlessly, with something of a fretful cloud on his face; but a single glance at the sofa was enough to dispel it, and the next moment he came forward, smiling brightly.

"Miss Aylmer! What an unexpected pleasure this is! But why was I now allowed my share in the triumph of bringing you down?"

"There was no triumph in the matter," Valerie said, with a laugh. "I came down very quietly, assisted only by Fanchette and Rose."

"When?"

"While you were all at dinner."

"While we were at dinner—and I just to know it!"

"It has not been long."

"It has been long enough to make me wish that Mrs. Jennings and her party were both in Halifax; or that I had looked in the drawing-room when I came upstairs. How could I have been so obtuse as not to know by instinct that you were here? Don't laugh, Miss Aylmer—it is a very serious matter, I assure you."

Miss Aylmer did laugh, however. His petulance and vexation seemed so little more than that of a spoiled child; and there was so much of the "pretty page" about him, that she felt half-inclined to extend her hand and caress the curl-bedecked head. A timely recollection of propriety interfered, however; and she only shook her own as she answered:

"Your flatteries deserve a pleasanter reward than any thing they have missed, or are likely to gain. My mirror tells me that I never looked worse, and my conscience assured me that I never felt more stupid."

"For the peace of our city, don't look any better, then," said he, with only a half tone of jest. "And as for stupidity—pity mine, when I have not yet inquired about your ankle. Is it well enough for you to walk at all?"

"I think not," answered she, with a dubious glance toward it. "But really, I have not tried. I limped down on one foot; for I have such a vivid remembrance of my agony the other day, that I did not have the courage to put this one on the floor."

"You ought to do it, however," said Madame Vacquant. "Your ankle will never grow strong again unless you use it. Is not that so, my dear?"

"Certainly it is so," said M. Vacquant; "but *petite* knows best. She can judge whether it feels equal to the exertion yet."

"I am by no means sure of that," said Julian, while *petite* herself looked doubtful. "Suppose you try to walk?" he added, turning abruptly to the latter. "I am confident your ankle is strong enough by this time to bear the exertion. Come! let me assist you."

He held out his hand, but Valerie shook her head.

"Not this evening—to-morrow, perhaps," she said.

"To-morrow I may not be able to help you," answered he. "Pray, now—if only a few steps. I should like to feel that I was making some amends for allowing that dreadful fall."

"Allowing! How could you have prevented it?"

He only smiled, and held out his hand again. "Will you not try! Just a few steps."

He looked so imploring, and so handsome, that for once Valerie developed an incapacity to say no.

"If you will not insist, in case it hurts me," she began.

She was interrupted by protestations and assurances to the contrary; so, after a moment, she slowly brought the injured foot to the floor, and tried its strength, before rising.

"Does it hurt?" asked M. Vacquant.

"N—o. Mr. Romney was right, I believe. It scarcely hurts at all—as yet. Now I will try to walk."

"Let me call Maurice to assist you also," said her grandfather, in a tone which was unluckily loud enough to reach Captain Darcy's ears. He started and turned, just in time to hear Valerie say with decision:

"No; certainly not. Mr Romney will assist me; and, if I need any one else, I can call on papa."

Then she laid her hand on Julian's arm, and, thus supported, walked slowly down the room.

"Take care. Don't over-exert your ankle," said General Aylmer, turning round as she advanced. "How does it feel?"

"Very well indeed," she answered. "I am ashamed to remember how cowardly I have been about trying it.—No, Mr. Romney, you not turn back; I think I will walk down the next room."

"Had you not better be cautions?" asked Darcy. "Your foot must be weak yet."

"Of cource it is weak; and that's the reason I want to strengthen it," said she, lightly. "Mr. Romney, I am sorry to lean so heavily. I hope my weight is not very great."

Neither of the gentlemen heard Romney's reply, for he moved on before it was spoken; but they saw the light that came into his eyes, as he answered; and being, in different ways, men of the world both shrugged their shoulders mentally.

"I must give Valerie warning that her favorite game won't answer here," thought the father. "Fooling this pretty-faced boy would be a trifling affair in itself; but making an enemy of his mother would ruin every thing."

"A thorough-paced coquette," thought Maurice Darcy; "and more ripe for mischief than even the most of her class. Poor Julian!"

Poor Julian was meanwhile leading his companion through one after other of the suit of reception-rooms, until they found themselves at the entrance of the conservatory.

"What a beautiful place!" Valerie said, pausing in the door, and gazing with loving eyes at the interior, where the luxuriant children of her fair South brought something of their tropical bloom and beauty about the chill existence of the North. "How exquisite the plants are!—But is not that a fountain I hear?"

Romney answered by leading her forward, and the next moment she saw that almost immediately in the centre of the conservatory, a jet of water was playing in a marble basin, making a soft, fary-like music of its own, and gleaming like a silver mist through the mellow gloom. All around it broad-leaved water-plants were arranged with unusual taste and skill; while the most rare of the flowering shrubs were clustered in the immediate neighborhood, and tall, feathery crests nodded, or seemed to nod, in the dimmer background.

This time Valerie did not exclaim, "What a beautiful place!" She only felt a sharp throb, half-exquisite pleasure, half-exquisite pain, which all forms of the beautiful bring to some organizations; and then she said softly, "It looks like home."

"I am glad I was the first person to bring you here, then," said Romney, quickly. "I am glad that the place which reminds you of home, must also remind you a little of me. Sit down. You must rest before you try to go back."

There was every thing to second the request; so Valerie yielded without much demur. "We cannot stay long, or they will miss us," she said, hesitatingly; and, having cleared her conscience by this remark, she sat down and gave herself up to the charm of the spot. The soft lamps glimmered so far away that they threw only a sort of moonlight radiance through the heavy tropical foliage; the brilliant blossoms of the Southern flora were blooming on every side, and their rich, subtle fragance was heavy on air; the water rose and fell with the measured rhythm that in itself lulled to quiescence; and so, while the party, a few rooms distant, sat down to whist, counted their tricks, and scored their honors, these two lingered and yet lingered in what seemed, to one of them at least, at fairy-land.

Ah, it is a subtler and a deeper question than many of us think, that of determining whether the women who are gifted with the fatal gift which we call fascination, are strictly accountable for all the harm and evil this woful charm may work upon others. There are some women—we do not usually meet more than one in a lifetime—whose simplest tones and most careless glances contain more of magic than all the philters ever compounded by cunning necromancers—women whose powers no man has ever been wise enough to define, and few, very few, strong enough to resist; women than whom hundreds are fairer, and nobler, and wittier; but to whom Nature has given one dower that only Nature can bestow—the rare and perilous dower of being all things to all men. Now, are such women morally accountable for all the pain, the suffering, and the harm which—unwittingly often—they never fail to cause? Are their white hands stained with the blood which has flowed for them, the pangs that have been endured, the lives wrecked, the curses breathed? Surely, if so, we might be more willing to accept the guilt of that poor wretch whom they are leading yonder down the long sunlit road toward the high hill where, tall and dark, one sombre outline cuts against the sky; him whose pale lips are even now moving in agonized prayer; and whom the great surging multitude will hungrily watch when the cord is drawn around his neck, and he goes from man's justice to the bar of God's mercy.

There is more point in this digression than is at once apparent. We are told that, in a matter of this kind, guilt or innocence is all a case of "intention." This seems hard, sometimes—hard that the instigator may go scot-free of penalty, while the victim bears the weight of sin, as well as of suffering; but, after all, who can draw the line of that "intention?" Who of us does not know

"That evil is wrought by want of thought,
As well as by want of heart?"

And who of us can believe that want of thought will plead our excuse in the awful Reckoning, when every idle word will rise up against us? One thing at least is certain: in after-days it will go hard with Valerie Aylmer if her conscience be not clear of all intention to modulate her tones so well, to sheathe her glances so soft, and to let kindness—plain and simple kindness only, she would tell you—dwell in every word on that night when Julian Romney sat by her side, and found his fate in her eyes.

Found his fate! That is a term of which romantic school-girls are very fond; and, like as not, it may sound absurdly exaggerated to the men and women of the day, who sneer at human passion as they sneer at every thing else on the earth; but, for all that, there is such a thing yet, and will be such a thing, as long as women are beguilers and men are beguiled. Whether the term be correct or not—whether or not, in the fullest sense, Julian Romney found his fate in Valerie Aylmer's eyes—the sequel may show; but at least something of the fact began to be apparent to herself before the evening was over. After the last good-nights had been exchanged, and when the fair Southern head laid itself down upon its pillows, a vision came back of the beautiful boyish face that had kindled and glowed so warmly during those hours beside the fountain—the face that just then was close to that of a blond belle in the *valse a deux temps*, and which saw before it, not the golden curls and azure eyes of sweet Violate Arle, but the lips which were even then murmuring:

"Poor boy! I must try and not do him any harm."

CHAPTER III.

THE GENERAL GIVES A WARNING.

No one was very much surprised the next morning when the door of the breakfast-room opened, and Miss Aylmer made her appearance, looking so blooming and bright in a rich crimson cashmere, that even Madame Vacquant felt inclined to doubt whether the climate of Louisiana was quite as injurious to complexions as she had supposed. The young lady received her congratulations and greetings very quietly; then, subsiding into a chair by Romney, she bade him tell her how the night had gone in the way of the Jennings' party.

"Heavily enough, as far as I was concerned," he answered. "Other people seemed to be enjoying themselves in usual degree; but I never found an evening more hopelessly dull. I am glad you have come down to give us a glimpse of your face this morning; otherwise, I should have carried a nightmare about with me all day."

"What was so dreadful?" asked his step-father—"wine, the women, or the music?"

The young man shrugged his shoulders petulantly.

"How can I tell? It was all a hideous conglomeration of sight and sound—so hideous, that the wine might have been gooseberry, the women dressed in bunting, and the band playing a dead-march, for aught I knew, or cared, to the contrary!"

"Oh, we understand," said the elder gentleman. "The fault being in yourself—as it generally is—Mrs. Jennings' entertainment must bear the blame. It strikes me that, instead of saying 'the evening was dull,' you should have said 'I was dull,' and stated the matter more fairly."

"Doesn't it come to the same thing?" asked Valerie; for her quick eye caught the sudden cloud that came over Julian's face.

"By no means," her grandfather answered. "Here's Maurice, for instance, who, not being given to morbid fancies, enjoyed himself, I will venture to say, like a sensible man. How was it, *mon ami*?—am I not right?"

Darcy looked up from a newspaper—both General Aylmer and himself had drawn back from the table, and were engaged, one with the Gazette, and the other with the Sun—but did not seem to need any information about the subject under discussion.

"I thought the evening went off very well," he said; "but, then, I'm never hard to please, you know. Julian certainly must have found a bitter savor in every thing, for not the melancholy Jacques himself could have looked more wearied. I heard more than one 'bright-eyed *bonnibelle*' ask what misfortune had befallen him."

He spoke carelessly, but in a tone of good-humored pleasantry, that did not at all justify Romney's sharp retort:

"I am glad you found so much time to observe my proceedings, and I am sorry I can't return the compliment by bearing personal testimony to yours. I only remember that one 'bright-eyed *bonnibelle*' at least could have made no inquiry about me—the one, I mean, whom you engrossed the greater part of the evening."

"Who was that?" asked Madame Vacquant, speaking for the first time since she bade Valerie good-morning.

"I suppose he means Miss Riviere," said Darcy, with a smile. "She was looking charmingly last night, and I danced with her several times; but I should hardly have thought that made out a case of engrossing."

"Rivere!" Valerie repeated. "That is a Louisiana name."

"These are Louisiana people," said M. Vacquant. "Aylmer, you remember Henry Rivere, I am sure."

"Perfectly," said the general, looking up. "And, by-the-way, his is one of the worst cases of utter smash I know of."

"So I supposed; for he is here in business."

The other raised his eyebrows with an expression of surprise.

"Riviere! If it were possible to be astonished by any thing, these days, I should certainly think you must be mistaken. I can fancy him connected with every thing in the world except business. By-the-by, that is a very indefinite term, and means any thing, from ship-owning to shoemaking. What does it stand for in this case?"

"Some banking position or other, I think. He seems to be getting on tolerably; and is clever enough to succeed very well, if he will only keep away from race-courses, and let cards and dice alone."

"Ah! if he only can," said the general, in a tone of profound incredulity concerning the probability of any thing of the kind. And then he went back to the Sun.

"Has he a daughter, and is her name Alix?" Valerie inqured.

"He has a daughter, and her name is Alix," Romney replied. "She has made something of a sensation here. Do you mean to say you know her?"

"I met her once or twice—not oftener, for she was very young, and not in society—but I remember that I thought her very attractive. Is she not very *petite*, with soft brown eyes, and shy, caressing manners?"

"And a color that comes and goes twenty times in a minute — exactly. She is said to be very charming; but Darcy there had cultivated her more than I have, and can speak with better knowledge."

"She is one of the most thoroughly natural and thoroughly attractive people I ever knew," said Darcy, warmly. "I sincerely congratulate you, Miss Aylmer, on the discovery of such a friend."

"Such an acquaintance," Madame Vacquant corrected. "Valerie did not speak of her as a friend—did you, my dear? I should be sorry, if so, for I have heard one or two rumors about her, which, if true, make her rather undesirable even as an acquaintance."

"One or two rumors about Miss Riviere!" said Darcy, quickly. "Excuse me, madame, if I ask what they are—for nothing could possibly be true that would render her an undesirable acquaintance for Miss Aylmer."

"Excuse me for not remembering that she had such a warm champion at hand," said the lady, smiling, though not very pleasantly; "and moderate your warmth, my dear Maurice, for I meant nothing in the least dreadful. I have heard that Miss Riviere is studying music, with a view to going on the stage—that is all. But I am sure you will agree with me that it is enough to justify what I said. Valerie would scarcely care to make a friend of a future cantatrice."

"That would depend very much upon circumstances, or, rather, upon the person in question," said Valerie, coolly. "Now I should make a friend of Alix Riviere, not of the future cantatrice—if the rumor is true."

"Let us hope that it is not," said M. Vacquant, lifting up his spoon to break an egg, and balancing it in the air as he spoke. "In my opinion, it is one of the worst signs of the times that the new generation begin to throw off so many of the old traditions of gentle blood, and to disregard so entirely the old *noblesse-oblige* theory of gentle birth," he went on. "Equality and fraternity are vile enough in a political sense; but the devil himself could not imagine any thing worse than their social enforcement would be! Yet all these latter-day notions are paving the way for little else. We are told that it is a very fine thing to be liberal; that a gentleman may be a gentleman, though he turn blacksmith; and a lady may continue a lady though she becomes an actress; that good ancestry is of no account; and a good name worth exactly what it will bring at the bottom of a check! I may be illiberal," continued he, bringing down his spoon with a crash into the egg-shell," but I don't see the force of such reasoning, and I have an unmitigated contempt for such practice!"

"Don't excite yourself, grandpapa," Velerie laughed. "And, besides, I don't see the force of your reasoning, in the present case. There are no better people in Louisiana than the Rivieres."

"So much the more cause of their not forgetting the fact," said he. "However, we'll be chartible. The rumor about the young lady may not be true. I am sure I hope it is not, since I don't know a more charming woman than her mother.—Maurice, have you forgotten that you promised to attend Cox's sale of horses for me this morning?"

"Not in the least, sir," Darcy answered, pushing aside the Gazette, and giving a glance at his watch; "but there is plenty of time yet, and General Aylmer spoke of going with me."

"I am at your service," said the general, rising as he spoke. "It has been my life-long practice to keep no man waiting my business or pleasure, and I should be sorry to begin at this late day."

"Remember that, from two such judges of horse-flesh, I shall expect a simply unparalleled span," said M. Vacquant, as they turned to leave the room.

"It would have been wiser to send them apart, then," said Romney, after the two gentlemen were safely out of ear-shot. "Together, their opinions are sure to clash—I never knew two jockeys who didn't—and the result may be any thing but the one you desire."

"I should have sent you along as umpire," said the step-father, a little shortly. "Your judgment served you so well when you bought that showy looking animal the other week, which turned out just as sound as Maurice propesied."

Julian's cheek flushed darkly, and his brow contracted in its quick frown. There could not possibly have been found a sorer point with him than the one to which M. Vacquant alluded—a certain equine purchase against which Darcy had strongly advised him, and which proved to be utterly worthless. His reply would probably not have been very temperate, if his mother had not interfered.

"You are hard on poor Julian," she said, reproachfully, to her husband. "I am sure he will give Captain Darcy all the credit he deserves as a jockey; and as for that unlucky horse—isn't he ever to be left in peaceful disgrace?"

"With all my heart," said M. Vacquant, good-humoredly—"I beg pardon, Julian, if I have said anything to wound your feelings; and we'll certainly let that deposed czar rest on his laurels.—Are you engaged this morning, my dear, or can you write some letters for me? There's quite an accumulation of them up-stairs, and the gout in my hand is worse than ever."

"Let me be your secretary, grandpapa," Valerie said; but, to her surprise, Madame Vacquant interposed at once.

"Quite impossible. Your grandfather is accustomed to me, and I understand his business. You would only incommode him, and tire yourself. I shall turn you over to Julian for an hour or two, and as soon as I give some directions to Pierre, I will be in the library, my dear."

"I am in no haste," said M. Vacquant; then, gathering together several letters which had arrived that morning, he left the room.

Madame Vacquant followed him almost immediately; and, thus forsaken, Miss Aylmer and Mr. Romney looked at each other and smiled.

"You are given into my hands for amusement," said the latter. "Will you tell the humblest of your slaves what diversion will please you best?"

"In the first place, I should like to know something of the house I inhabit," she answered. "Do you feel inclined to play cicerone? It may involve another offer of your arm, for my foot is not strong yet."

"To hear is to obey, if it involved the offer of my head. Shall we set out at once?"

"Yes, certainly."

She rose and walked slowly down the room. By the time the door was reached, his arm had been offered and accepted; and then they set forth, as gaily as a pair of children, on a thorough tour of inspection.

It was certainly a very pleasant one. Beautiful and luxurious apartments, breadth of space and comfort, unspoiled by economy of arrangement, are charming things to almost any one; and, although the residence of M. Vacquant was by no means extravagantly "palatial," a cultivated and refined taste had breathed into it an individuality of aspect which the most gorgeous upholstery rather diminishes than increases. Velvet carpets, damask curtains, tables and ottomans, even pictures and statues, have their money value, and are at the command of the most uncultured buyer; but the knowledge how to use these things is a different commodity, and by no means marketable. Whatever else she may have lacked, Madame Vacquant plainly did not lack this—the rare knowledge and rare artistic appreciation which are the very first proofs of *savoir vivre*, that a hostess, aspiring to raise her head above the level of ordinary hostesses, must give. The most exacting sybarite could hardly have found fault with the arrangement of the rooms, the very air of which inspired thoughts of social ease and social pleasure; and the most sensitive artist could scarcely have suggested a multiplication or abstraction of the well-chosen and well-hung pictures, the costly bronzes, the exquisite statues, or the treasures of ormolu and *marqueterie*, that occupied unobtrusive corners, and conducted themselves in all respects like ordinary furniture.

When the whole lower floor had been explored, Valerie led her companion back to the music-room, and bade him open the piano.

"I am sure you sing," she said, when he had obeyed; "and, if you please, I want to hear you. Ah, there is no good in denial. I flatter myself I know a little of physiognomy; and, if yours is not a musical face, I never saw one; besides, you have lived in Germany."

"That settles the matter, does it?" said Romney, laughing a little. "Of course, I know something of music—we all did at Jena—but nothing you will care to hear."

"Let me be the judge of that," she answered. "Run your hand over the keys. Ah, yes!—I knew you had a good touch. Do you play much?"

"Scarcely at all. Singing is my strong point."

"Sing, then."

Transcribed, those two words look rather curt; but, given with the expression that Miss Aylmer knew excellently well how to infuse—the half-persuasive, half-commanding accent which she possessed to perfection—few men would have hesitated longer than Romney did about obeying.

He smiled slightly, modulated a few chords, by way of prelude, and began one of those artfully-simple German ballads that the poetry of Uhland and the music of Mendelssohn have made familiar to every ear. The harmonization of the melody was so perfect that, for some moments, Valerie scarcely noticed the voice that rendered it; then, all at once, the consciousness flashed upon her that she had never heard a purer tenor, and, notwithstanding her previously expressed opinion concerning the musical face, she felt herself completely taken by surprise. The natural power, sweetness, and compass of the voice, were remarkable; and as the result, perhaps, of good training, the style was almost perfect—being only sometimes a little strained and marred by a few florid exaggerations. They were very few, however; and, on the whole, his vocalization did such entire credit to himself, that Valerie had no disposition to find fault, but sat in a state of enjoyment which was all the greater for being unexpected, while the rich, clear tones floated on, full and even, to the last cadence. When he finished, she looked up at him reproachfully.

"I suppose people never do tell the truth about their own performances," she said; "but that you should speak of singing 'a little,' seems to me sacrilege, or, worse yet, affectation."

"Let us consider it sacrilege, then, by all means," he answered. "One aim of my life has been to steer clear of the odium of affectation, and I think I have partially succeeded. People don't often call me affected—unless I forget myself far enough to be natural.'

"Now you are trying to be cynical."

"On my honor, no. Nothing suits me less. And, seriously, I am more pleased than I can say, if you like my singing."

"Like it? You must know how weak that expression is—you must know that it is beautiful! Sing something else."

"What shall it be?"

"Some of your student-songs, if you remember any of them—with a drinking chorus, and all that sort of thing. I have always been curious to hear how they go."

"They go delightfully when you have a hundred or two voices in the chorus, the beer cans, and the hurrahs; but how they will sound in solo I can hardly imagine. Nevertheless, you shall hear."

And, suiting the action to the word, he burst into one of the ringing student songs that seemed to embody in every note the freshness and enthusiasm, the mirth and daring, the gayety and earnestness, of that wonderful Young Germany whose spontaneous outbursts they were, and whose national lyrics they have become. He threw himself into it with a force that was electrifying, and to his listener's ear left nothing to be desired—even in the chorus, where he stopped to assure her that the clashing of wine-cups and swords was necessary, as well as the volume of united voices. "If you could only hear 'The Sword-song' given in that way," he said, when he finished, and she was expressing her approbation—"Korner's, of course, I mean—and Schiller's 'Trooper's song.' You have heard that, I suppose." And he dashed into it as he spoke:

"'Up, comrades, and saddle! To horse and away,
To the field where freedom's the prize, sir!
There hearts of true metal still carry the day,
And men are the kings and the kaisers!'"

When the end came, he gave her no time for comment, but rose at once from the piano-seat.

"I have done my share," he said; "now it is your turn."

But Valerie shook her head.

"I don't sing often," she replied—"never in cold blood and broad daylight. Lower the curtains, light the gas, fill the rooms, put me at a fever-heat of social excitement, and I may sing for you perhaps moderately well; otherwise, I cannot think of such a thing."

"What shall we do, then?"

"Is it absolutely necessary for us to do any thing? I like sitting still very well—especially when my ankle pains."

"Does it pain now?"

"Yes, a little—but pray don't look so much concerned. It will soon be better. If you want to make yourself entertaining, you may tell me something about Jena. You can't imagine what a fancy I have always had for German student-life!"

There could be no doubt of the fact that Miss Aylmer's popularity was very easily to be accounted for. By the bright waters and over the fair fields of their own favorite pursuit, or best-loved hobby, she led her willing victims; giving to each the sweet smile and vivid interest that rarely flagged under any infliction, or had been known to falter in any emergency. It puzzled ordinary people—people who had none of this gift themselves—to imagine how she could possibly adapt herself so readily to so many diverse minds and diverse tastes; but the truth really was, that half of it was done unconsciously. It was not that she meant to do it, or even wished to do it; but simply that she could not help doing it. It was her birthright—this chameleon-power of variation, this capability of tuning herself, as it were, to so many keys—and she could no more have explained her own *modus operandi*, than the most puzzled among the lookers-on. It came natural to her. That was all she knew about the matter. It was the fairy gold which some elfin power, more malicious than kind, had left beside her cradle; and she scattered it abroad with a lavish unconsciousness of its value—thinking only, caring only, that it won for her the homage which had never yet been missing from her path, and which she thought it would not be possible to live without. Sometimes, when she looked most interested, she was, in truth, dreadfully bored; but kindness of heart, as well as the tactics of coquetry, had some effect in teaching her that smiling endurance which distinguishes the martyr of society, and both together bore her triumphantly through almost any ordeal. Neither kindness of heart nor the tactics of coquetry had much to do with the earnest attention which she paid Julian Romney, as he obeyed her last request to a letter, and told her a great deal of his "wandering youth in the far, fair, foreign lands." He talked well, in a picturesque, graphic way of his own, and might have engrossed a less interested listener. As he talked, she listened—ever with those eloquent eyes that said more than many words—until her father's voice made her start, and her father's presence suddenly appeared in the doorway.

Few people ever learned any thing from General Aylmer's face, but there were one or two signs known only to his daughter, and these told her at once that some serious concern was battling there with grave displeasure. Before she had time to indulge in a single conjecture, however, he advanced into the room, speaking quite as usual.

"Valerie, I am sorry to disturb you, but I have just received a telegram from New Orleans, which necessitates my immediate departure, and—"

"A telegram!"

It was no wonder that the bright cheek grew so pale, or that those two words broke almost unconsciously from the lips. Few feminine nerves came so intact out of the four years' agony, as not to quail at that fateful word; and then war had spared her a brother.

"Yes, a telegram," said her father, quietly; "but there is no need for being alarmed. It is only Gibson, who telegraphs to me on a matter of business—but I must go at once."

"You are sure it is nothing about Eugene, papa?"

"Perfectly sure. But you can see for yourself, if you desire."

He handed her the well-known form of the telegraph company, filled in with three or four written words. After reading them, her brow cleared wonderfully, and she looked up quite cheerfully.

"I suppose you must go, papa, since you and Mr. Gibson both think so; but it is very provoking. Can't you at least wait until to-morrow?"

"I can't wait an hour longer than the first train that leaves southward," the General answered, a little impatiently. "Will you come to my room with me for a few minutes? I have something to say to you."

Valerie knew her father better than to hesitate about complying with this request. She rose at once, and followed him up stairs.

Once there, the General closed the door, and plunged into his subject without preliminary.

"I have a very short time in which to say any thing, Valerie," he began; "so you need not be surprised, and I hope you will not be offended, if I speak plainly and forcibly. In the first place, I am very sorry to see that you have commenced a flirtation—or whatever else you choose to call it—with this young Romney."

Valerie started and colored, biting her lip half-angrily. She had expected to be taken to task, but not so soon, and not quite so abruptly. As it was, she was thrown off her guard, and could only take refuge in the thrice-commonplace—

"I don't understand you, sir."

"Pardon me," her father retorted, "but I think you understand me perfectly. Perhaps you don't understand my reasons for alluding to this, however, so I had better explain them. I never interfere with your amusements, as you know; partly because I have seen that you are perfectly capable of conducting them yourself, and partly because you have never done any serious mischief that I am aware of. A few broken hearts, more or less, are of small importance; but let me tell you that you are playing here a heavier game than for a broken heart."

His voice changed with the last words, and deepened so much in earnestness, that Valerie looked at him in simple surprise. Once more she said—this time sincerely—

"I don't understand you."

The General answered by one, straightforward question:

"What do you propose to yourself by turning this boy's head?"

"Really, papa, I have no intention of turning his head."

"You have not? Well, then, I wonder you take such a direct means to do it. Come, come, I have no time for feminine fencing. You can answer that question to yourself, if you don't care to answer it to me; but I warn you, solemnly, that you had better stop short in the matter. If ever you played with fire in your life, you are playing with it now!"

Valerie looked up a little rebelliously.

"If you well say disagreeable things, papa, I really think you might express them more clearly. What are you afraid of? Surely, not that I will marry him?"

"No," answered her father, coolly, "you are too sensible for that. A pretty face is not likely to ensnare you, and I don't know that there is any thing else here. The boy seems a mere spoiled child, and is said to be very much given to gambling and dissipation besides. Your grandfather plainly does not like him; and you would entirely alienate him by such a choice. No, I am not afraid of your marrying him—you will be tired enough of your toy in less than a week; but the mischief will be done then."

"What mischief?"

The General was packing his trunk; but he suspended the operation to turn round and look at his daughter.

"I am afraid you are growing stupid, Valerie," he said quietly. "It is possible you do not see that, if you bring any harm or suffering to Julian Romney, you make a bitter and unscrupulous enemy of his mother?"

Miss Aylmer started—then recovered herself, and laughed a little.

"Why, we are growing quite melodramatic, papa. People don't have enemies these days; or, if they do, they take it out in saying spiteful things about one another. Madame Vacquant reached that interesting stage, as far as I am concerned, long ago, and I don't see what other harm she can do me."

"Then you know very little of the woman, or of her influence in this house," said her father, gravely. "She can harm you bitterly, in a hundred ways; if she has never done so before, it has been because her dislike was more passive than active. Make it active once, and you had better doubt that the sun is in the heavens than that she will work you ill."

"I don't see—"

"No, he interrupted, impatiently, "it is like a woman never to see, until too late for sight to be of any service. But, remember that I warn you!—remember, too, that this boy is of somewhat different metal than those you are accustomed to dealing with. If he blows out his brains—"

"Oh, papa, pray hush!"

"Why, you need not be surprised. He looks quite absurd enough to do it. Now, mark me: if you go on with this, it will be at your own risk, but it is next to impossible that the consequences should fall on yourself alone. What do you say? Will you promise me to let the young fellow alone?"

He asked the question somewhat doubtfully; but there was no hesitation in Valerie's reply. She looked up, and answered readily:

"Why did you not ask me that at once, papa, and spare yourself all this long tirade? Of course, I will promise. There's not the least difficulty about it; for I never meant any thing else than letting him alone. I almost feel as if he were a child—quite as if I should take undue advantage of his youth and ignorance, if I made him fall in love with me. Is that all?"

"Not quite," and here the General hesitated before going on: "by-the-way, you have not told me what you think of this Darcy."

"Is there any thing to think?" she asked, carelessly. "He seems to me quite a nonentity—muscular, perhaps, but certainly not interesting."

"Then you are a worse judge of character than I supposed," said her father, with some perceptible chagrin in his voice. "I confess I was in hopes you had estimated the man more justly. For myself, I was very agreeably disappointed in him—he is thoroughly a gentleman, and one of the most companionable men I have met in a long time."

"Ah, yes; but then you forget, papa, that you have horses and politics to talk about; while I have nothing—besides, he takes no notice of me."

"Whose fault is that?"

"Indeed, I don't know—mine perhaps. But I don't think it matters. I never appreciated the full absurdity of grandpapa's proposed arrangement, until I saw the object of it. He is a very good sort of person in his way, I suppose; but I laugh whenever I think of him as a lover."

The General looked grave.

"What are your objections to him?" he asked.

At which question, the demoiselle laughed gayly.

"Objections? Why I could not begin to remember them. Perhaps I had better sum them all up in one—I don't like him!"

"But you scarcely know him."

"*Qu'importe?* It is all the same. You won't credit it, papa, but these things are matters of instinct, not of reason. I could not tell you why it is that every thing Captain Darcy says and does impresses me disagreeably; but, the fact remains the fact, none the less."

She spoke very decidedly; and her father turned away, with grave displeasure in his face.

"You will live to regret all this, Valerie," he said. Then he rang the bell for his servant, and, taking the hint, Miss Aylmer left the room.

An hour or two afterward, the General took his departure, leaving, as his last words to his daughter, when he kissed her good-by—

"Remember your promise."

CHAPTER IV.

A WILFUL WOMAN.

In view of much that is to be told hereafter, it may be well to say now, that Miss Aylmer was perfectly sincere in making the aforesaid promise, nor less sincere in the intention to fulfil it. Even before her father's warning, she had begun to think that it might be as well to keep "hands off" Julian Romney; for she estimated none too strongly the undisciplined passion of that mobile face was an index, and felt none too truly that of the "lightly-won, lightly-lost" philosophy, this nature was incapable—but after the General had delivered himself, she made a very decided resolution to steer clear of all possible danger or trouble in such a quarter; and, for a time, kept this resolution with a constancy that did her credit. It was something quite new, and something very tiresome, she found, to be all the time on her guard against making herself too attractive; but still she persevered in the face of all difficulties, and, by this perseverance, proved conclusively that, of the sin of wilful and deliberate coquetry, her hands were stainless. If, after a while, she yielded to the temptations held out by idleness and levity, and borne on to consequences grievous as any that follow upon premeditated wrong, at least it will be seen that she did not forfeit all claim to compassion, and that she may be allowed a place in the wide ranks of those who have learned, from bitter experience, that it is one thing to sow the seed, and another to reap the harvest; one thing to set a storm in motion, and another to quell it; one thing to loosen a dam, and another to stop a flood; one thing to commit folly, and quite another to avert evil. If this story can be said to contain a moral, it may indeed be compressed into a few words just here: it may be defined as an attempt (not strikingly successful, perhaps) to show how the consequences of folly are often as great and wide-spread as the consequences of crime; how no one is so insignificant but that his most thoughtless derelictions of duty may prove fruitful of harm and suffering to many besides himself; and how one tiny pebble of wrong-doing, cast into the waters of human life, will widen into circle after circle, until human eyes lose sight of its farthest vibration.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

☞ "A letter was received at Bangor, directed to "Chargogagogmagogagog, Quiginmashesanog county, Me." A few days since, a letter directed to "Brewerry Post Office, State of Maine, New York, America," found an owner in Brewer, Me.

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will buy shoes with silver or copper tips, which will save the buyer the price of a new pair of shoes. Compared with ragged toes and dirty stockings they are beautiful to say the least. Parents, try it. sel4 w3m

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"It is an indigenous perennial plant, grows in the pine barrens from Virginia to Florida, flowering in May and June. From the reports in its favor there is no reason to doubt the efficacy of this medicine in scrofula, secondary syphilis, cutaneous diseases, chronic hepatic affections, and other complaints ordinarily benefited by alterative medicines. Stillingia is advantageously combined with sarsaparilla and other alteratives.' At this season of the year the system naturally undergoes a change, and a good blood purifier will be found an assistant of the greatest value. Wintersmith's Iodized Sarsaparilla and Stillingia is unequaled as an alterative and blood purifier. It has all the virtues of the best Honduras sarsaparilla and of Stillingia, with three grains of Iodide of Potash to the dose. Every bottle contains fifty-six doses, making it not only the best but the cheapest alterative in the market. It is prescribed and recommended by our leading physicians.

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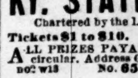

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"HIGHLY CONCENTRATED" COMPOUND

FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU,

A positive and Specific Remedy for diseases of the Bladder, Kidneys, Gravel, and Dropsical Swellings.

This Medicine increases the powers of digestion and excites the absorbents into healthy action, by which the matter of calcareous depositions and all unnatural enlargements are reduced, as well as pain and inflammation, and is good for men, women, and children.

H

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU,

For weakness arising from Excesses, Habits of Dissipation, Early Indiscretion, attended with the following Symptoms:

Indisposition to Exertion,	Loss of Power,
Loss of Memory,	Difficulty of Breathing,
Weak Nerves,	Trembling,
Horror of Disease,	Wakefulness,
Dimness of Vision,	Pain in the Back,
Hot Hands,	Flushing of the Body,
Dryness of the Skin,	Eruptions of the Face,
Universal Lassitude,	Pallid Countenance,

of the Muscular System.

These symptoms, if allowed to go on (which this Medicine invariably removes), soon follow—

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E

In many affections peculiar to Females the EXTRACT BUCHU is unequaled by any other remedy, and for all complaints incident to the sex, or in the DECLINE OR CHANGE OF LIFE.

☞ SEE SYMPTOMS ABOVE.

☞ No Family should be without it.

L

Take no Balsam, Mercury, or unpleasant medicine for unpleasant and dangerous diseases.

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CURE SECRET DISEASES

in all their stages at little expense, little or no change of diet, no inconvenience, and NO EXPOSURE.

M

USE HELMBOLD'S Extract Buchu

For all affections and diseases of these organs, whether EXISTING IN MALE OR FEMALE, from whatever cause originating, and no matter how long standing. Diseases of these organs require the aid of a diuretic.

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B

BLOOD! BLOOD! BLOOD!

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For purifying the Blood, removing all chronic constitutional diseases arising from an impure state of the blood, and the only reliable and effectual known remedy for the cure of Scrofula, Scald-head, Salt Rheum, Pains and Swellings of the Bones, Ulcerations of the Throat and Legs, Blotches, Pimples on the Face, Tetter, Erysipelas, and all scaly Eruptions of the Skin, and BEAUTIFYING THE COMPLEXION.

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O

Helmbold's Rose Wash.

An excellent Lotion for diseases arising from habits of dissipation, used in connection with the Extracts Buchu and Sarsaparilla, in such diseases as recommended. Evidence of the most responsible and reliable character will accompany the medicines. Also explicit directions for use, with hundreds of thousands living witnesses, and upward of 30,000 unsolicited certificates and recommendatory letters, many of which are from the highest sources, including eminent Physicians, Clergymen, Statesmen, &c. The Proprietor has never resorted to their publication in the newspapers; he does not do this from the fact that his articles rank as Standard Preparations, and do not need to be propped up by certificates.

The Science of Medicine, like the Doric Column, should stand simple, pure, majestic, having Fact for its basis, Induction for its pillar, and Truth alone for its capital.

L

My Extract Sarsaparilla is a Blood Purifier; my Extract Buchu is a Diuretic, and will act as such in all cases.

Both are prepared on purely scientific principles in vacuo—and are the most active measures of either that can be made. A ready and conclusive test will be a comparison of their properties with those set forth in the following works:

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HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS,

A Bitters without Alcohol or Spirits of any kind.

Is different from all others. It is composed of the pure juices or VITAL PRINCIPLES OF ROOTS, HERBS, and BARKS (or, as medicinally termed, extracts), the worthless or inert portions of the ingredients not being used. Therefore in one bottle of this Bitters there is contained as much medicinal virtue as will be found in several gallons of ordinary mixtures. The Roots, &c., used in this Bitters are grown in Germany, their vital principles extracted in that country by a scientific Chemist and forwarded to the manufactory in this city, where they are compounded and bottled. Containing no spirituous ingredients, this Bitters is free from the objections urged against all others; no desire for stimulants can be induced from their use; they cannot make drunkards, and cannot, under any circumstances, have any but a beneficial effect.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC

Was compounded for those not inclined to extreme bitters, and is intended for use in cases when some alcoholic stimulant is required in connection with the Tonic properties of the Bitters. Each bottle of the Tonic contains one bottle of the Bitters, combined with pure SANTA CRUZ RUM, and flavored in such a manner that the extreme bitterness of the Bitters is overcome, forming a preparation highly agreeable and pleasant to the palate, and containing the medicinal virtues of the Bitters. The price of the Tonic is $1 50 per bottle, which many persons think too high. They must take into consideration that the stimulant used is guaranteed to be of a pure quality. A poor article could be furnished at a cheaper price, but is it not better to pay a little more and have a good article? A medicinal preparation should contain none but the best ingredients and they who expect to obtain a cheap compound will most certainly be cheated.

They are the Greatest Known Remedies

For LIVER COMPLAINT, DYSPEPSIA, NERVOUS DEBILITY, JAUNDICE, DISEASE OF THE KIDNEYS, ERUPTIONS OF THE SKIN, and all diseases arising from a Disordered Liver, Stomach, or IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD.

Read the following symptoms:

Constipation, Flatulence, Inward Piles, Fullness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fullness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried or Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a Lying Posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, &c., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil, and Great Depression of Spirits. All these indicate Disease of the Liver or Digestive Organs combined with impure blood.

The use of the Bitters or Tonic will soon cause the above symptoms to disappear, and the patient will become well and healthy.

Dr. Hoofland's Greek Oil. Lightning Cure for All Kinds of Pains and Aches.

APPLIED EXTERNALLY.—It will cure all kinds of pains and aches, such as Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Toothache, Chilblains, Sprains, Bruises, Frost Bites, Headaches, Pains in the Back and Loins, Pains in the Joints or Limbs, Stings of Insects, Ringworms, &c.

TAKEN INTERNALLY.—It will cure Kidney Complaints, Backaches, Sick Headache, Colic, Dysentery, Diarrhea, Cholera Infantum, Cholera Morbus, Cramps and Pains in the Stomach, Fever and Ague, Coughs, Colds, Asthma, &c.

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Two pills a dose. The most powerful, yet innocent, vegetable cathartic known. It is not necessary to take a handful of these pills to produce the desired effect; two of them act quickly and powerfully cleansing the liver, stomach, and bowels of all impurities. The principal ingredient is Podophyllin, or the Alcoholic Extract of Mandrake, which is by many times more powerful, acting, and searching than the Mandrake itself. Its peculiar action is upon the liver, cleaning it speedily from all obstructions, with all the power of Mercury, yet free from the injurious results attached to the use of that mineral.

For all diseases in which the use of a cathartic is indicated, these pills will give entire satisfaction in every case. They never fail.

In cases of Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, and extreme Costiveness, Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters or Tonic should be used in connection with the pills. The tonic effect of the Bitters or Tonic builds up the system. The Bitters or Tonic purifies the blood, strengthens the nerves, regulates the liver, and gives strength, energy, and vigor.

Keep your bowels active with the Pills, and tone up the system with Bitters or Tonic, and no disease can retain its hold, or ever assail you.

These medicines are sold by all druggists and dealers in medicines everywhere.

Recollect that it is DR. HOOFLAND'S GERMAN REMEDIES that are so universally used and highly recommended; and do not allow the druggist to induce you to take anything else that he may say is just as good, because he makes a larger profit on it.

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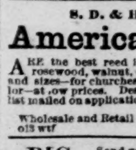

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THE GERMAN WATCHMAN'S SONG.

Among the watchmen of Germany a singular custom prevails of chanting devotional hymns, as well as songs of a national and amusing character, during the night. Of the former description the following is a specimen, the several stanzas being chanted as the hours of the night are successively announced:

Hark, ye neighbors, and hear me tell—
Ten now strikes on the belfry bell!
Ten are the holy commandments given
To man below from God in heaven.
Human watch from harm can't ward us,
God will watch and God will guard us;
He, through His eternal might,
Gives us all a blessed night!

Hark, ye neighbors, and hear me tell—
Eleven sounds on the belfry bell!
Eleven apostles of holy mind
Taught the gospel to mankind.
Human watch, etc.

Hark, ye neighbors, and hear me tell—
Twelve resounds from the belfry bell!
Twelve disciples to Jesus came,
Who suffered rebuke for their Saviour's name.
Human watch, etc.

Hark, ye neighbors, and hear me tell—
One has pealed on the belfry bell!
One God above, one Lord indeed,
Who bears us forth in our time of need.
Human watch, etc.

Hark, ye neighbors, and hear me tell—
Two resounds from the belfry bell!
Two paths before mankind are free;
Neighbor, choose the best for thee.
Human watch, etc.

[illegible] neighbor, and hear me tell—
[illegible] tolls on the belfry bell!
[illegible] reigns the heavenly host,
[illegible]r, Son and Holy Ghost.
Human watch, etc.

THE WOUNDED FRENCHMAN.

"Gretchen, Gretchen! run, my daughter;
There's a Frenchman down by the wall."
"Mother, I'll not run for a Frenchman,
Save to give him a pistol ball."
"Gretchen, Gretchen! think of your brother
Following Fritz so far away."
"Mother, I hope he is making the Frenchmen
Dance to the roll of his drum to-day."
"Aye, but Gret, suppose he is fainting,
Famishing, down by a Frenchman's wall!"
"Mother! O my God protect us!
Hear you some one out in the hall!"
"Stop, my Gretchen! where are you going?
There is nobody there at all."
"Mother I'm going to see the Frenchman,
Wounded, under the garden wall."

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE wife of a laborer on the Canada Central railway has challenged any man on the line to fight her for $100 a side.

FISH is not destined to be the modern Jonah. When the Cabinet shall cast him out there'll be no wail sent up for him.

CLINTON PARKHURST, a country editor in Iowa, has retired from journalism to spend $3,950,000 left him by a Baltimore uncle.

HELLMAN, who drew the $100,000 prize in the recent San Francisco lottery, has donated $5,000 to the charitable institutions of that city.

CINCINNATI proposes to return to dirt roads. We don't know about the dirt roads, but there's no doubt that she's going to grass.

"WHAT I know of Farming" has at length taken effect in Connecticut. A farmer there has just finished a $2,000 hog-pen, grained and papered.

SOME of our Southern exchanges give credit in this way: "THE COURIER JOURNAL makes the following hit." And then they go and leave out the "fist."

A CORRESPONDENT who attended the French opera in New York "noticed, in some fifty singers, three Frenchmen who had escaped capture after Sedan and come to this country; two Spaniards, one of whom had been in Sing Sing for stealing; three Italians who had been barbers in Perugia; one Irishman who could not sing a bar of any music ever written; a Corsican, who had formerly been a sailor; two Scotchmen, who had gone into the profession because they were out of employment; five Germans, who had been attendants of lager-beer saloons; a Russian who had fled from his home on account of crime, and a quadroon who had run North during the rebellion."

A correspondent, writing of Longfellow, tells this: "One day a kindly old gentleman, whose sympathies had come down from a former generation evidently, rang the poet's door-bell, and was shown in to the master of the house. 'Is this house Washington's headquarters?' he asked. 'Yes,' the poet kindly answered. 'Well, I heard so, and I came to take a look at the place.' 'You are very welcome,' was the reply, and the simple-minded old stranger was shown through the chambers, up stairs and down very courteously by the poet himself, and his appetite for historical association was gratified, when, finally, he turned to Mr. Longfellow, and expressing his satisfaction and thanks, [illegible] interested sufficiently in the polite host [illegible]mply, 'What is your name?' 'My [illegible] Longfellow.' 'Long—fellow— [illegible] Well, now, I did hear of a man [illegible] name down in Bil-rick ey (Billerica). [illegible] any kin to him?'"

[illegible] the head of "A Surprise," a Florida [illegible] thus eases his mind: "On the arrival [illegible]day of the mail, we were somewhat [illegible]rised to see a *member of the Executive Committee of the Democratic party* give the editor [illegible] Republican paper an authentic report [illegible] vote in Walton county. We were pres[illegible], but he did not even say *turkey* to us. [illegible]t is the reason? Away with all such [illegible]mocrats. We are above all such *men*, poor [illegible] we are, and *if we had his blood in our veins* [illegible] *would let it out.* We have lived forty years [illegible] never saw the color of his money, and we [illegible]pe to live forty years more without his [illegible] or aid. We want them not. 'Oh for the [illegible] the gift to give us, to see ourselves as [illegible] see us; it would many a blunder and [illegible] notion free us.' Where would our [illegible] be in the hands of such men? We don't [illegible] their assistance, and can do better without, but it is our duty to hold such individ[illegible] up to *public scorn* and contempt."

MRS. YELVERTON.

How "Lady Avonmore" Wandered Away in Yosemite [illegible]ows.

[From the Mariposa (Cal) Gazette.]

We learn that Hon. Mrs. Yelverton met with a serious misfortune on Sunday last in attempting to leave Yosemite valley unattended. Mrs. Yelverton had been spending several months at the valley, and on Sunday morning started alone on horseback from Hutchings' hotel to come out to Clark & [illegible]'s, expecting to overtake on the trail [illegible] English party which left an hour or so before. Nothing more was known of her journey until Monday morning, when Fred. Leidig and Hugh Davanay took the trail to [illegible] to Mariposa. About a quarter of a mile below the "Hermitage" they noticed a woman's track in the snow on the lower side of the trail, and wandering away from it, and knowing that Mrs. Yelverton had attempted to pass out the day before were satisfied the tracks were hers, and immediately began a search for her. The tracks led around among the trees, bushes and rocks, a circle of more than a mile, and Mrs. Yelverton was finally found, wet, chilled, bewildered and exhausted, about a quarter of a mile from where she had left the trail. She had been out through the storm of Sunday night, and would probably soon have perished but for a fortunate chance. As it was snowing again when she was found, the track in the snow, which attracted the notice of the gentlemen named, might not have been visible an hour later. Nothing was to be seen of her horse. When the gentlemen had brought Mrs. Yelverton back to the trail, Mr. Hutchings came along, also on his way to Mariposa, and she was placed upon Hutchings' [illegible], and taken to Leidig's Hotel, while [illegible] went to search for her horse, which [illegible] or more this side of the [illegible] Mrs. Yelverton was [illegible] proper resto[illegible] Mrs. Leidig, was [illegible] removed toward [illegible] she had been [illegible] Yelverton be[illegible] snow-storm Sun[illegible] longer man[illegible] and tried to [illegible]ndered till lost. [illegible] miles from any [illegible]ances detailed, [illegible] mishap did not [illegible]ces.

[illegible]nty, Pa., claims to [illegible]nciple of motive [illegible]rposes of steam, [illegible] about to have an [illegible]pacity capable of [illegible]wer equal to 400 [illegible]ce and momentum, [illegible]000 pounds of work[illegible]t he is not insane, [illegible]ve the matter brought [illegible] next session, with the [illegible]lusive right of property [illegible] to his heirs, admin-

[illegible]ntral and Hudson, Erie, [illegible] all connecting railroads [illegible] advance on Western- [illegible] effect Monday, 28th. [illegible] decided upon: [illegible] $1 27; second class, [illegible]rth class 51c. [illegible]1 46; second class, [illegible] class, 59c. [illegible]75; second class, [illegible]th class, 74c. [illegible]00; second class, [illegible] class, 65c. [illegible]82; second class, [illegible]rth class, 84c. [illegible], is abolished.

[illegible] Loire has the follow[illegible] of our friends from [illegible] can rely on, has [illegible] statement: "I have [illegible] old friend of our [illegible] the Emperor's [illegible] him from Sedan [illegible]bed, in the most [illegible]ble situation at [illegible]ports of the ex[illegible]avarians at Ba[illegible]ed and burned [illegible]en, and violated [illegible] that served [illegible] women was a [illegible] thrown naked [illegible] had been the [illegible]ern soldiers."

VALERIE AYLMER.

A NOVEL.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

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BOOK II.

CHAPTER II.

A FREE LANCE OF TO-DAY.

When the doctor, who was hastily summoned, arrived, his first care was to relieve the injured foot of all ligatures; his second, to apply arnica saturated bandages; and his third, to assure M. Vacquant that the patient needed only entire quiet. She will not be able to walk for some time," he said, on taking his departure; "but she may probably be carried down-stairs and join the family circle to-morrow."

He was mistaken, however. The sprain proved more serious than had been imagined, and several days elapsed before Miss Aylmer summoned courage or inclination to make an appearance down-stairs. At last, one evening, a sudden whim, or fit of loneliness, seized her. She tossed the novel, over which she was yawning, clear across the room, rang her bell, made a toilet, and, with the assistance of her own and Madame Vacquant's maids, managed to descend to the drawing-room, while dinner was yet in progress, and the coast clear.

"That will do, Fanchette, she said, to her faithful attendant, who, after she had been established on a sofa, still hovered over her, suggesting a pillow here, and a cushion there. "That really will do. I am very comfortable—more comfortable than I deserve to be," she added; "for I begin to think it was very foolish of me to come down."

"'Deed, ma'am, I think it was very right," Fanchette said, earnestly. "You was so lonesome-like up-stairs! It'll do you good to see some company."

"That's rather a question," her mistress answered, languidly. "I feel just now more as if it would tire me, and then, I never looked worse!"

"You looks pale, ma'am—but paleness is becoming to you," said Fanchette, consolingly; for Fanchette stood chief among the admirers of *la belle des belles*—a fact which in itself is no contemptible proof of the genuineness of Miss Aylmer's loveliness, since few scorns are more sincere than that of a maid for the beauty she daily aids in making up.

The invalid acknowledged her friendly comfort by a smile; and then nestled deeper into her cushions, saying, as she stretched out, with a slight grimace, the pretty sandalled foot that was resting on a pillow:

"I don't trust you, Fanchette; you consider me so entirely in the light of your handiwork, that you regard me with partial eyes. Throw that afghan lightly over me. There!—Is not some one coming?"

Before Fanchette could answer, the door opened, and a lady entered—a lady so handsome and stately, that, as she came forward in the full light of the chandelier, she looked more like some rare old picture stepped from its frame, than a mere flesh-and-blood woman of the present time. She was not a young woman, by any means, and not a woman who made any ill-judged attempt to look young; but every thing about her harmonized so perfectly, and was in such admirable keeping with her personal style and her manifest age, that it was a question whether she was not better worth looking at than the freshest beauty in her teens. Girlhood is a very pretty and a very charming thing, no doubt, but girlhood, even in its brightest and sweetest form, has never been able to hold its own, with any moderate measure of success, against the charm of a woman who, instead of fading, has ripened into maturity, and whose personal gifts have gained the toning and expression that only time can bestow. It is not often that we see the warm zenith of feminine loveliness attained—for there are many dwarfing and blighting influences at work in almost every woman's life, that send her into the port of middle age, shattered, if not wrecked—but a glimpse of it is vouchsafed to us sometimes, and we are richer for that glimpse to the end of our lives. It is something inexpressibly graceful and beautiful, something that has no jar or clang of discordance in it, something that is refined to the exquisite point of needing no further refinement, and something which was breathed like an aroma over the woman who came forward now. She was certainly a beautiful woman. Her delicate features were chiselled with the clearness and regularity of sculpture, her rich brown hair was abundant as any *chevelure* of twenty, and had a glow upon it which proved conclusively that the art of the dyer had never been called into requisition; her violent eyes had lost not a tint of their color, during the half-century that had passed over them; and her slender, symmetrical figure bore itself with a dignity which seemed to add at least two inches to her real stature. General Aylmer had been right in saying that he would easily have recognized Julian Romney by his likeness to his mother; yet alike as the two faces were in cast of feature, there was a difference between them, which, resting in diverse expression, sometimes deepened into positive dissimilarity. It could scarcely have been otherwise, since the younger face was mobile to excess—the lip ever ready to curl, the brow ever ready to bend—while the elder was locked in the passionlessness of marble. The finely-arched brow seldom met in any frown; the cold, calm lip rarely smiled; and, whatever strength of passion or capability of emotion existed in the depths of this woman's nature, she had long since placed a strong curb over—a curb that gave a repressed quietude to her manner, and was the cause of a certain repulsion, which more than one person confessed to experiencing when under her influence. Yet few people have been more universally admired, or more justly commended; and, as she crossed the floor in her rich silk and soft laces, Valerie acknowledged, for perhaps the fiftieth time, that, when her grandfather chose a second wife, his taste, in beauty at least, had been irreproachable.

"What!—you down?" she said as she came forward, and perceived the occupant of the sofa. "I doubt if it was prudent to walk on your foot, yet a while, Valerie. You should have been carried down, as the doctor advised."

"Fanchette and Rose helped me," said Valerie. "I scarcely walked at all."

"Fanchette and Rose could not give all the assistance you must have needed. Your grandfather was just speaking of taking Maurice up to bring you down."

"That would have been more imposing, certainly, but not more to my taste," said Valerie, with a laugh. "I had a suspicion of that plan of grandpapa's, so I was all the more anxious to steal a march on him, Besides, I really was dreadfully tired of my room and my novels."

"I don't wonder at it," said the elder lady, as she sat down in a high-backed Gothic chair, which made her look more like a picture than ever, and drew forward an embroidery-frame. "Needle-work has quite out of fashion, I believe," she went on, "or I should think you would have found that a pleasanter as well as a more profitable occupation."

"Do you mean hemming handkerchiefs or embroidering ottomans?" asked Valerie, more flippantly than was quite proper; but the temptation to rejoinder was strong, and liking, between this handsome lady and herself, there had never been enough to insure an amicable *tete-a-tete*. "Fanchette relieves me of the first, and, as for the other, I don't belong to any charitable association; so I should have no means of disposing of them after they were finished."

"If you have no room for them at Aylmers, your friends might like them as souvenirs," said Madame Vacquant, whose sneers were never apparent on the surface. "You are so well provided with friends, that there would be no difficulty about finding recipients. I hope, by-the-way, you left Miss Fan quite well?"

"Quite well," Valerie answered, with a saucy sparkle in her eyes. "It is kind of you to inquire about Netta, for I know you do not like her; but then that is not singular. I believe we all failed to please you in our poor Louisiana."

"The climate did not agree with me," said Madame Vacquant, quietly; "otherwise, I had no fault to find. The fruits are delicious, and the people charmingly hospitable. But I really think I should have died if I had remained, the lassitude and prostration were so great. I don't wonder that women there fade early—or that you have gone off so much, Valerie."

"I never knew that women faded earlier there than elsewhere," returned Valerie, nonchalantly. "And, as for my going off, I know I am hideous just now; but I have Baltimore to thank for that. When I left home, everybody said I was looking remarkably well."

"People who see one constantly are not always the best judges of one's looks," said Madame Vacquant. "Perhaps, after you have been in Maryland a while, you may recover something of your bloom. You used to have a very bright complexion."

"One needs to come to Maryland to hear unflattering truths," Valerie answered, with undiminished good-humor. "Nobody in Louisiana ever spoke of my complexion in the past tense; but then probably our standard is not a good one. I may be able to do something toward improving it when I go back. Are not those the gentlemen's voices? How soon they leave the table!"

"Your grandfather does not like to sit long," said Madame Vacquant, pausing in her work to listen; "and Julian, I know, has an engagement for this evening. That is Maurice Darcy speaking now. You have not met him yet, I believe?"

"Not unless you consider my fainting escapade in the light of a meeting. He must be very strong; for I weigh a great deal, and—"

The opening of the door cut short her sentence; and the next moment, her father accompanied by a tall, stalwart stranger, entered the room. They were speaking together as they crossed the floor, and did not notice her presence for an instant; then General Aylmer looked round, and was not a little surprised.

"You here, Valerie!" he said. "How did you manage to get down? Your grandfather has just gone up stairs to see you."

"I am very sorry," said Valerie, with more contrition than was perhaps sincere. "But, you see, I meant to surprise him, and—won't you please call him back, papa?"

"He will soon find that the bird has flown," answered the general, coolly. "Meanwhile, have you forgotten Captain Darcy?"

Valerie looked up at his companion. Even despite the disadvantage under which she had seen it before, she thought she would have recognized again the face that had gazed at her through the mist of past suffering. But she must have been mistaken—for, if she had appreciated one-half of its compassionate kindness on that day, she could scarcely have spoken with as much coldness as when she answered:

"No, I have not forgotten Darcy, and I am glad to be able to thank him for his assistance and strength, when I needed both sadly. Without them, I don't know how I should ever have found myself in the house that day."

"I only hope you are better," said Captain Darcy, speaking very courteously, but making no effort to shake hands or any thing of the kind. "It is a pity that your arrival in Baltimore should have been so disagreeably signalized."

"I don't know about its being disagreeable," she answered, carelessly. "I have had sevaral days to myself, and I have read many entertaining and a few instructive books; and both of these novelties are worth the price of a sprain, I dare say. Oh, I am always philosophical—am I not, papa? Eugene used to declare that, if the house were burned down, I would say at once that it was the pleasantest thing imaginable, since trees and grass were a great deal more healthful and comfortable than roofs and floors. I must not quote Eugene, however, for here comes grandpapa."

M. Vacquant entered as she spoke—a little out of breath, and a good deal out of humor.

"What is the meaning of this, Valerie?" he asked, quite injuredly. "I thought you could not walk, so I go up-stairs to see you, and am coolly informed that you have gone down! Did you time your descent exactly for the purpose of giving me a useless journey? By Jove, how tired I am!"

"So you have taken to swearing in English!" Valerie laughed, as he sat down by her. "No, I didn't time my descent for any reason of the kind," she went on. "I came down to give you a pleasant surprise, and this is all the thanks I get. I wonder you are not ashamed to be so ungrateful."

"So that's the light, is it?" said he, with a shrug. "Well, I'll make apologies, when I recover breath enough. Meanwhile, let us hear whom you were quoting when I came in."

"Nobody you care about," said Valerie, giving his hand an affectionate little pinch. "I was only quoting my hero, my darling, my soldier of fortune, my—"

"Oh, Eugene," said he, in a very unenthusiastic tone.

"Yes, Eugene. What have you to say against him?"

"Only that I hope he has not been fished out of the Seine in a starving condition yet."

"Tell him about him," said Valerie, turning triumphantly to her father and getting decidedly aground among her personal pronouns. "Tell him all that we heard last about the dear boy; how well he is doing; and how steady he is; and how much everybody likes him; and—"

"And how ready you are to believe it all," said M. Vacquant, stopping her mouth with peremptory good-humor. "I don't want to hear any thing about the scamp! If he had stayed at home, and turned shoeblack, now, I might have forgiven him; but, to go off and join the *condottieri!*"

"I thought you liked *condottieri*, grandpapa," said Valerie, and her eyes turned more significantly than she intended toward Captain Darcy, who was standing beside Madame Vacquant, and who caught the glance at once.

"I don't know why you thought so," said her grandfather. "I like them so little, that Maurice and I have had more than one disagreement on the subject."

"Captain Darcy likes them, then?" said Valerie, making an ill-judged assult on the enemy's lines.

"That depends upon whether you mean *condottieri* in the literal or the social sense," answered Captain Darcy for himself.

"In the social sense, undoubtedly," returned she, promptly.

"Then I don't like them in the least," he answered. "But, in the literal sense, it would be strange if I had not at least a sympathy for them, since I belong to a race that for the last three hundred years has furnished soldiers of fortune to the whole world."

"And liked nothing better!" said M. Vacquant. "Deuce take the fellow!—he'd be a free lance to-morrow, if he could!"

"He was a free lance yesterday," said General Aylmer, with a smile. "We must not forget that."

Darcy turned away, and walked down the room. General Aylmer followed him, and, while they stood together, in a broad glow of light, Valerie had no better occupation for her eyes than to note the appearance of the soldier-artist who had been advanced to the dignity of kinship with her.

This was all that she saw—a tall, well-built figure, whose deep, broad chest, and little, sinewy limbs, were pleasant sights for people who had a *penchant* in the way of manly strength or manly prowess—and whose stalwart, well-carried shoulders looked as if they could have borne the very burden of Atlas without blench or quiver; a face that suited the figure excellently well, for it was frank and bold, more soldierly than artistic, and only moderately handsome. Indeed, as Valerie regarded it from behind the friendly shelter of M. Vacquant, she did not think it handsome at all. Certainly there was wonderfully little of the *petit-maitre* or trim gallant about it—little to please the eye that admired Charley Hautaine's insouciant grace, or Julian Romney's ideal beauty—but a good deal, nevertheless, that many women, as well as many men, liked to look upon. There were straight, clearly-cut features, deep, dark-gray eyes that might have been handsome, if they had not been too cold and critical; a mouth that was somewhat set and stern, under the thick chestnut mustache; the square, belligerent chin, that mars the beauty of many a born fighter's face; the broad artist-brow, that is never wholly without attraction, and an abundant amount of crisp chestnut hair. Together with these things, there was a striking absence of that which, for want of a better name, we may call the conventional stamp—the stamp that in these days squares and trims everybody and everything into conventional shape—and a striking presence of fresh and vigorous individuality. The man had his faults—they were written, indeed, on his very face—but you felt more than half-inclined to forgive them all, in gratitude for the novelty of seeing one who looked, moved, and spoke, not according to certain social rules and canons, but according to the exigence of the hour and the need of the minute; yet who never, in even the faintest shade of word, look, or tone, violated that higher law of perfect courtesy which is the flower of true refinement. The man was a man, but he was also a gentleman, and none the less the first for being so entirely the last. You could see at once that he was frank and straightforward to a fault, formed for action rather that for diplomacy, very apt to clear his way with clean, even strokes, and little likely to show tolerance in any case of attempted wiles; but you also felt sure that he was a man who would be gentle to the weak, and tender to those whom he loved, with the supreme gentleness and tenderness that are born of strength. Nevertheless, let it not be supposed that there was any thing of the Titan, or the genius, or the hero, about him. He was simply a man who had some of the best attributes of common manhood stamped upon him—the courage and simplicity, the generosity and faithfulness, the scorn of all things base, and the very unconsciousness of all things mean, which are uncommon enough, Heaven knows, but which go further to make up our idea of true manhood than all the polish or all the learning of all the schools.

"He looks like a free companion," Valerie thought to herself, while Madame Vacquant described the manner in which hair was dressed, and dilated upon the latest style of bonnet. "I wonder if the soldiers of the Irish brigade at Fontenoy were men of this kind? If so, no wonder the English — Yes, madame, I think that must have been a lovely bonnet; but you know I could not wear any thing of the sort. Pearl and blue would make a fright of me."

"No; of course you could not," said Madame Vacquant. "I was only describing it. You have always scarlet somewhere about your bonnets, I believe."

"A knot of scarlet roses, or perhaps a cluster of fuchsias," said Valerie, who was not a whit behind the most of her sex in devotion to the toilet. "I like fuchsias—they are so graceful and becoming. Grandpapa, I wonder if Captain Darcy had any ancestors at the battle of Fontenoy?"

"I don't know, I am sure," said M. Vacquant. "What on earth put that into your head?"

"Nothing," she laughed; and then she hummed under her breath, to an impromptu air:

"'On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, nor ever yet elsewhere,
Rushed on to fight a nobler band that those proud exiles were.'"

"You must try and get down to Easter's, to-morrow," Madame Vacquant went on. "There is a silk there, I am sure you will like. I saw it a week ago, and told them to put it aside; but such people are so unreliable. It is a lovely gold-color; and under black lace—you still have that overdress of Spanish lace, I suppose, Valerie?"

"Oh, yes," said Valerie; "of course I have it yet—such things as that are heirlooms, you know. I need a silk for it, too; and I shall certainly get the gold-color, if it is pretty; but then, I have no doubt of that.

'On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, like eagles in the sun'—

What's the next line, grandpapa?"

"I never heard the thing, Valerie."

"Oh, of course you have—only you've forgotten:

'Like lions leaping at a fold, when mad with hunger's pang,
Right up against the English line the Irish exiles sprang;
Bright was their steel—'"

The battle of Fontenoy came to an abrupt end just here, for the door opened, and a radiant vision entered—to wit, Julian Romney, in fully evening costume. He entered listlessly, with something of a fretful cloud on his face; but a single glance at the sofa was enough to dispel it, and the next moment he came forward, smiling brightly.

"Miss Aylmer! What an unexpected pleasure this is! But why was I now allowed my share in the triumph of bringing you down?"

"There was no triumph in the matter," Valerie said, with a laugh. "I came down very quietly, assisted only by Fanchette and Rose."

"When?"

"While you were all at dinner."

"While we were at dinner—and I just to know it!"

"It has not been long."

"It has been long enough to make me wish that Mrs. Jennings and her party were both in Halifax; or that I had looked in the drawing-room when I came up-stairs. How could I have been so obtuse as not to know by instinct that you were here? Don't laugh, Miss Aylmer—it is a very serious matter, I assure you."

Miss Aylmer did laugh, however. His petulance and vexation seemed so little more than that of a spoiled child; and there was so much of the "pretty page" about him, that she felt half-inclined to extend her hand and caress the curl-bedecked head. A timely recollection of propriety interfered, however; and she only shook her own as she answered:

"Your flatteries deserve a pleasanter reward than any thing they have missed, or are likely to gain. My mirror tells me that I never looked worse, and my conscience assured me that I never felt more stupid."

"For the peace of our city, don't look any better, then," said he, with only a half tone of jest. "And as for stupidity—pity mine, when I have not yet inquired about your ankle. Is it well enough for you to walk at all?"

"I think not," answered she, with a dubious glance toward it. "But really, I have not tried. I limped down on one foot; for I have such a vivid remembrance of my agony the other day, that I did not have the courage to put this one on the floor."

"You ought to do it, however," said Madame Vacquant. "Your ankle will never grow strong again unless you use it. Is not that so, my dear?"

"Certainly it is so," said M. Vacquant; "but *petite* knows best. She can judge whether it feels equal to the exertion yet."

"I am by no means sure of that," said Julian, while *petite* herself looked doubtful. "Suppose you try to walk?" he added, turning abruptly to the latter. "I am confident your ankle is strong enough by this time to bear the exertion. Come! let me assist you."

He held out his hand, but Valerie shook her head.

"Not this evening—to-morrow, perhaps," she said.

"To-morrow I may not be able to help you," answered he. "Pray, now—if only a few steps. I should like to feel that I was making some amends for allowing that dreadful fall."

"Allowing! How could you have prevented it?"

He only smiled, and held out his hand again. "Will you not try! Just a few steps."

He looked so imploring, and so handsome, that for once Valerie developed an incapacity to say no.

"If you will not insist, in case it hurts me," she began.

She was interrupted by protestations and assurances to the contrary; so, after a moment, she slowly brought the injured foot to the floor, and tried its strength, before rising.

"Does it hurt?" asked M. Vacquant.

"N—o. Mr. Romney was right, I believe. It scarcely hurts at all—as yet. Now I will try to walk."

"Let me call Maurice to assist you also," said her grandfather, in a tone which was unluckily loud enough to reach Captain Darcy's ears. He started and turned, just in time to hear Valerie say with decision:

"No; certainly not. Mr Romney will assist me; and, if I need any one else, I can call on papa."

Then she laid her hand on Julian's arm, and, thus supported, walked slowly down the room.

"Take care. Don't over-exert your ankle," said General Aylmer, turning round as she advanced. "How does it feel?"

"Very well indeed," she answered. "I am ashamed to remember how cowardly I have been about trying it.—No, Mr. Romney, you not turn back; I think I will walk down the next room."

"Had you not better be cautious?" asked Darcy. "Your foot must be weak yet."

"Of cource it is weak; and that's the reason I want to strengthen it," said she, lightly. "Mr. Romney, I am sorry to lean so heavily. I hope my weight is not very great."

Neither of the gentlemen heard Romney's reply, for he moved on before it was spoken; but they saw the light that came into his eyes, as he answered; and being, in different ways, men of the world both shrugged their shoulders mentally.

"I must give Valerie warning that her favorite game won't answer here," thought the father. "Fooling this pretty-faced boy would be a trifling affair in itself; but making an enemy of his mother would ruin every thing."

"A thorough-paced coquette," thought Maurice Darcy; "and more ripe for mischief than even the most of her class. Poor Julian!"

Poor Julian was meanwhile leading his companion through one after other of the suit of reception-rooms, until they found themselves at the entrance of the conservatory.

"What a beautiful place!" Valerie said, pausing in the door, and gazing with loving eyes at the interior, where the luxuriant children of her fair South brought something of their tropical bloom and beauty about the chill existence of the North. "How exquisite the plants are!—But is not that a fountain I hear?"

Romney answered by leading her forward, and the next moment she saw that almost immediately in the centre of the conservatory, a jet of water was playing in a marble basin, making a soft, fary-like music of its own, and gleaming like a silver mist through the mellow gloom. All around it broad-leaved water-plants were arranged with unusual taste and skill; while the most rare of the flowering shrubs were clustered in the immediate neighborhood, and tall, feathery crests nodded, or seemed to nod, in the dimmer background.

This time Valerie did not exclaim, "What a beautiful place!" She only felt a sharp throb, half-exquisite pleasure, half-exquisite pain, which all forms of the beautiful bring to some organizations; and then she said softly, "It looks like home."

"I am glad I was the first person to bring you here, then," said Romney, quickly. "I am glad that the place which reminds you of home, must also remind you a little of me. Sit down. You must rest before you try to go back."

There was every thing to second the request; so Valerie yielded without much demur. "We cannot stay long, or they will miss us," she said, hesitatingly; and, having cleared her conscience by this remark, she sat down and gave herself up to the charm of the spot. The soft lamps glimmered so far away that they threw only a sort of moonlight radiance through the heavy tropical foliage; the brilliant blossoms of the Southern flora were blooming on every side, and their rich, subtle fragance was heavy on air; the water rose and fell with the measured rhythm that in itself lulled to quiescence; and so, while the party, a few rooms distant, sat down to whist, counted their tricks, and scored their honors, these two lingered and yet lingered in what seemed, to one of them at least, at fairy-land.

Ah, it is a subtler and a deeper question than many of us think, that of determining whether the women who are gifted with the fatal gift which we call fascination, are strictly accountable for all the harm and evil this woful charm may work upon others. There are some women—we do not usually meet more than one in a lifetime—whose simplest tones and most careless glances contain more of magic than all the philters ever compounded by cunning necromancers—women whose powers no man has ever been wise enough to define, and few, very few, strong enough to resist; women than whom hundreds are fairer, and nobler, and wittier; but to whom Nature has given one dower that only Nature can bestow—the rare and perilous dower of being all things to all men. Now, are such women morally accountable for all the pain, the suffering, and the harm which—unwittingly often—they never fail to cause? Are their white hands stained with the blood which has flowed for them, the pangs that have been endured, the lives wrecked, the curses breathed? Surely, if so, we might be more willing to accept the guilt of that poor wretch whom they are leading yonder down the long sunlit road toward the high hill where, tall and dark, one sombre outline cuts against the sky; him whose pale lips are even now moving in agonized prayer; and whom the great surging multitude will hungrily watch when the cord is drawn around his neck, and he goes from man's justice to the bar of God's mercy.

There is more point in this digression than is at once apparent. We are told that, in a matter of this kind, guilt or innocence is all a case of "intention." This seems hard, sometimes—hard that the instigator may go scot-free of penalty, while the victim bears the weight of sin, as well as of suffering; but, after all, who ran draw the line of that "intention?" Who of us does not know

"That evil is wrought by want of thought,
As well as by want of heart?"

And who of us can believe that want of thought will plead our excuse in the awful Reckoning, when every idle word will rise up against us? One thing at least is certain: in after-days it will go hard with Valerie Aylmer if her conscience be not clear of all intention to modulate her tones so well, to sheathe her glances so soft, and to let kindness—plain and simple kindness only, she would tell you—dwell in every word on that night when Julian Romney sat by her side, and found his fate in her eyes.

Found his fate! That is a term of which romantic school-girls are very fond; and, like as not, it may sound absurdly exaggerated to the men and women of the day, who sneer at human passion as they sneer at every thing else on the earth; but, for all that, there is such a thing yet, and will be such a thing, as long as women are beguilers and men are beguiled. Whether the term be correct or not—whether or not, in the fullest sense, Julian Romney found his fate in Valerie Aylmer's eyes—the sequel may show; but at least something of the fact began to be apparent to herself before the evening was over. After the last good-nights had been exchanged, and when the fair Southern head laid itself down upon its pillows, a vision came back of the beautiful boyish face that had kindled and glowed so warmly during those hours beside the fountain—the face that just then was close to that of a blond belle in the *valse a deux temps*, and which saw before it, not the golden curls and azure eyes of sweet Violate Arle, but the lips which were even then murmuring:

"Poor boy! I must try and not do him any harm."

CHAPTER III.

THE GENERAL GIVES A WARNING.

No one was very much surprised the next morning when the door of the breakfast-room opened, and Miss Aylmer made her appearance, looking so blooming and bright in a rich crimson cashmere, that even Madame Vacquant felt inclined to doubt whether the climate of Louisiana was quite as injurious to complexions as she had supposed. The young lady received her congratulations and greetings very quietly; then, subsiding into a chair by Romney, she bade him tell her how the night had gone in the way of the Jennings' party.

"Heavily enough, as far as I was concerned," he answered. "Other people seemed to be enjoying themselves in usual degree; but I never found an evening more hopelessly dull. I am glad you have come down to give us a glimpse of your face this morning; otherwise, I should have carried a nightmare about with me all day."

"What was so dreadful?" asked his step-father—"wine, the women, or the music?"

The young man shrugged his shoulders petulantly.

"How can I tell? It was all a hideous conglomeration of sight and sound—so hideous, that the wine might have been gooseberry, the women dressed in bunting, and the band playing a dead-march, for aught I knew, or cared, to the contrary!"

"Oh, we understand," said the elder gentleman. "The fault being in yourself—as it generally is—Mrs. Jennings' entertainment must bear the blame. It strikes me that, instead of saying 'the evening was dull,' you should have said 'I was dull,' and stated the matter more fairly."

"Doesn't it come to the same thing?" asked Valerie; for her quick eye caught the sudden cloud that came over Julian's face.

"By no means," her grandfather answered. "Here's Maurice, for instance, who, not being given to morbid fancies, enjoyed himself, I will venture to say, like a sensible man. How was it, *mon ami?*—am I not right?"

Darcy looked up from a newspaper—both General Aylmer and himself had drawn back from the table, and were engaged, one with the Gazette, and the other with the Sun—but did not seem to need any information about the subject under discussion.

"I thought the evening went off very well," he said; "but, then, I'm never hard to please, you know. Julian certainly must have found a bitter savor in every thing, for not the melancholy Jacques himself could have looked more wearied. I heard more than one 'bright-eyed *bonnibelle*' ask what misfortune had befallen him."

He spoke carelessly, but in a tone of good-humored pleasantry, that did not at all justify Romney's sharp retort:

"I am glad you found so much time to observe my proceedings, and I am sorry I can't return the compliment by bearing personal testimony to yours. I only remember that one 'bright-eyed *bonnibelle*' at least could have made no inquiry about me—the one, I mean, whom you engrossed the greater part of the evening."

"Who was that?" asked Madame Vacquant, speaking for the first time since she bade Valerie good-morning.

"I suppose he means Miss Riviere," said Darcy, with a smile. "She was looking charmingly last night, and I danced with her several times; but I should hardly have thought that made out a case of engrossing."

"Rivere!" Valerie repeated. "That is a Louisiana name."

"These are Louisiana people," said M. Vacquant. "Aylmer, you remember Henry Rivere, I am sure."

"Perfectly," said the general, looking up. "And, by-the-way, his is one of the worst cases of utter smash I know of."

"So I supposed; for he is here in business."

The other raised his eyebrows with an expression of surprise.

"Riviere! If it were possible to be astonished by any thing, these days, I should certainly think you must be mistaken. I can fancy him connected with every thing in the world except business. By-the-by, that is a very indefinite term, and means any thing, from ship-owning to shoemaking. What does it stand for in this case?"

"Some banking position or other, I think. He seems to be getting on tolerably; and is clever enough to succeed very well. if he will only keep away from race-courses, and let cards and dice alone."

"Ah! if he only can," said the general, in a tone of profound incredulity concerning the probability of any thing of the kind. And then he went back to the Sun.

"Has he a daughter, and is her name Alix?" Valerie inquired.

"He has a daughter, and her name is Alix," Romney replied. "She has made something of a sensation here. Do you mean to say you know her?"

"I met her once or twice—not oftener, for she was very young, and not in society—but I remember that I thought her very attractive. Is she not very *petite*, with soft brown eyes, and shy, caressing manners?"

"And a color that comes and goes twenty times in a minute — exactly. She is said to be very charming; but Darcy there had cultivated her more than I have, and can speak with better knowledge."

"She is one of the most thoroughly natural and thoroughly attractive people I ever knew," said Darcy, warmly. "I sincerely congratulate you, Miss Aylmer, on the discovery of such a friend."

"Such an acquaintance," Madame Vacquant corrected. "Valerie did not speak of her as a friend—did you, my dear? I should be sorry, if so, for I have heard one or two rumors about her, which, if true, make her rather undesirable even as an acquaintance."

"One or two rumors about Miss Riviere!" said Darcy, quickly. "Excuse me, madame, if I ask what they are—for nothing could possibly be true that would render her an undesirable acquaintance for Miss Aylmer."

"Excuse me for not remembering that she had such a warm champion at hand," said the lady, smiling, though not very pleasantly; "and moderate your warmth, my dear Maurice, for I meant nothing in the least dreadful. I have heard that Miss Riviere is studying music, with a view to going on the stage—that is all. But I am sure you will agree with me that it is enough to justify what I said. Valerie would scarcely care to make a friend of a future cantatrice."

"That would depend very much upon circumstances, or, rather, upon the person in question," said Valerie, coolly. "Now I should make a friend of Alix Riuiere, not of the future cantatrice—if the rumor is true."

"Let us hope that it is not," said M. Vacquant, lifting up his spoon to break an egg, and balancing it in the air as he spoke. "In my opinion, it is one of the worst signs of the times that the new generation begin to throw off so many of the old traditions of gentle blood, and to disregard so entirely the old *noblesse-oblige* theory of gentle birth," he went on. "Equality and fraternity are vile enough in a political sense; but the devil himself could not imagine any thing worse than their social enforcement would be! Yet all these latter-day notions are paving the way for little else. We are told that it is a very fine thing to be liberal; that a gentleman may be a gentleman, though he turn blacksmith; and a lady may continue a lady though she becomes an actress; that good ancestry is of no account; and a good name worth exactly what it will bring at the bottom of a check! I may be illiberal," continued he, bringing down his spoon with a crash into the egg-shell, "but I don't see the force of such reasoning, and I have an unmitigated contempt for such practice!"

"Don't excite yourself, grandpapa," Velerie laughed. "And, besides, I don't see the force of your reasoning, in the present case. There are no better people in Louisiana than the Rivieres."

"So much the more cause of their not forgetting the fact," said he. "However, we'll be chartible. The rumor about the young lady may not be true. I am sure I hope it is not, since I don't know a more charming woman than her mother.—Maurice, have you forgotten that you promised to attend Cox's sale of horses for me this morning?"

"Not in the least, sir," Darcy answered, pushing aside the Gazette, and giving a glance at his watch; "but there is plenty of time yet, and General Aylmer spoke of going with me."

"I am at your service," said the general, rising as he spoke. "It has been my life-long practice to keep no man waiting my business or pleasure, and I should be sorry to begin at this late day."

"Remember that, from two such judges of horse-flesh, I shall expect a simply unparalleled span," said M. Vacquant, as they turned to leave the room.

"It would have been wiser to send them apart, then," said Romney, after the two gentlemen were safely out of ear-shot. "Together, their opinions are sure to clash—I never knew two jockeys who didn't—and the result may be any thing but the one you desire."

"I should have sent you along as umpire," said the step-father, a little shortly. "Your judgment served you so well when you bought that showy looking animal the other week, which turned out just as sound as Maurice propesied."

Julian's cheek flushed darkly, and his brow contracted in its quick frown. There could not possibly have been found a sorer point with him than the one to which M. Vacquant alluded—a certain equine purchase against which Darcy had strongly advised him, and which proved to be utterly worthless. His reply would probably not have been very temperate, if his mother had not interfered.

"You are hard on poor Julian," she said, reproachfully, to her husband. "I am sure he will give Captain Darcy all the credit he deserves as a jockey; and as for that unlucky horse—isn't he ever to be left in peaceful disgrace?"

"With all my heart," said M. Vacquant, good-humoredly—"I beg pardon, Julian, if I have said anything to wound your feelings; and we'll certainly let that deposed czar rest on his laurels.—Are you engaged this morning, my dear, or can you write some letters for me? There's quite an accumulation of them up-stairs, and the gout in my hand is worse than ever."

"Let me be your secretary, grandpapa," Valerie said; but, to her surprise, Madame Vacquant interposed at once.

"Quite impossible. Your grandfather is accustomed to me, and I understand his business. You would only incommode him, and tire yourself. I shall turn you over to Julian for an hour or two, and as soon as I give some directions to Pierre, I will be in the library, my dear."

"I am in no haste," said M. Vacquant: then, gathering together several letters which had arrived that morning, he left the room.

Madame Vacquant followed him almost immediately; and, thus forsaken, Miss Aylmer and Mr. Romney looked at each other and smiled.

"You are given into my hands for amusement," said the latter. "Will you tell the humblest of your slaves what diversion will please you best?"

"In the first place, I should like to know something of the house I inhabit," she answered. "Do you feel inclined to play cicerone? It may involve another offer of your arm, for my foot is not strong yet."

"To hear is to obey, if it involved the offer of my head. Shall we set out at once?"

"Yes, certainly."

She rose and walked slowly down the room. By the time the door was reached, his arm had been offered and accepted; and then they set forth, as gaily as a pair of children, on a thorough tour of inspection.

It was certainly a very pleasant one. Beautiful and luxurious apartments, breadth of space and comfort, unspoiled by economy of arrangement, are charming things to almost any one; and, although the residence of M. Vacquant was by no means extravagantly "palatial," a cultivated and refined taste had breathed into it an individuality of aspect which the most gorgeous upholstery rather diminishes than increases. Velvet carpets, damask curtains, tables and ottomans, even pictures and statues, have their money value, and are at the command of the most uncultured buyer; but the knowledge how to use these things is a different commodity, and by no means marketable. Whatever else she may have lacked, Madame Vacquant plainly did not lack this—the rare knowledge and rare artistic appreciation which are the very first proofs of *savoir vivre*, that a hostess, aspiring to raise her head above the level of ordinary hostesses, must give. The most exacting sybarite could hardly have found fault with the arrangement of the rooms, the very air of which inspired thoughts of social ease and social pleasure; and the most sensitive artist could scarcely have suggested a multiplication or abstraction of the well-chosen and well-hung pictures, the costly bronzes, the exquisite statues, or the treasures of ormolu and *marqueterie*, that occupied unobtrusive corners, and conducted themselves in all respects like ordinary furniture.

When the whole lower floor had been explored, Valerie led her companion back to the music-room, and bade him open the piano.

"I am sure you sing," she said, when he had obeyed; "and, if you please, I want to hear you. Ah, there is no good in denial. I flatter myself I know a little of physiognomy; and, if yours is not a musical face, I never saw one; besides, you have lived in Germany."

"That settles the matter, does it?" said Romney, laughing a little. "Of course, I know something of music—we all did at Jena—but nothing you will care to hear."

"Let me be the judge of that," she answered. "Run your hand over the keys. Ah, yes!—I knew you had a good touch. Do you play much?"

"Scarcely at all. Singing is my strong point."

"Sing, then."

Transcribed, those two words look rather curt; but, given with the expression that Miss Aylmer knew excellently well how to infuse—the half-persuasive, half-commanding accent which she possessed to perfection—few men would have hesitated longer than Romney did about obeying.

He smiled slightly, modulated a few chords, by way of prelude, and began one of those artfully-simple German ballads that the poetry of Uhland and the music of Mendelssohn have made familiar to every ear. The harmonization of the melody was so perfect that, for some moments, Valerie scarcely noticed the voice that rendered it; then, all at once, the consciousness flashed upon her that she had never heard a purer tenor, and, notwithstanding her previously expressed opinion concerning the musical face, she felt herself completely taken by surprise. The natural power, sweetness, and compass of the voice, were remarkable; and as the result, perhaps, of good training, the style was almost perfect—being only sometimes a little strained and marred by a few florid exaggerations. They were very few, however; and, on the whole, his vocalization did such entire credit to himself, that Valerie had no disposition to find fault, but sat in a state of enjoyment which [illegible] all the [illegible] being [illegible]ted, [illegible] clear tones floated on, full and even, to the last cadence. When he finished, she looked up at him reproachfully.

"I suppose people never do tell the truth about their own performances," she said; "but that you should speak of singing 'a little,' seems to me sacrilege, or, worse yet, affectation."

"Let us consider it sacrilege, then, by all means," he answered. "One aim of my life has been to steer clear of the odium of affectation, and I think I have partially succeeded. People don't often call me affected—unless I forget myself far enough to be natural."

"Now you are trying to be cynical."

"On my honor, no. Nothing suits me less. And, seriously, I am more pleased than I can say, if you like my singing."

"Like it? You must know how weak that expression is—you must know that it is beautiful! Sing something else."

"What shall it be?"

"Some of your student-songs, if you remember any of them—with a drinking chorus, and all that sort of thing. I have always been curious to hear how they go."

"They go delightfully when you have a hundred or two voices in the chorus, the beer cans, and the hurrahs; but how they will sound in solo I can hardly imagine. Nevertheless, you shall hear."

And, suiting the action to the word, he burst into one of the ringing student songs that seemed to embody in every note the freshness and enthusiasm, the mirth and daring, the gayety and earnestness, of that wonderful Young Germany whose spontaneous outbursts they were, and whose national lyrics they have become. He threw himself into it with a force that was electrifying, and to his listener's ear left nothing to be desired—even in the chorus, where he stopped to assure her that the clashing of wine-cups and swords was necessary, as well as the volume of united voices. "If you could only hear 'The Sword-song' given in that way," he said, when he finished, and she was expressing her approbation—"Korner's, of course, I mean—and Schiller's 'Trooper's song.' You have heard that, I suppose." And he dashed into it as he spoke:

"'Up, comrades, and saddle! To horse and away,
To the field where freedom's the prize, sir!
There hearts of true metal still carry the day,
And men are the kings and the kaisers!'"

When the end came, he gave her no time for comment, but rose at once from the piano-seat.

"I have done my share," he said; "now it is your turn."

But Valerie shook her head.

"I don't sing often," she replied—"never in cold blood and broad daylight. Lower the curtains, light the gas, fill the rooms, put me at a fever-heat of social excitement, and I may sing for you perhaps moderately well; otherwise, I cannot think of such a thing."

"What shall we do, then?"

"Is it absolutely necessary for us to do any thing? I like sitting still very well—especially when my ankle pains."

"Does it pain now?"

"Yes, a little—but pray don't look so much concerned. It will soon be better. If you want to make yourself entertaining, you may tell me something about Jena. You can't imagine what a fancy I have always had for German student-life!"

There could be no doubt of the fact that Miss Aylmer's popularity was very easily to be accounted for. By the bright waters and over the fair fields of their own favorite pursuit, or best-loved hobby, she led her willing victims; giving to each the sweet smile and vivid interest that rarely flagged under any infliction, or had been known to falter in any emergency. It puzzled ordinary people—people who had none of this gift themselves—to imagine how she could possibly adapt herself so readily to so many diverse minds and diverse tastes; but the truth really was, that half of it was done unconsciously. It was not that she meant to do it, or even wished to do it; but simply that she could not help doing it. It was her birthright—this chameleon-power of variation, this capability of tuning herself, as it were, to so many keys—and she could no more have explained her own *modus operandi*, than the most puzzled among the lookers-on. It came natural to her. That was all she knew about the matter. It was the fairy gold which some elfin power, more malicious than kind, had left beside her cradle; and she scattered it abroad with a lavish unconsciousness of its value—thinking only, caring only, that it won for her the homage which had never yet been missing from her path, and which she thought it would not be possible to live without. Sometimes, when she looked most interested, she was, in truth, dreadfully bored; but kindness of heart, as well as the tactics of coquetry, had some effect in teaching her that smiling endurance which distinguishes the martyr of society, and both together bore her triumphantly through almost any ordeal. Neither kindness of heart nor the tactics of coquetry had much to do with the earnest attention which she paid Julian Romney, as he obeyed her last request to a letter, and told her a great deal of his "wandering youth in the far, fair, foreign lands." He talked well, in a picturesque, graphic way of his own, and might have engrossed a less interested listener. As he talked, she listened—eyer with those eloquent eyes that said more than many words—until her father's voice made her start, and her father's presence suddenly appeared in the doorway.

Few people ever learned any thing from General Aylmer's face, but there were one or two signs known only to his daughter, and these told her at once that some serious concern was battling there with grave displeasure. Before she had time to indulge in a single conjecture, however, he advanced into the room, speaking quite as usual.

"Valerie, I am sorry to disturb you, but I have just received a telegram from New Orleans, which necessitates my immediate departure, and—"

"A telegram!"

It was no wonder that the bright cheek grew so pale, or that those two words broke almost unconsciously from the lips. Few feminine nerves came so intact out of the four years' agony, as not to quail at that fateful word; and then war had spared her a brother.

"Yes, a telegram," said her father, quietly; "but there is no need for being alarmed. It is only Gibson, who telegraphs to me on a matter of business—but I must go at once."

"You are sure it is nothing about Eugene, papa?"

"Perfectly sure. But you can see for yourself, if you desire."

He handed her the well-known form of the telegraph company, filled in with three or four written words. After reading them, her brow cleared wonderfully, and she looked up quite cheerfully.

"I suppose you must go, papa, since you and Mr. Gibson both think so; but it is very provoking. Can't you at least wait until to-morrow?"

"I can't wait an hour longer than the first train that leaves southward," the General answered, a little impatiently. "Will you come to my room with me for a few minutes? I have something to say to you."

Valerie knew her father better than to hesitate about complying with this request. She rose at once, and followed him up stairs.

Once there, the General closed the door, and plunged into his subject without preliminary.

"I have a very short time in which to say any thing, Valerie," he began; "so you need not be surprised, and I hope you will not be offended, if I speak plainly and forcibly. In the first place, I am very sorry to see that you have commenced a flirtation—or whatever else you choose to call it—with this young Romney."

Valerie started and colored, biting her lip half-angrily. She had expected to be taken to task, but not so soon, and not quite so abruptly. As it was, she was thrown off her guard, and could only take refuge in the thrice-commonplace—

"I don't understand you, sir."

"Pardon me," her father retorted, "but I think you understand me perfectly. Perhaps you don't understand my reasons for alluding to this, however, so I had better explain them. I never interfere with your amusements, as you know; partly because I have seen that you are perfectly capable of conducting them yourself, and partly because you have never done any serious mischief that I am aware of. A few broken hearts, more or less, are of small importance; but let me tell you that you are playing here a heavier game than for a broken heart."

His voice changed with the last words, and deepened so much in earnestness, that Valerie looked at him in simple surprise. Once more she said—this time sincerely—

"I don't understand you."

The General answered by one, straight-forward question:

"What do you propose to yourself by turning this boy's head?"

"Really, papa, I have no intention of turning his head."

"You have not? Well, then, I wonder you take such a direct means to do it. Come, come, I have no time for feminine fencing. You can an[illegible] that question to yourself [illegible] to answer it to me, but I warn you solemnly, [illegible] had better stop [illegible] the ma[illegible]ter, [illegible] ever you played with [illegible] in your life, you are playing with it now!"

V[illegible]erie looked up a little rebelliously.

"If you will say disagreeable things, papa, I really think you might express them more clearly. What are you afraid of? Surely, not that I will marry him?"

"No," answered her father, coolly, "you are too sensible for that. A pretty face is not likely to ensnare you, and I don't know that there is any thing else here. The boy seems a mere spoiled child, and [illegible]d to be very much given to gambling and dissipation besides. Your grandfather plainly does not like him; and you would entirely alienate him by such a choice. No, I am not afraid of your marrying him—you will be tired enough of your toy in less than a week; but the mischief will be done then."

"What mischief?"

The General was packing his trunk; but he suspended the operation to turn round and look at his daughter.

"I am afraid you are growing stupid, Valerie," he said quietly. "It is possible you do not see that, if you bring any harm or suffering to Julian Romney, you make a bitter and unscrupulous enemy of his mother?"

Miss Aylmer started—then recovered herself, and laughed a little.

"Why, we are growing quite melodramatic, papa. People don't have enemies these days; or, if they do, they take it out in saying spiteful things about one another, Madame Vacquant reached that interesting stage, as far as I am concerned, long ago, and I don't see what other harm she can do me."

"Then you know very little of the woman, or of her influence in this house," said her father, gravely. "She can harm you bitterly, in a hundred ways; if she has never done so before, it has been because her dislike was more passive than active. Make it active once, and you had better doubt that the sun is in the heavens than that she will work you ill."

"I don't see—"

"No, he interrupted, impatiently, "it is like a woman never to see, until too late for sight to be of any service. But, remember that I warn you!—remember, too, that this boy is of somewhat different metal than those you are accustomed to dealing with. If he blows out his brains—"

"Oh, papa, pray hush!"

"Why, you need not be surprised. He looks quite absurd enough to do it. Now, mark me: if you go on with this, it will be at your own risk, but it is next to impossible that the consequences should fall on yourself alone. What do you say? Will you promise me to let the young fellow alone?"

He asked the question somewhat doubtfully; but there was no hesitation in Valerie's reply. She looked up, and answered readily:

"Why did you not ask me that at once, papa, and spare yourself all this long tirade? Of course, I will promise. There's not the least difficulty about it; for I never meant any thing else than letting him alone. I almost feel as if he were a child—quite as if I should take undue advantage of his youth and ignorance, if I made him fall in love with me. Is that all?"

"Not quite" and here the General hesitated before going on: "by-the-way, you have not told me what you think of this Darcy."

"Is there any thing to think?" she asked, carelessly. "He seems to me quite a nonentity—muscular, perhaps, but certainly not interesting."

"Then you are a worse judge of character than I supposed," said her father, with some perceptible chagrin in his voice. "I confess I was in hopes you had estimated the man more justly. For myself, I was very agreeably disappointed in him—he is thoroughly a gentleman, and one of the most companionable men I have met in a long time."

"Ah, yes; but then you forget, papa, that you have horses and politics to talk about; while I have nothing—besides, he takes no notice of me."

"Whose fault is that?"

"Indeed, I don't know—mine perhaps. But I don't think it matters. I never appreciated the full absurdity of grandpapa's proposed arrangement, until I saw the object of it. He is a very good sort of person in his way, I suppose; but I laugh whenever I think of him as a lover."

The General looked grave.

"What are your objections to him?" he asked.

At which question, the demoiselle laughed gayly.

"Objections? Why I could not begin to remember them. Perhaps I had better sum them all up in one—I don't like him!"

"But you scarcely know him."

"*Qu'importe?* It is all the same. You won't credit it, papa, but these things are matters of instinct, not of reason. I could not tell you why it is that every thing Captain Darcy says and does impresses me disagreeably; but the fact remains the fact, none the less."

She spoke very decidedly; and her father turned away, with grave displeasure in his face.

"You will live to regret all this, Valerie," he said. Then he rang the bell for his servant, and, taking the hint, Miss Aylmer left the room.

An hour or two afterward, the General took his departure, leaving, as his last words to his daughter, when he kissed her good-by—

"Remember your promise."

CHAPTER IV.

A WILFUL WOMAN.

In view of much that is to be told hereafter, it may be well to say now, that Miss Aylmer was perfectly sincere in making the aforesaid promise, nor less sincere in the intention to fulfil it. Even before her father's warning, she had begun to think that it might be as well to keep "hands off" Julian Romney; for she estimated none too strongly the undisciplined passion of which that mobile face was an index, and felt none too truly that of the "lightly-won, lightly-lost" philosophy, this nature was incapable—but after the General had delivered himself, she made a very decided resolution to steer clear of all possible danger or trouble in such a quarter; and, for a time, kept this resolution with a constancy that did her credit. It was something quite new, and something very tiresome, she found, to be all the time on her guard against making herself too attractive; but still she persevered in the face of all difficulties, and, by this perseverance, proved conclusively that, of the sin of wilful and deliberate coquetry, her hands were stainless. If, after a while, she yielded to the temptations held out by idleness and levity, and borne on to consequences grievous as any that follow upon premeditated wrong, at least it will be seen that she did not forfeit all claim to compassion, and that she may be allowed a place in the wide ranks of those who have learned, from bitter experience, that it is one thing to sow the seed, and another to reap the harvest; one thing to set a storm in motion, and another to quell it; one thing to loosen a dam, and another to stop a flood; one thing to commit folly, and quite another to avert evil. If this story can be said to contain a moral, it may indeed be compressed into a few words just here: it may be defined as an attempt (not strikingly successful, perhaps) to show how the consequences of folly are often as great and wide-spread as the consequences of crime; how no one is so insignificant but that his most thoughtless derelictions of duty may prove fruitful of harm and suffering to many besides himself; and how one tiny pebble of wrong-doing, cast into the waters of human life, will widen into circle after circle, until human eyes lose sight of its farthest vibration.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

☞A letter was received at Bangor, directed to "Chargogagogmagogagog, Quigiemaskesanog county, Me." A few days since, a letter directed to "Brewerry Post Office, State of Maine, New York, America," found an owner in Brewer, Me.

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FIVE CENTS ADDITIONAL

will buy shoes with silver or copper tips, which will save the buyer the price of a new pair of shoes. Compared with ragged toes and dirty stockings they are beautiful to say the least. Parents, try it. se14 w3m

Stillingia or Queen's Root—Commonly Called Queen's Delight—Extract from U. S. Dispensatory.

"It is an indigenous perennial plant, grows in the pine barrens from Virginia to Florida, flowering in May and June. From the reports in its favor there is no reason to doubt the efficacy of this medicine in scrofula, secondary syphilis, cutaneous diseases, chronic hepatic affections, and other complaints ordinarily benefited by alterative medicines. Stillingia is advantageously combined with sarsaparilla and other alteratives.' At this season of the year the system naturally undergoes a change, and a good blood purifier will be found an assistant of the greatest value. Wintersmith's Iodized Sarsaparilla and Stillingia is unequaled as an alterative and blood purifier. It has all the virtues of the best Honduras sarsaparilla and of Stillingia, with three grains of Iodide of Potash to the dose. Every bottle contains fifty-six doses, making it not only the best but the cheapest alterative in the market. It is prescribed and recommended by our leading physicians.

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Louisville Transfer Company.

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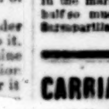

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A positive and Specific Remedy for diseases of the **Bladder, Kidneys, Gravel, and Dropsical Swellings.**

This Medicine increases the powers of digestion and excites the absorbents into healthy action, by which the matter of calcareous depositions and all unnatural enlargements are reduced, as well as pain and inflammation, and is good for men, women, and children.

H

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For weakness arising from Excesses, Habits of Dissipation, Early Indiscretion, attended with the following Symptoms:

Indisposition to Exertion,	Loss of Power,
Loss of Memory,	Difficulty of Breathing,
Weak Nerves,	Trembling,
Horror of Disease,	Wakefulness,
Dimness of Vision,	Pain in the Back,
Hot Hands,	Flushing of the Body,
Dryness of the Skin,	Eruptions of the Face,
Universal Lassitude,	Pallid Countenance,

of the Muscular System.

These symptoms, if allowed to go on (which this Medicine invariably removes), soon follow—

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in one of which the patient may expire. Who can say they are not frequently followed by those "direful diseases"

INSANITY AND CONSUMPTION?

Many are aware of the cause of their suffering, but none will confess. The records of the insane asylums and the melancholy deaths by consumption bear ample witness to the truth of the assertion.

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E

In many affections peculiar to Females the EXTRACT BUCHU is unequaled by any other remedy, and for all complaints incident to the sex, or in the DECLINE OR CHANGE OF LIFE,

☞SEE SYMPTOMS ABOVE.

☞No Family should be without it.

L

Take no Balsam, Mercury, or unpleasant medicine for unpleasant and dangerous diseases.

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU
AND
Improved Rose Wash

CURE SECRET DISEASES

in all their stages at little expense, little or no change of diet, no inconvenience, and NO EXPOSURE.

M

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For all affections and diseases of these organs, whether EXISTING IN MALE OR FEMALE, from whatever cause originating, and no matter how long standing. Diseases of these organs require the aid of a diuretic.

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B

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For purifying the Blood, removing all chronic constitutional diseases arising from an impure state of the blood, and the only reliable and effectual known remedy for the cure of Scrofula, Scald-head, Salt Rheum, Pains and Swellings of the Bones, Ulcerations of the Throat and Legs, Blotches, Pimples on the Face, Tetter, Erysipelas, and all scaly Eruptions of the Skin, and

BEAUTIFYING THE COMPLEXION.

Not a Few

of the worst disorders that afflict mankind arise from the corruption that accumulates in the blood. Of all the discoveries that have been made to purge it out, none can equal in effect Helmbold's Compound Extract of Sarsaparilla. It cleanses and renovates the blood, instils the vigor of health into the system, and purges out the humors which make disease. It stimulates the healthy functions of the body, and expels the disorders that grow and rankle in the blood. Such a remedy that could be relied on has long been sought, and now the public have one on which they can depend. Our space here does not admit of certificates to show its effects, but the trial of a single bottle will show to the sick that it has its virtues surpassing anything they have ever taken.

Two tablespoonfuls of the Extract of Sarsaparilla added to a pint of water is equal to the Lisbon Diet Drink, and one bottle is fully equal to a gallon of the Sirup of Sarsaparilla, or the decoction as usually made.

O

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The Science of Medicine, like the Doric Column, should stand simple, pure, majestic, having Fact for its basis, Induction for its pillar, and Truth alone for its capital.

L

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Was compounded for those not inclined to extreme bitters, and is intended for use in cases when some alcoholic stimulant is required in connection with the Tonic properties of the Bitters. Each bottle of the Tonic contains one bottle of the Bitters, combined with pure SANTA CRUZ RUM, and flavored in such a manner that the extreme bitterness of the Bitters is overcome, forming a preparation highly agreeable and pleasant to the palate, and containing the medicinal virtues of the Bitters. The price of the Tonic is $1 50 per bottle, which many persons think too high. They must take into consideration that the stimulant used is guaranteed to be of a pure quality. A poor article could be furnished at a cheaper price, but is it not better to pay a little more and have a good article? A medicinal preparation should contain none but the best ingredients and they who expect to obtain a cheap compound will most certainly be cheated.

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For LIVER COMPLAINT, DYSPEPSIA, NERVOUS DEBILITY, JAUNDICE, DISEASE OF THE KIDNEYS, ERUPTIONS OF THE SKIN, and all diseases arising from a Disordered Liver, Stomach, or IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD.

Read the following symptoms:

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